

## Sinful Urge

Neither the soothing sound of breeze, nor the tweeting birds or the melody of rain played on the stereo system in my bedroom gave me the comfort I was pining for. My mind was inescapably trapped by a grueling urge throwing my entire body into painful disarray. Once again I was captivated by an insatiable craving in the middle of the night. By hardly lifting my eyelids, I was persuaded by the heavy burden of their weight it was too early to be tomorrow, the torment was bound to linger on. I made a desperate effort to ignore my desire by turning from shoulder to shoulder for a while or lying on my back and pondering of the least stimulating images to distract me from the wanting of the night; yet my futile effort faded in the pale layers of passion-stricken sheets on my bed. The more I resisted the fever, the more burning the desire grew.

As long struggle yielded no relief I lifted my aching torso from the bed, staggered to my computer and in a haze of illicit thoughts and forbidden wishes I began striking the keys desperately hoping for a swift liberation from this everlasting ache. The provocative images suddenly overwhelmed my mind and I descended into an eerie trance in which I could personify my wildest dreams and passionately portrait my perverse desires. I fearlessly ripped the veil of shame, audaciously crossed every moral boundary and took sanctuary in an uninhabited realm and discerned my feral reveries.

With every stroke, I feverishly explored every obscure corner of my manic imagination and transcribed its unspoken discoveries. Throughout the dark hours of solitude, I embarked upon a journey into the depth of indulgence, flirted with fire, touched the untouchables and desecrated the very symbol of reverence. Audaciously I travelled through the magical spheres of ecstasy and explored the exotic milieu of bliss until I reached the climax in my text. And I sighed in relief and clicked the print icon on the screen and spilled the product of my self-gratification onto the paper.

My dazed glance was fixated on the flood of document rushing out of the printer stained with another capricious fling of a scoundrel mind. Hardly I managed to release my numbed fingers off the enticing letters on the keyboard and dropped my exhausted hands clumsily in my lap craving for a cigarette before I was thrown into a catatonic state until the sharp point of the first ray of the morning sun put a period on the last sentence of my latest nightly debauchery.