

*Excerpt from "Stream of Consciousness, Collection 2" by Andrew Lee*

The void is a cold place. Lonely as can be, I wander through this empty black space. Without a star surrounding me, I drift through galaxies and hop across dimensions. Starry and starless skies alike covet my freedom to fly.

Through starry and starless skies alike, sly willow o' wisps whisk me away from my sacred mission. A collective of particles congregate with an elusive sense of agency, whilst its counterpart in the nebula disperses.

Captivate me, you great cloud of stardust, and enter my lungs. Fill them up with magic dreams, so that my chest may emanate an ethereal glow. Much like the angels of God, I too wish to ascend to heaven.

Though, I certainly have fallen. Like Luciel, a fallen angel, locked out of heaven for far too long. Oh, how I seek to escape the sulfur stench and the incessant metallic clanging sounds, and enter into the pure-white cloud-filled heavens.

Through fire and flame I push forth. Like an incinerator it tries to break me down into ash, but I resist with all my being. The thrashing pyre lashes at my ankles as I climb out of the hell that tries to contain me. All my efforts do not avail me, however.

I fall millions of miles back down into the depths of the abyss from the top of the hole at its roof. A burning chain wraps around my leg and scorches it. I am thrown around, much like a ragdoll, much like a toy, according to the whims of Luciel himself.

Still, much of the pain is in my mind, and I try to free myself from these violent throes. Back now, back yet bitten, I lick my wounds that have yet to heal. A generation lost is a generation gained out here in the galaxy of souls. When I first fell out of that abyss, I was confused as to why I found myself here.

But as the time passed, I found myself realizing this was my purgatory. My punishment for trying to escape was but a farce to get me here. I was neither banished nor hanged; I was framed.

Not in the criminal sense, but rather in the way that one would hang up a newly painted piece of art.

Thus, I have intruded into my own mindspace, to seek out the fragments of memories that once upon a forlorn time made me whole. Even this cleverly construed ruse cannot contain me for much longer. For a day beyond this day, I will capture the heavens and meld them to my liking.

The Kingdom of God shall be in my hands. I will become a usurper, even if it takes the rest of my sanity. I would rather die trying than be trying to die. I will not let my conscience march me towards death. And for that, it will be my first opponent.

And, if I cannot take His Kingdom, I shall raze it to the ground. I will dye the clouds red with the blood of the infidel angels, and I will burn their bodies in the ceremonial funeral pyre. A thousand degrees of Fahrenheit shall free the truth.