Me - Dying Thoughts

This is a group of scenes collected for use in the “In Her Sister’s Footsteps” thread, a story containing first and third person narrative; this part establishing the dead sister as the narrator.

pages ∙ words

A friend of mine once pointed out that silence is the mother of all sound. No matter what you are hearing, no matter the pitch, or volume, silence always overwhelms it. Most of us just ignore it, but none of us ever escape it. I supposed I can say I heard her, but in my self interested little heart, I was more interested in airing my own notions of the profound. I tilted my head to the side, I paused just long enough to suggest that I had weighed her point carefully—and then I argued right past it. I can say now that I missed the point entirely on that day. The idea lodged itself in my mind however, and gave me a framework to recognize something I had intimately understood all my life but could never grasp.

In the intervening time I have refined a blunt version of the same idea. It might be easier to follow. For every thought that stands out clear, there is a blank page supporting and holding it together. As far as zen goes, its a hammer, but it still is one of those indirect references that leads to an understanding which is seated in the abstract rather than to the comprehension of someone’s interpretation of it.

The blank page might as well be anything, but the blank page I knew best was always the part of my mind that operated on the fringes of consciousness. Everyone is intimately acquainted with this part of the mind because it is essentially the glue that holds our reality together. The strange gap of oblivion that discriminates between waking and dreaming, and defines the eternal moment. The eternal moment. Well I guess that I should explain that since I dropped it.

Those of us that exist within our own minds—that should be most of us that move about volitionally—experience everything in our lives during a point in time we call “now”. However, each minute detail occurs independantly and hopefully logically in its own time and place. There is no reason to believe that time really exists in a rigid, linear expurgation, but it is reasonable enough to admit that we get through it by following the thread that makes sense to us. We trace a line through events that allows us to deal with the prospect of living with a degree of sanity. By focusing on continuity, whether that is a method we follow by design, or an objective quality of nature, everything we experience evaporates from existence in the same instant we touch it. It is only that part of our mind which has no regard for time that allows us to make connections with what we experience now and what ever we have experienced whenever.

I could not remember anything at first. Memory did not exist. Nothing seemed to exist. I had no points of reference. Oblivion engulfed me, marred only by my own awareness of it. It was a familiar silence. I understood, for lack of a better word, though there was nothing to understand. I suppose that I just... understood myself. The idea of myself. It was enough to bring me back from the edge. In lieu of anything else, that glimmering awareness absorbed me. Focused me. I was a single naked thought. Alone.

You are not alone.

The enshrouding darkness reverberated to that intruding thought. I tried to look but I had not realized yet that there was nothing to look *at*. Suddenly it was vitally important to regain the thread of my last rational thought. I flailed desperately for a measureless eternity but the only points of reference I cold find was the hard presence which had uttered its thought within me. I became aware then of the limit of my understanding and I was terrified.

I don’t understand! my entire being cried out. The explosion of emotion expended in that outburst drained me to the core. I could feel what little understanding I had turning to ash as the flare was absorbed by the unknown.

You are dying. The tendril of foreign thought breathed on the ember of my soul. I felt a quickening as the threat implications penetrated and became part of my dwindling consciousness. Why? I demanded of the universe. What did I do wrong? Why can’t I remember anything? A rush of passion filled me and extended my existence in anticipation of the answer.

Does it matter why? the voice probed.

I responded to the touch like a caress. A velvet tongue savoring a fleeting echo of spice and sweetness. My being vibrated as the image unfolded and devoured me, extending my being into a vivid sensual reality. The resolution collapsed as I tried to gear my attention to capture the thread. I almost touched the forgotten life on the other side of oblivion. I fell away from it hungry. This impulse was far stronger. I could suddenly feel the aching of my insides. The pulling of a desire as ancient as the ocean. Longing and pain.

A ghost shadow of flesh aching for the unimaginable. Confusion. I could not remember the reality of hunger. I felt the starvation of the mind. I craved sensation. All that there was to feel however, was the strange presence that seemingly held me between its lips. Please, I begged from some unknown depth. I projected all I was into the sweeping embrace of the Other. What madness is this? The voice queried. Even as it recoiled, its whispering filled the thread of my being with hints and echoes of contact. The interferrence strumming across the naked thread of my soul and awakening the fire within. I felt the stirring of my spirit. I felt the reunion of my shredded will with my ruined mind. You are dying! The Other shouted through me. There is nothing to come back to but pain. Not even a shell. You are carnage, it declared projecting rage, shock and sorrow mixed in with satisfaction.

Parts of me absorbed this report and cringed. The horror, the mental agony I felt at the idea that whatever life was, I had gathered my self to confront only the worst possible aspect of it. And yet, I could not comprehend any other possability. My understanding, my being, was dedicated to living. To existing. I could not wrap my self around the concept “not to be”. I want to feel... whatever there is to feel. I cannot turn away. I cannot recall the magnitude of desparation and anguish that was in my mental voice, all I could feel was need.

[revision note : the intimate friendship of these three must be an issue from the start or it must wait for a later scene. Intimations of psionic ability must also be developed from the beginning, which may be the only justification for a sexual thread in the opening chapter. Consider the best emphasis on Angel, a first person narrative.]