I killed your brother. It was some time ago, and body after body has lain in me since, even your own. The routine turning of the faucet, the cyclical filling of the water, the slow cleansing of the drain. The tired and the weak, replenished. The routine turning of the faucet, the cyclical filling of the water, the slow cleansing of the drain. The tattered and the tainted, purified.

His eyes were a bright green, and his skin was fair and pure. Your mother’s hands were glistening and clean; they had innocence in them then, too. They both reveled in their freedom, their peace that embraced them. Her gentle hand twisted the handle and covered the drain as I began to fill. The waters raised gradually, peacefully. She looked over me as my white surface cradled the life pouring from the faucet, smiling as it neared the brim.

She sang beautifully:

Mary had a little lamb,
Little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
Whose fleece was white as snow.

Your brother laughingly adored her song as he lay beside her, his tiny hands reaching towards her.

Calmly, your mother twisted the handle again, and so there was silence. The surface was sealed still, its transparency untouched. She carefully rose and carried your brother to my side, his playful eyes admiring the serenity, her eyes, too. Your mother raised him above me and lowered his body into the water, his feet sending ripples throughout, until, inch by inch,
his flesh was immersed, his green eyes smiling ceaselessly above the surface. His hands clapped wildly, and the tremors clouded the water, the stillness broken.

A splash of joy jumped, and the water swayed spritely around his small and round body; his tiny voice echoed throughout the room as his laughter carried out into the hall. His wandering eyes bounced from one object to the next, and the mystery of the world seemed opened to his vision, a vast world of light danced brightly about his eyes.

Your brother swam a toy snake across the surface of the water, its forked tongue extended as he smiled. He immersed himself in childish thought as he glided the snake from one side of his body to the other. But I remember her eyes, brightened with the revelation, as your brother, unknowing, continued joyously. Her eyes, they transfixed upon the serpent, and so her ears fell deaf, and her mind fell into wonder. Her eyes, her eyes had fallen, darkened with the knowledge, naked and blazing with the light. I remember her hands, moving across the edge, knowing good and evil, until his head slowly sank beneath the threshold. There was a moment of silence. But the tremors began once again- the water thrashed erratically- the serenity shattered. Her eyes were changed, her purity lost within the act as life swallowed life, as green vanished, the skin discolored, the balance undone.

I never was sure what happened afterwards. She stood there for some time, staring endlessly into the void, like someone who had seen something so profound that it had left them voiceless. Then, almost mechanically, she took his body carefully in her hands, his skull rested in her palm, and left the room. Time melted by slowly like the suspended drip of the faucet, which even seemed to be holding its collective breath, holding still as moments drifted into hours.
The drain was released, and the water began to sink into nothingness; gradually, peacefully, it fell into the dark of ether, and so the remnants vanished. Your mother has grown wretched—her eyes sunken, and her flesh hard and calloused. His eyes, they faded slowly, until his innocence suffocated, inexorably. But so, the circle continued, the relentless wheel pressed onwards as it did before: the routine turning of the faucet, the cyclical filling of the water, the slow cleansing of the drain. *The Fruit devoured. His body now naked.*