# For Ever, Everything makes no sense out of Somewhere

#### Once upon a time when Never was in Somewhere, Forever was out of that Somewhere trying to reach out Never. But Never was afraid of Forever for Nothing. In the Somewhere that Never could be found, Everything had no sense for Never, but was Something Forever.

After being carried out by somebodies to a place he called Somewhere, Ocean was in a clinic for disabled and disturbed people. His psychosis led him to a place where he could be treated to calmness.

The first memory of the place was that he was in a dark room. From the front door, in the left there was a bed. There was a puff chair facing the bed. Everything in the room was made of custom foam to avoid self-harm. Sitting on the bed, the door was on the right side and there was a window on the left side.

Afraid of where he was, Ocean couldn’t think of Nothing. He was saying prayers silent on his head. He sat in the position of lotus facing the window that he could reach by sitting on the ground. Dancing a head melody he had in mind; he could feel a hallucination that would make him feel drifting from several dimensions where he was the centre.

The hallucination was fun, he could see several copies of him dancing in a wave made of four places, Somewhere, Anywhere, Sometime and Anytime. The visuals where strong… until he felt freedom, he could leave the room Anytime to interact with several people, somebodies that where there in Somewhere, the clinic where he was.

He went back to his bedroom and was thinking about someone having intercourse with another someone, this thought was causing him to have at the same time jealous and apathy.

There were two bottles of rough paper on the ground inside a pot made in a heart shape. He lost his mind when he drank something that was inside that bottle. Not knowing what he was doing, that something had a strange taste of herbs. For a second he thought that was pee, but it didn’t feel like it. Again, he looked at the chair in front of the bed, where he could see a screen with visuals of two people, again having intercourse.

He laid down to sleep and felt his energy being drained… or at least that what he felt for a moment. No dreams were recorded. He was waiting for the day to go over and see what was coming next. He was waiting for Hope to get him out of that Despair.

He woke up in the middle of the Night, he saw several people around him, but an old black man was always asking for a lighter to light his cigarette. Nobody seemed to hear his plea. The old black man seemed to understand Ocean, but Ocean was afraid of him.

Ocean still felt apocalyptical matter on his head, and for God he felt God on that old man, for who he would give attention the next day.

He thought about his partner, his Everything. Ocean felt that his partner was lost out of the clinic he was. But his partner still couldn’t help him.