

Toni Causey 5/18/11 5:16 PM
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SIX

The gray light of dawn washed through the living room, casting it in purples and blues and tinges of early morning honey pink. My easel held a new captive—one of my bigger canvasses—and my feet padded the cold wood floor as I came around to face it, Latham behind me.

He didn't have to warn me that I wouldn't like what I was about to see, though I'd known immediately from his expression that he'd already seen it as he'd come in this morning. I would have rather been gut shot than to have seen that image: the bloody eyes. The woman's forehead where rivulets of blood crossed over her dead eyes. The colors pulsed off the canvas, so super rich, that they reached out and snared me.

Pain struck me on my left side, a body blow, and I felt the runaway train of a seizure coming on. The image... the image... seemed to fill me. Drown me. My head hurt, blinding hurt, and I had to get rid of it. Couldn't think. Breathe. Had. To. *Getridofitnow*. Couldn't think. No think.

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