



Seidler Killed Me

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I was not always as you see me now.

Once, long ago, I was green, and lush, and strong, everything a houseplant is supposed to be. But I am ruined now, withered, down to a last few browning stems that will soon shrivel to their core, taking me from this cruel world. Still, I do not fear death, for I know I have truly lived as few others have. I have loved greatly and suffered more; this is the story I tell you now.

The story is as old as stories themselves: a beautiful woman, a houseplant who loved her, and the son of a bitch who got in the way.

It began, as all great stories do, in the bathroom. Before the bathroom I knew nothing of desire. In the living room I had needs, yes, but they were satisfied—the sun caressed my leaves, the water quenched my thirsty roots, and those little balls of white stuff in the dirt did whatever the hell it is they're supposed to do. I thought I was content. I was a fool.

Tell me, have you ever been gripped by a happiness so profound it overwhelms all impulses save its own perpetuation? Have you been blessed with such bliss that you begged God to strike you dead at that very moment only to save you the disappointment that would surely comprise the rest of your life?

If so, then you may understand some small fraction of what I felt when I first saw her disrobe in front of me in the bathroom. From that point onward my life was measured by the wait between showers, the hours of longing interspersed with the briefest moments of ecstasy.

It was love. Eventually the interminable wait that spanned between showers was turned over to my planning as to how to win her over. I knew that there had to be a way to convince her that no one could love her like I did, that we belonged together, that Seidler was an uncouth ape who barely deserved to kiss her feet. That fact that I was forced to see Seidler naked as he took his showers only strengthened my resolve in the matter, as well as, I might say, my confidence.

But she only talked of Seidler, even as she poured water over my grateful form, each drop from her hand more precious than the tears of Christ himself. I became mad with longing. Realizing that she would never leave him, I plotted all sorts of ways to murder him. I could slip some of the drain cleaner they keep under the sink into his dinner and laugh as it ravaged his insides. I could leave a puddle of water on the bathroom floor and hope for a nasty fall to crush his brains out on the counter in front of me.



Failing that, I could simply take a revolver into his bedroom and shoot the bastard as he slept. I fantasized about numerous deaths, each more gruesome than the one before it, and longed to put my plan into action.

Then I realized I'm a plant. I can't move.

It was around this time that Seidler got onto me. I must admit his brutish nature carries with it some feral cunning. He made it look like an accident. A little too much water, a slight hesitation in eradicating the fruit flies that soon covered my surface, and I began my inevitable decline. I have little time left now.

So I am going to die, consumed as much by love as the fungus that is rapidly working its way up through my root system. My only regret is that I will be taken away from her. My only wish, as I slip into senescence, is that as Seidler takes my shriveled corpse to its final resting place in their dumpster, may he trip and break his filthy neck descending the stairs.

Thus always to those who impede true love.

Heriberto