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Jacklyn Bennett

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Light Up Las Vegas

Jacklyn Bennett

There is something cruel about electricity. The initial shock? No. Though that seems to be the most crucial part. And it is not the seizure the body has afterwards. That is the real clincher. It is the memory loss that really gets to a person. The where did I park?'s and the how did I get here?'s. But truly, the image that disturbs me the most, is the one of a drugged patient lying on a medical table...tubed and wired...with a man at the head of the bed, leaning over you, conductors in hand. It is the image of such control, the idea, or mere picture of the frankensteinesque quality of the whole scene.

It is the kind of thing they do not do to animals...or that PETA does not want you to do.

Yet a consenting adult, one who has run out of options...oh sure...go ahead...shock the hell out of me. I dare you. If it works, (which I doubt it will, because nothing has and nothing continuously does) but if it works, then I owe you my first, second, and third born. But if it does not work, (which it probably will not) then do not expect me to stick around long enough to pop out even one kid.

But then there is the part of the brain that hopes, prays even, that something will go terribly wrong and you will never have to wake up again. Or you do wake up, and you are numb.

God, to be numb.

They say it would not be worth it. They say that without feelings, you would be nothing...well, I am nothing now. I am nothing, nobody, no how, no way. So just give me the chance to have something different. Something more than the nothing I have now, and maybe I will jump at it. Or maybe I will not. Or maybe I will even let you attach electrodes to my skull and light up Las Vegas.

Maybe.

Or maybe not.

All I am sure of is that I am lying here, watching as you shove an IV into my hand, and prep my temples with alcohol:

And that is enough for me to wish that electricity could be more powerful than science allows.