He wasn’t sure of its origins but he knew he wanted to keep it. Never before had he wanted so much to smother people with thoughts of his own, thoughts that invaded him and now infiltrated them. Everyone could always tell he was lost in perversion, fantasizing of the day the collective unconsciousness usurped humanity’s awareness and he was equal. And now that day was steadfast approaching. No longer would his thoughts be abnormal. No longer would others look on him with disdain. No longer than the time it took to speak a single word could he now fully analyze a person’s psychology, the amalgamation of every historical and ontological event that resulted in that word, and why that word, and why not the infinite others.

His first subject would have to be someone dear to him. Better to wade first in the fluids of one’s brain before becoming entangled in its folds. He was an only child, so siblings were out of the question. His father left him when he was just on the brink of forming memories. So he was left with his mother. His mother was a simple woman, born into poverty and attending a rural university for women. She had always gaped at the world open-mouthed, as though expecting it to crawl into her, for she had not the mental capacity to consume it herself.

Oh, mother, if only you knew the blessings I would bring upon you in these coming seconds you would drop to your knees and wash my feet. I am the sacrificial son, and although none may ever fathom the depth of my magnanimity my palette is cleared in helping them. I will guide the blind into clarity, I will rip out their eyes and implant mine in their sockets so that they may see the virtue in my replication. They will beg for me to mold every piece of them into a putrid imitation of my own until they stand before me as a grotesque reflection, but all the better for it.

Effortlessly he sieged his mother’s mind so that he was inside of her and he was looking out at him. And he crafted a double-consciousness with her so that his own may thwart hers. But he didn’t expect the coup. He didn’t know of her mind’s ramparts that looked already so much like his own fortifications. Then in a second he understood that she knew what he knew by different names or no names at all. He blamed it initially on their shared genetic lineage. Then he tested the minds of strangers, of vagrants and politicians, quantum mechanists and fast food cashiers, with the same result. He could never be sure if he had succeeded in replacing their souls, or if his had degraded, or if he knew more or less than when he was naïve of his power.