

*Idiocy, by Andrew Lee*

The superbia dwelling within me blocks me from going back on my words. To dine upon my past wrongs and believed fallacies is an unappetizing thought. My forehead creases as I ponder my wrongs.

Every sin committed on every path trodden plagues me, yet I am stalwart in my admittance that I do not feel a thing. My mistakes, perpetually at the forefront of my mind, follow me everywhere I go. My forehead creases as I forget my directions.

A strange way to see the world, my view askew. An extravagant taste in earthly things yet a disdain for the morality of it all. Ignoring what is right for what is beneficial, I cringe as I contemplate my guilty conscience. My forehead creases as I forget my past.

Amnesia and forgiveness for all I have done. Past, present and future. Still, the blood taints my mouth, the bitter taste of iron flooding into my throat. Gargling and choking on my own self-interests, I am stifled underneath that which I do to survive. My forehead creases as I forget my senses.

A struggle between me and my other self — that one being a defendant before the judge of truth. I, the prosecutor, lack the evidence to convict myself of all those grievances dealt unto others. A sobering feeling washes over me, and my forehead creases as I forget my wars.

The holes in my soul leave room for darkness to overthrow what is right. I don't try to fight back, a vapid shell is all that remains in the end. Shame for my mistakes and unbeliefs. Shame for what I have done and failed to do. My forehead creases; I begin to tear.

A shift, a sob, a cry for help. I wish I could turn back time, but the futility of traveling to the past only to encounter my wrongs once more strikes a nasty chord within me. Muted colors surround me as I warp into something not unlike a monster; quite far from myself. My forehead creases; I stifle a frown.

Who, truly, is “myself” though? This being is one I do not know. A foreign subject matter, a strange yet convincing lie. A front put on to hide my truths, as I stand ashamed of all I've done. My forehead creases; my face warps.

The downtrodden, the bitter. Those whose peers send gazes askance at them, as they pass by slowly. An undying reverence for the reverie of silence, and the feeling of groping the soul with a foreign conscience. It permeates through the skin, violating both body and mind. My forehead creases, and I stifle the tears — to no avail.

Maybe that's just me, though. Maybe I'm all alone in this wide world of ours. A sole survivor of a species long since extinct, simply a remnant of what once was. I'd say I'd look back

on my “better days,” if I had any to look back on with a smile. My forehead creases; I cry in solitude.