

Insanity

Mine was not the only laugh I heard. I was not sure if it was purely in my head or if it was in fact some sort of unforeseen companion in the room, nevertheless I knew it was something strange.

“Strange,” I said to myself, or what I would hope was only myself.

All I have are inquiries. They are all I have yet I know they are non-loyal partners. Committed to me because my sanity is indistinguishable...committed to me because I am lost, so lost that I laugh when I know I should be afraid. I lay awake because all dreams seem to be nightmares and now, so it seems, is my reality. Why do I feel what I feel? Am I even feeling at all or is it simply...my desire to feel something, anything that drives me? All days seem to blend into times, while I seem to blend into nothing...

As yet another day ended, darkness began to gather all around me. Stationed in hesitation, I noticed the sunlight beginning to diminish. Allowing disorder to transform into me. No attempts to

understand the disturbing negligence. No concept of time that had past, I had chosen unwillingly to lose it, to lose me, to lose my sanity. If I did in fact have any of it to begin with.

It is a strange thing to realize the slow dissolving of one's mental character but it is stranger still for that person to just watch from a distance as its happens. To give up without knowing what it is they sacrifice or to whom or where it is being sacrificed.

It's just me. Sitting in fear, paralyzed by disbelief; monitoring the little bit of sanity I am still able to maintain, rationing sanity throughout my skull, like a child would ration candy, desperate yet exceedingly weary.

My eyes glazed, seeing and observing without my knowledge; staring off with no true purpose yet still trying to decipher everything they see. My empty mind overflowing with decay, combined with repeating thoughts of misery, and repeating thoughts of nothing.

A societal ruin...fallen cities and empires...unable to avoid imminent collapse...destruction is human nature...

I no longer had questions, but felt I instead had all the answers. After all, I had plenty of nothing to reach for, plenty of nobody to understand; and as solitude began to creep through the room, I was well aware of the isolation that would be my time here.

I am all that resided in the center of doubt, accompanied by unpredictable questions that began to negate answers; and the simplest of answers began to lose all sense of transparency. Here I sat resting on insanity as the mocking still of night settled in.

In sanity, nothing is out of reach...

“Insanity however, puts reach into emptiness.”

My mind began going, fading away allowing distress to be revived, I found myself lost in familiar unfamiliarity, knowing only suspicion of what I had known. Nothing, was now priceless and too far into my understanding. Depending on something so unconventional was a true test of my wit, but to test wit intentionally without panic or reason, was an act of abstract curiosity.

No voice of reason while attempting to deny the unknown. It seemed appropriate to acknowledge solidity under the circumstances. In my head...the nursing of my end began.

How do I describe such pain? A sense of longing that most see as pointless, if my eyes close, all that is becomes nothing that was. Insatiable grief, immense sorrow, timeless passion, unconditional devotion and fear that thrives if I close my eyes. Silence beckons for the return of my insanity. Heartbreak yields only to wait its turn. I blink, I'm lost, my tears no help, a sad mind, tempting insanity. Pain lives because its partners do not die. I cannot stand to try and close my eyes...

How I wished I could close my eyes. How I wanted nothing more than that small satisfying muscular movement, feeling as if it would nullify my lack of being.

Chaos was beginning to ride up my spine, slowly make its way into my unsteady self-awareness.

Was this the voice I heard beckon me to open the window? Suddenly panic arose ...it did not want to help me; it wanted to manipulate me into letting in the dysfunctional air and outside world. To make it easier to smother me in this smoke...if that is in fact what has clustered the room...

Numb was I to what I was supposed to feel. The room was full of smoke but I did not feel myself gasping or coughing, I merely sat in it, to become a part of it or to be engulfed by it was unclear. A want to want to fight, a need to feel a need, but no hope to reach

out for any of these things. No hope of hope, only a sadistic point of view that I was fighting to comprehend as my own or someone else's.

Who would that someone else be? If I was seeing what they were meant to, then what was I suppose to be seeing? Was it that I was not seeing it because the other was no longer capable of sharing its view? Was I to be imprisoned in this...landscape...this...valley of despair?

