

THE HELEN MOWER

Kevin L. Donihe

She's a beautiful machine, wired for sex, and I am her pincushion. Why do I play this game? Really can't say. Matters of love always leave me feeling tongue-tied and eviscerated. Perhaps I love her because she's a decaying corpse/lawn mower hybrid. Disgusting? Yeah, I guess so. But how else was I to animate her frame once I killed her? It's not like I'm God the Father or Jesus the Christ. I'm just a human and humans have certain limitations.

I hate to admit it, but I didn't adapt well to the change, at least not at first. The constant engine noise irritated me, as did the sticky sweet smell of her decay. At times, I even missed the Old Helen. I missed her nagging and I missed her lies.

Time, however, has taught me to appreciate her latest quirks.

"Wrrrrrrrrrr!" Helen Mower screamed. "Wrrrrrrrrrr!"

Harold tried to hold onto her, but her flesh was slick and wormy. Her body slid away, leaving only bits of skin behind. The rest of Helen shot across the floor, eating up carpet before she crashed against the wall, flipped over, and came to rest on her side.

Yeah, life is a lot better now. Less stinky. A few hundred Lysol bottles + a few dozen pine tree air-fresheners = one happy camper. I also take regular steel wool showers. They help, too – but not in getting rid of the smell. They aid in my atonement.

God hates what I'm doing. So does Jesus. So does Marduk. I, however, love it. Know this: The gods aren't jealous for moralistic, golden rule reasons. They're jealous because they wish

they'd thought of enlivening the dead by stretching skin and various body parts over a souped up, ready-to-go lawnmower.

In the end, I have more power in my right pinky than they have in their entire celestial bodies. Still, I have to give penance where penance is due. They created me after all, from cosmic semen and the dust of the earth.

Harold ran over to Helen. Her motor still revved and her blade still whirled. The skin of her torso had torn during the fall, exposing the mower's shiny metal handle. Harold grimaced; it was akin to catching a glimpse of Helen's skeleton before she became Helen Mower.

He hated that she had fallen. She looked so debauched, so helpless. At the same time, the part of his brain that controlled his penis tried – and failed – to make it engorge.

People don't understand our love. Some say it's necrophilia. They cringe when I take Helen Mower out of a stroll in the park. But she moves around just like the rest of us, so I don't understand their problem. Helen even laughs every now and then, a deep throaty gurgle that usually means she's running low on gas.

The others are just jealous, I think. They want Paul Mowers and Suzy Mowers and Carl Mowers and Peter Mowers and Fill-in-the-Blank Mowers. They wish friends and spousal units could trim the yard with their bodies while emitting the ripe smell of decay.

But there is only one – and there will be only one. The gods know this and that's another reason for their jealousy. Marduk especially. He wants a Tiamat Mower.

Harold looked down. The reason for failure was obvious. He had forgotten to reattach his member. Perhaps it was still on the nightstand in the bedroom. (Or did he bring it into the kitchen with him when he had breakfast?) He shrugged off the anatomical loss. The whoosh of blade driven air would still tingle both his shaft-stump and the tattered remains of his balls. The cut of steel against his inner thighs would still sting sweetly.

I lost my cock three times beneath her gently whirling blades. I can usually sew it back on after cauterizing the wound, no problem. I just hate how urine spurts out of the ravaged shaft when I piss. The green and yellow ring of infection is pretty annoying, too. But I figure ignoring a problem is the best way to make it go away.

The blades spun arcs of red onto the wall. Harold's eyes unfocused, rolling back in their sockets. His body felt weak, tingly, and cold. It was a customary sensation, though – not at all unpleasant.

Still, something nagged at him – the matter of blood loss. He thought he could manage another round of Helen Mower's insatiable pummeling. In the event that he could not, four blood baggies were stored in the freezer downstairs.

The Old Helen had been type O negative, too.

Yeah, Helen Mower is a crazy-ass broad. But that's why I cherish her. You'll never see me treating her like a whore. Her soul is what I love and love dearly.

I wrote this poem yesterday and dedicated it to her. I want everyone to hear it, especially the fools and masturbators who have yet to understand the selfless nature of our love:

I LOVE YOUR HUMA-CHINE SOUL

And so I will die for you.

And so I will sacrifice toads and salamanders in your honor

and stick fuel hoses up my ass

so that, together, we may gas-up

at the Stop N' Go.

Tonight I will rock you, baby

-- rock your ever-lovin' world.

I will feel your lips (hot/putrescent)

against my non-existent shaft

and enter your most sainted

and oily compartments.

In the end, no meat shall pass by my tongue

unless it is your (raw/stinky) meat

and I will no longer eat anything

but grass.

Harold sank against the wall; Helen Mower purred contentedly. The room had been warm before the lovemaking. Now, it felt as chilly as the freezer downstairs.

Cauterizing the wounds hadn't helped much. Perhaps it was time to break out the blood baggies.

Seconds passed. The once stationary room began to swim and bob as a dark fringe settled around his vision. He didn't want to look down and see the red puddle spreading beneath his thighs. The blood baggies would indeed be necessary – but they could wait, if only for a minute or two.

Harold's hand shook as he reached for the pack of cigarettes and disposable lighter that rested on the end table. They seemed far away and his arm felt heavy, but he had to reach them. He had no choice.

The act of love wouldn't be complete without the usual coda.

THE END