

EYES SHUT, WE EMBRACE.

THE SPACE OF IMAGINATION WIDENS.
THOUGHTS INCREASE IN VOLUME.

I REMEMBER WHO I AM.
WHO I AM,
BEFORE I COME INTO THE WORLD.
THAT I AM,
BEFORE I THINK THAT I AM.
BEFORE SEPARATION, NOW, ETERNALLY.

~
"JOHN."

?

SHE SITS UPRIGHT, OPPOSITE TO ME.

"JOHN.
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO CATCH AN OCTOPUS?"

?

"YOU SEE, IT'S PRETTY EASY.
WHAT YOU GOT TO DO IS SPOT ITS DEN FIRST.
THEN DIVE AND STICK A HOOK IN IT,
SO THAT THE OCTOPUS FEELS THREATENED.
YOU FREAK IT OUT,
GIVE IT THE ILLUSION THAT ITS HOME IS UNDER ATTACK,
THEN YOU GRAB IT, YOU CATCH IT AS IT TRIES TO ESCAPE."

"WHAT?"

**BLAST!
HER HEAD BURSTS IN A COLD LIGHT!
A FLASHING CLOUD EXPLODES ABOVE HER NECK.**

**THE SCREEN OF REALITY RIPS AND TEARS,
A HYPER-DIMENSIONAL SPACE MORPHS ALIVE.
FROM IT, AS IT, STARES AN OTHER.**

A LOOK THAT BURNS...

"...I HAVE SEEN YOU BEFORE."

**A STORM ERUPTS.
THE WIND BLOWS,
AND RAIN DRUMS ON THE WINDOW.**

~

**I COME TO.
THE STREETS LAUGH LIKE A JET ENGINE.**

**I RETURN TO FLESH, TO A DARK NIGHT.
AN INVISIBLE HAND PRESSES MY CHEST.
MY LUNGS BARGAIN FOR A HALF BREATH.**

**I AM DEFEATED, CRUSHED.
MY MIND IS SCRAMBLED.
THE WORLD IS UPSIDE DOWN.**

**FOR A SECOND...
I FALL IN THE ILLUSION OF SAFETY.**

**BUT EVERY MOMENT RISES ANEW,
AND EVERY MOMENT BEING HERE NOW WEIGHTS MORE,
AND IT'S PAIN AND IT'S SUFFERING AND IT'S BITTER.**

**I HAVE FALLEN INTO MYSELF.
I'M STUCK IN A HOLE,
A COSMIC PUDDLE.**

**I'M UNABLE TO COPE WITH MYSELF, UNABLE TO BE IN THE PRESENT.
CONSTANTLY SLIPPING, FALLING, FAILING.**

**I'LL NEVER HEAL UNTIL I GET OUT OF HERE,
YET I CAN'T GET OUT OF HERE UNTIL I'M FIXED.**

**WORSE THAN TO BE MAD, IS TO BE MADDENING.
I'M ALLERGIC TO MYSELF.
I AM TOO WEIRD TO BE.
CUT FROM REALITY, ALONE, INSANE.**

~

**I CRAWL TO THE LIVING ROOM.
A SINGLE SOCK SITS ON THE SOFA,
INSIDE-OUT.**

"BUT WHERE'S THE OTHER SOCK???"

**I TOOK THEM OFF AND LEFT THEM BOTH HERE.
I KNOW I DID THAT.
IT CAN BE NOWHERE BUT HERE.**

**SOMETHING'S OFF.
THE ABSENCE OF THE SOCK POINTS TOWARDS AN ERROR.**

**AN ITCH, A MEMORY HOLE!
THE ENCOUNTER ECHOES IN MY MIND!
AS IT ECHOES IT DISTORTS.**

**IF THE FIRST GAZE IS A LIE,
THEN THE SECOND GAZE IS NO GAZE,
BUT A SILENT SCREAM.**

**THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE VISION,
WHETHER I CHOSE TO IGNORE IT OR PURSUE IT.**

**I FEAR, BUT DON'T KNOW WHAT.
THE URGENCY IS LOUDER THAN THE MESSAGE.**

**WHAT SCARES ME IS THAT IN NO WAY I CAN IMAGINE MY FOE.
I'M OBSESSED BUT THE OBJECT OF MY OBSESSION IS UNKNOWN
TO ME.
I FEAR THE ABSURD, THE IMPROBABLE, THE BIZARRE.**

~

**A SHADOW PAINTS ITS EDGE.
I TURN AND SEE MY REFLECTION.
A STRANGER LOOKS BACK.**

"GODDAMN!"

I HAVE BECOME UNRECOGNIZABLE TO MYSELF.