“Answers are not what I am meant to acquire in this moment. In this time, in this unyielding tragic ambience, all I am meant to hold is the slow glazed look that I am unsure of was not always there.”

Circles, my mind kept going around in circles. Following the unfathomable, reaching for the unobtainable, chasing silence foolishly unaware it could not be caught for it was lost...

I am lost. Lost: unable to be found or discovered, a definition, pointless because I am, and feel, the indefinite unidentifiable inconvenience of intolerable isolation. Indifference, illogical, incomparable...words that begin with I but where does, did, do I begin?

No more smoke. No more room.

Has it been hours, minutes or days?

Nevertheless, I deemed the answer inappropriate, inapt for no matter where I might be or what once was or is, wasn't or isn't, I know I was not a part of it.

Circles...where do I go from here...circles...how do I go from here...

In circles...a loss of everything, or what should feel like everything. What should feel like, anything at all?

Indirect, indiscretion, individual ideas, no, ideological instincts; where is my mind, my mind did mind to be mine, it was mine but what once was mine is no more, no more...there is no less but there is no more...no more mind to what's mine.

Only words, only words and my breath, my breathing but even these things seemed out of control...

Out of control, out of control, out of control...just words, out of control. Breathe, breathing, out of control. Try, try to personify, personalize, and prepare...pinpoint proper parallels. Why look for parallels when it is a world of verticals crushed by hesitant horizontals? Why look for lines when shapes are the difference? Why look for anything at all, when everything seems to be deniable? Deadly, disaster, distance, despair...just words to me, just words, to me...to me they are me, I am them...all of them, they are me. I am the lunatic, the world is sane, is tangible. No, I am tangible, the world is sane...I am the lun-atic, lun-a-tic, lunatic...

“All because I have the desire to no longer get lost.”

I did not think of the books, I did not think of the forgotten furniture. It was no help to me; I had no need for such sad and desperate things, as I had become a sad and desperate thing.

A thing...I cannot even recognize myself as a person or a being, I have allowed myself to be known even in my thoughts as a “thing.” How? Why? What is it I had done wrong? What is it I had not done? What is it, was it, could it be or was it to be anything at all? All I want to do is be part of something, to feel change in such a way that I would always be able to travel into that moment from where ever I was in the future and know it was the time everything changed. Not just for me but at the same exact time, for everything. Is that too much to ask, to want?

“In such a tragic place, developed from tragic times, how is it that existing meant learning to neglect the very thing that made us human? Or is that why we must only be human? Are we meant to

live in fear, in angst, because we do not deserve better and that is our great illusion? Do we believe in such a thing because we lack, and most times deny purposefully what it is we know we deserve and truly want?"

I had to try to calm myself...*this is not my world. I am doing the best I can with the beginning of the worst that could have been.*

Even still I could not help further question, further examine what it was. What the world was.

This is the truth yet because it was me who would announce it; they would deny it and still place me far out of their minds. I would be a plague to them. A mental illness, a logic seeking leper from which they should be saved. They would send me into a state of exile, so that they may live and be free, be blind...or am I blind? Is it me who is indulging in fantasies and inclinations because I want to be the outcast, the untouchable, the unknown undoing of previous generation's transgressions? Am I it? Am I the doing and un-doing of sanity's sanctuary, its rightful place in a world in which it seems unobtainable?

I felt I had begun to comprehend where it was I had been leading myself, a hint of development, be it coincidental or not, was appreciated in my consequential times.

This isn't me this isn't me at all. None of this feels right, none of this feels like this is where I am suppose to be.

If not here then where, how do I get there? Is it even a where I am suppose to get to or is it more likely a when?

Slowly my emptiness began to fill, I was unsure of with what or from where but I knew I grew tired of questions. I grew tired of reaching with the intent of never finding anything in my grasp when I pulled my hand back.

Could that be part of the problem? Putting much of the emphasis on what and where I am suppose to go instead of taking my time to get there. Can I really have time, do I have time, and does taking control mean letting go?

As much as I wanted to know what it was I seemed to be missing, I couldn't help but feel as though something about this place, something about me being there just didn't seem right.

This whole thing just doesn't seem, real...

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