

A Black Spot

There is a black spot at the centre of his heart. Actually, it is a little bit to the left.

He knows that it has developed only recently. He is quite sure that it has. A girl only recently performed surgery on his heart and she did not mention it being there. It must have therefore developed after she left. It might even have developed because of her. Still, he is not sure.

But one thing that he is sure of is that he has cause to worry: It is seems now that the spot is rather malignant and is growing. It seems to be affecting his being. Others might call it a consequence of growing old, but it seems to have first affected the centre of his innocence, his soul and then his capacity to smile. Cynicism and impatience are its by-products now and he now seems to take pleasure in calling kettles black and causing them to cry.

He has tried to wipe away the spot with drink, but it has only grown deeper. He has tried to radiate it away by sitting too close to the television for days on end, yet the spot has survived. He has even sought other girls to open up heart again, but none of them have had the expertise to set him right.

Frustrated, defeated, he is now considering having his heart removed.