There’s a moment—sometimes many—with madness, at its cusp, when one cannot tell which side they are about to slide down. It comes in a sudden stare of a loved one—knowing or accusing that you’re already mad. So in that moment there are two choices, but really just the one: You must hold your breath and carry on, for if it’s true you’re already there then what’s the use of fighting it any longer. And if it’s nothing—just the light cast strangely, a pause in the music, a mistaken moment of other contemplation because why would she be in on that joke anyway, then let it pass in silence and stillness.

Better not to splash in that pool—sinking quickly or not. There is no deliberate maneuver that will keep you afloat. But plenty will punch holes in your hull.