

## Eric Morgan

“Tell me.” She touches my hand. “Do you believe in the natural goodness of man?”

“I do.”

“Fool. Feel it... that which explains everything, and without which nothing can be explained.”

“Baudelaire?”

“Maistre, original sin. Duality is everywhere. That child is an immature Satan. For every ascent there is a joyful descent. Evil will always win, for creation was the fall of God.”

I have not been taught for this.

“What are you asking of me?”

She smiles, “Arouse me. Read to me from ‘Fleurs du mal.’” Her eyes roll upwards, “Suffer, that my sins be expiated. Réversibilité.”

I run.