**I WANT TO TEAR MY SKIN, BURN IT, DISSOLVE IT.
I WANT TO VOMIT, I WANT TO POUR MY SICK BILE,
BUT I KNOW IT'S TOO LATE.**

I NO LONGER BELONG TO MYSELF.

**SOMETHING HAS POSSESSED ME.
IT SEES THE WORLD THROUGH ME,
MAKES THE WORLD THROUGH ME.**

IT'S A HAND THAT SHAPES, A KNIFE THAT SHOUTS.

**AN ALIEN INVADER WHICH HAS LURED ME IN A TRAP.
IT BURNED ME WITH ITS GAZE,
SO IT CAN DRIVE ME OUT AND CATCH ME.**

**A TERRIFYING MACHINE WHICH CONSUMES ME,
AND OTHERS THROUGH ME, AND ME THROUGH OTHERS.**

AND ALL IS ONE MOUTH CHEWING ITSELF.

**I WANT TO GO INTO THE GROUND, DISAPPEAR.
I WANT TO SQUEEZE MY HEAD UNTIL IT'S PULP.
CEASE THIS SICKNESS UNTO BEING.
BAM!
AND GONE.**

**"ALWAYS AWAY BUT NEVER OUT!
THERE IS NO WAY OUT FOR ME!
I AM HELL MADE FLESH."**

**I HAVE GONE MAD.
I HAVE LOST MYSELF AND WILL REMAIN IN THIS STATE FOREVER.**

~

**I NEED TO HIT SOMETHING!
SHAKE IT, SQUEEZE IT, TWIST IT!**

**IT IS A FRENZY!
IT IS A HOT CLOUD ENGULFING MY SIGHT!**

I PUNCH MYSELF IN THE HEAD.

**THE PAIN STUNS ME FOR A MOMENT.
I CROUCH ON THE FLOOR.**

**AWARENESS SPILLS FROM MY SKULL.
I SEE MYSELF THROUGH THE EYES OF AN OTHER.**

I SEE A MAN LOCKED IN HIS HOUSE, CHOKING HIMSELF.

THE HANDS AROUND HIS NECK ARE MINE!

A DOUBLE, A FAKE, SUFFOCATING ME!

**I AM THE VICTIM,
BUT THE PERPETRATOR IS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.**

**A REVERSAL, A SHEDDING OF THE SKIN!
THE REVELATION OF THE CONFLICT DESTROYS THE CONFLICT.**

**LANGUAGE IS THE TRUE INVADER.
THE ENEMY IS "I"!**

**MY EGO HAS GROWN INTO A TUMOR.
A PART OF THE BODY WHICH IS AGAINST THE BODY.**

"I" IS AN HALLUCINATION.
 "I" IS A STUPID CHARACTER,
 A ZOMBIE, A FAKE, THE COPY OF A FAKE.

I SHED ALL PROJECTION AND BELIEF.
 I SHED MYSELF.

I AM BUT THE SPACE BETWEEN TWO MIRRORS.
 "I" IS NO LONGER, YET I REMAIN.

~
 ATTENTION SHIFTS TO MY BREATH.
 WORDS AND THOUGHTS SLOWLY CEASE,
 AWARENESS REMAINS PURE.

AND JUST LIKE THAT, THE WORLD ENDS...
 AND BEGINS AGAIN AT THE NEXT BREATH.
 AND THE NEXT ONE.
 AND THE NEXT ONE.

THE SPIRAL FLATTENS.
 AN ILLUSION THAT KILLS ALL ILLUSION.

AN ANTIBODY.
 A COUNTERMEASURE.

"BEAST.
 I SEE YOU WITHIN MYSELF.
 SEEING YOU, I RECOGNIZE YOU AND I AM AFRAID.

ARE YOU HERE TO DEVOUR ME?"

NO. I AM HERE TO MAKE YOU WHOLE AGAIN.
 THE WORLD FELT AN IMMINENT CRISIS, THUS IT GAVE BIRTH TO
 YOU.
 YET, YOU ARE THE IMMINENT CRISIS. YOURS IS THE HEAD YOU
 HAVE TO CRUSH.

SEE?

**I AM DEVOURING MYSELF.
ENDLESSLY, ETERNALLY.**

**THIS IS MY BREATHING CORPSE,
AND I AM THE WORLD.**

**AT EVERY BITE I ENJOY AND I SUFFER IMMENSELY,
WITHOUT DISTINCTION.**

**TRUTH ENDS THE MOMENT I SPEAK.
THE CONCLUSION OF THE NARRATIVE IS THAT IT IS GARBAGE.**

THE HAND ALWAYS WINS...

...SINCE THERE WAS NEVER A GAME TO BEGIN WITH."