

Seven

Dave's chest felt heavier than usual. His head felt dizzier than usual, and his hands felt distant. He grasped the brass doorknob and pushed the door to his two-story house in. Thick smells of vegetables and olive oil filled his nose, and forced themselves down his throat and into the pit of his stomach.

"We already ate dinner, but I have a plate saved for you," said his wife, Sharon, after a quick kiss on the cheek.

Dave let out some sort of grunt and dropped his leather, computer bag on the floor. He removed his tie hoping it would stop the constricting feeling in his throat, but it didn't.

"Something wrong?" Sharon questioned, a worried look on her face.

"Got fired today." For so much thought on the way home, the words came out so easily.

Sharon's eyes widened, then narrowed in confusion as she let out a sigh. Dave knew what was running through his wife's mind. His job was their only source of income, their only way to provide for three children.

"Why?" she questioned pulling off her glasses and running her hand through her dar-blond hair.

"Because! The man can't stand to imagine that I could take his job any minute," Dave explained while taking a seat across from his wife at their circular table, "He's jealous of me."

"He is?" She forced a look of surprise on her face. She had heard it all before.

"Yes! He can't stand that I make almost as much money as him in a lower position and that I am a better worker and liked more by the company."

Sharon nodded.

“I mean, it’s obvious everyone feels that way, but for him to act on it?”

*If ever glossy eyes stare down,*

*And find themselves in love,*

*Vanity will push them over in*

*violets darker than above.*

“I don’t know, Dave, could he really just do that? He must have found some problem...” Sharon offered.

Dave could feel his blood pumping faster through his veins and his head getting frighteningly warm. *Is she serious? Did she honestly not believe that the man was just jealous?* The way his wife looked at him in concern pissed Dave off. *Who did she think she was?*

“What in the Hell is that supposed to mean Sharon? You think I did something?” He pointed his finger at her neck.

“Wha..no! I was just thinking that you could’ve done something even tiny, maybe.” Sharon hated when Dave got mad. He wasn’t the same person.

“Well that makes you a stupid. I just explained it to you.” His dark eyes stared intensely into hers that were slowly filling with tears. She really didn’t like when he was mad at her. She reached out her arm to try and comfort him, relax him, get him back to the Dave she knew.

He shoved her arm back and forced her against the wall, “Don’t touch me.”

*Indignation explodes in red*

*From a pre-lit flame.*

*The revenge begins to pull in,*

*Leaving the self to blame.*

Dave trudged his way into the kitchen, opening the egg-shell colored refrigerator door and grabbing himself a bottle of beer. He looked over at his wife, who was staring at him with disappointment. While taking a sip of his beer, he raised his eyebrows, questioning her on if she really wanted to say more. She steadily went up the rugged stairs, and the rhythm of her steps nauseated him.

Dave was left to drink away his frustration. The feeling of the cool liquid running down his throat relaxed him, and on the fifth bottle in, it helped him forget it all. Dave drank the night away wanting – needing – more.

*And you'll drown from self pity,*

*while trying to fill that void.*

*Mentality distracted*

*In order to avoid.*

At two, Dave finally stopped himself and trudged into his dark bedroom. He fell onto his bed and laid his arm across his wife.

“Hey babe,” he muttered liquor strong on his breath.

Sharon woke up to her husband wrapping his arms around her thin waste and pulling his husky body over her. Before she could even tell him to get off of her, he showered her drunken kisses.

Sharon sat up quickly and the light from the hallway poured into her bedroom revealing Dave's empty face. She pulled her intoxicated husband to his feet and dragged him across the room.

“Get out!” She screamed, slamming her door shut and locking it.

*Desire feeds off the human,*

*Controlling the hands and twisting the eyes.*

*It dwells only on pleasure,*

*Seeking every alluring prize.*

The next day, Dave was sitting on the same plum-colored couch he woke up on several hours before, flipping through channel after channel. He smelt rotten and unwashed. His face needed a shave and his stained shirt needed washing.

“Daddy,” Dave looked up to see Alexis, his five year old daughter standing in the doorway, “can we go outside now?”

Dave ran his fingers through his unusually-messy hair. He pulled his feet onto the ground finding a spot to stand between the beer bottles and blankets.

“Not right now, sweetheart,” he said. Alexis gave him a look, but Dave ignored it, turning around and falling back onto the couch.

The phone rang until the voicemail picked up. From the other line came his wife’s angered voice, “Dave, get your ass off the couch and take care of the kids!”

Dave deleted the message and turned back towards the television.

*Whatever is sought in life,*

*Requires persistent effort.*

*However, the man who repents spiritual work*

*Will have salvation never.*

When he heard the front door open and his wife's laughter loud and clear, Dave sat upright. *What was she laughing about?* He pulled himself up and turned the corner, pulling his robe over his boxers.

"This is Doug, my old friend," explained Sharon immediately, "he was applying for the same job as me!"

Dave looked at him and nodded.

"Hey," he muttered.

"Anyway," Sharon continued stopping the awkward silence, "Doug mentioned he knew of a great job you could have down at the post office until you get another."

"Oh," said Dave sarcastically, "Well, sorry Sharon, but we all know I want to make a bit more than that."

"Dave, we need the money for now," Sharon pleaded.

"Yes, we need money," Dave agreed, "a lot of money. Not some little petty wage. Sure, we need money, but I'm not settling for that little of an income."

Sharon looked between the two making it clear that it would be discussed again, later.

*The golden tones of greed*

*Can behold the most generous,*

*Stealing all charity*

*And proclaiming corruptness.*

Dave sat back on the couch to indulge in more *nothingness*. Staring at the screen, his mind blank, Dave soon snapped back into reality when his wife's voice rang through his ears.

“You’re so funny,” his wife shrieked.

Dave got up and ran to the brightly-lit kitchen. His wife sat across from Doug, her fragile hand laying upon his.

“What the hell is going on?” Dave questioned, envy taking over.

“Dave, its fine,” she explained, “Doug just said the funniest thing.”

In his mix of depression and post intoxication Dave couldn’t make sense of the situation though. *Funny?* He thought.

“You want to see funny?” Dave said grabbing a knife nearby. Dave knew he wasn’t going to hurt Doug; he was just going to send fear racing through the man’s blood vessels.

Sharon shrieked and went to stop her clearly unstable husband. However, as Dave turned around, the knife he gripped so tightly in his fist pierced his wife’s skin.

*Acting on perverted love,*

*His lover’s life he took.*

*Now guilt will eat away the heart,*

*Until his name’s signed in Hell’s book.*