

Madame Selene

Thursday, 2017/04/13

Madame Selene racks her knuckles from her seat before the crystal ball. Her arms in air before her intimate audiences, her palms part, her arms extend from elbows to lift the air. Her chin rises, eyes close. The crystal rises.

Eyes widen, searching sight. Only Selene and ball are visible. Faces flush as pulses leap and blood sinks. Selene has the room.

Selene catches her breath before the life runs out of her heart. Her chest thumps as the muscle resumes pumping. She smells the air. It is cold and damp. She opens her eye. She sees pale moonlit faces surrounding the sphere, glowing dimly the grey - blue color of death. She catches her breath as her face blanches. The realization of the gravity of this arrival has crossed its threshold.

Those wide, blank eyes set in pale faces have ears that absorb the sounds of air moving through buildings, over dirt gravel yards and empty fences. Their shock is called dissonance. The instantaneous discontinuity in the world known to their senses captured their minds.

Selene sighs a breath of relief as no further changes have emerged in the moment. She rotates her palms away from her to pick up her audience. She sees, in this way, their state of shock.

In this moment she is not amused by their capture. One among them has a psychic past that surprises her, and overwhelms the others. She deducts it is the space of one, solitary. A powerful and haunted space, but not merged with others. No need to sort and shuffle.

She lets the moment reveal itself, taking caution on behalf of her audience. She relies on their state of shock to preserve their minds while she ensures a reasonable degree of safety. They each understand, from rumors and news reports, that people have died in her chamber. Three, to be exact. A surprise emergence in this state can kill. One was maimed, only to recover in hospital.

Madame, herself, has gained the experience of such explorations through the recovery of sense following experiences of immense pain. The mind is unprepared for the shifting realities of psychic exploration. The mastery of dissonance and dissociation is a lengthy process that few are capable of. Her most important qualification for this work is her ability to drop everyone from their transference automatically upon a cognitive event.

She takes a step into this space by reaching through her body with her eye. It remains still. The sounds of air remain still.

She speaks. “Who will open his eyes to see, and ears to hear.”

Eyes socked in pale faces begin blinking. Her voice has reassured them of a sense of place. Minds emerge into the grip of dissociation. While they do not trust their senses they are unable to open their eye. Some will be unable to objectify. Most are unable to identify.

Selene has trained her sense of audience to prohibit identification. She employs visual objectification as a cursor to health, but denies her own identification of self or person. In this way she maintains the privacy of her audience. She will not associate the experience with the person, and while she cannot, neither can anyone else. Their senses are in her possession.

She becomes aware that one emerges from the dissociation into the faculty of identification. It is not likely to be the psychic person of origin, but it could be. She has no interest in deriving information from the experience, only in safely guiding the process of the experience.

As this one emerges into a healthier state of consciousness, Selene recognizes a faint cacophony of electric crackling.

The frown that covers her face is felt in the room. A talent of projection to provide sensory warnings and cues in the defense of cognition. The combined symbols of death and industry stir a sense of nausea that she catches from her projections and shares as anger.

This causes her audience to pump adrenaline in response to the dominant signal within their sensory reality, preparing their minds for potential psychic emergencies.

Selene focuses her eye on bodies walking through a remote mist. She blurs the image into view slowly for her audience, unable to protect them from vision in an exclusive sense. Their own minds will accomodate the remains of her care.

They walk by, as enroute from somewhere to nowhere, haunted with the numb inhumanity of starvation and deprivation. Their heads shaved, they are naked. Skeletons covered in skin walking with no more life than moving legs. Each unique.

Selene knows of only one who can see them. The others will recall only having seen Selene, and as if awakening from sleep might recall a dream.

Selene and the other wait as bodies pass by. Each becoming more inevitable than the previous.

In time she concludes that this is the message, and decides to terminate the session. She closes her eye, and the others hunch forward with a loss of consciousness. A psychic sleep.

She restores the ball to the table, lowers her arms, and rests herself. She is exhausted. The others need rest. The party sits at their chairs in the darkened chamber of her house.