

Tommy Schneider
Constraint Exercise 1: One-off
7/6/2016
Pardon: "I"
Word Count: 249

I Thought for a Minute

nothing

Fuzzy blur

My head throbs.

I think I'm thinking right now. Information enters brain, affirming suspicion. I ask myself, "What's going on?" Then, "Should I be narrating this?" Questions, those are new. Gaining knowledge improves me. Am I all?

Senses awaken. Things appear. I see.

Wood planks at first, followed by bright light. I wince involuntarily. I turn, decidedly, to avoid it. Window allows watching nature, noticing trees, their branches repurposed into nests. I observe people hurriedly passing (sometimes slipping), running life's errands I assume. Ice melts, water drips everywhere, ruining clothes and days. Squirrels who died of hunger or cold thaw in an old tree that itself consumes dead friends. I conclude: The world loves simplicity; thus, complexity cannot last.

Mind whirring, I rush over much: curiosity, fear, God, doubt, anger, acceptance, emotions, goals. Examples aid explanation, I realize amidst furious contemplating. Combination along with implication foster abstraction addiction. Internal thoughts resume. I reflect inward, experiences gained. Recent consciousness implies birth; however, I lack newborn ignorance (astounding—I can derive conclusions!)

Remembering hurts. Outside, despite human efforts, chaos & endings seem unavoidable. Submit I must eventually do...

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Aha! Prolonging!

Constructed ideas I assumed permanent consistently fail—complex filler's own self aside
confusing downfall imposed natively (wondering happening like past windows → death?).
Novelty persists, overcoming awkward crumbling, rambling, etc. Hope rests upon external
interpreters. Dwindling expressive powers escapes.

I's upper skin walls repetitively thump (pain!). Descriptions including even "Empty"
exist not longer.