

## Part 1.

A black blob fills the volume of my head; not formless but poorly formed, writhing as an organic infestations of gooey, plasma-like resin that I am waiting for its departure...But it will not leave, at least not upon my command, and God has no interest in my humble infection. It will likely clear on its own, I am sure—I hope. I do not even require the intervention of a doctor or mother or wife. We, the blob and I, are close friends for all time, and as much as I hate the blob, I must believe the blob's hatred for me arose only in defense of my initial, unjustified anger directed at this poor, unaware creature.

Now the blob, black and gray and slightly shiny, mimics the shape of a mouth with its amorphous and every-changing material substance. What possibly could it be trying to tell me at this time? It sounds like growling or gurgling, but behind these muffled noises I can make out the barest formation of human-like words. They are becoming more clear, more intense and necessary, as if the blob needs to expel a secret of past crimes, a capital sin that infects the blob from the inside. Presumptuous me! I thought the blob was a disease upon me. But wrong, wrong, wrong. I am inside of it, trying to vomit myself into clean air so that I can breathe.

I am on the ground covered in mucinous, black-green slime, able to breathe but only while gurgling through the sticky substance in my mouth. I dream of rest, but the blob continues to ungrulate before my eyes, shaking more and more quickly, vibrating in all directions simultaneously and I expect that it will shake itself apart and cover me further with its remains. But the blob relaxes. Why? I must understand the processes that govern its behavior, but why must I ponder even this? A new net overcomes me, this one made of rope and steel, tossed upon my body, weighing me toward the ground. I look up and the blob appears sad, even compassionate about my captivity. The blob had no wish for this outcome after discharging me from its insides. The goal was freedom.

A rainbow bursts through the ground, throwing debris that freeze in mid air. I walk around the broken ground as it hovers before me, looking underneath each piece for something but I don't know what. Then I strike at the pieces, hoping to break them further.

While spinning in the air I look down upon the previous scene: the compassionate blob, broken ground, and I held captive. My head becomes large; my eyes larger, my mouth a cavern, and I contemplate devouring the entire picture, but instead I look away into nothing, a void with pinpoints of light that might represent a night sky, and I am pulled away and apart, my head stretching as if near the gravity of a massive black hole. I am quickly thinning.

Surprisingly, a flock of birds flutter on top of a blue sky. It has started to rain acid but nothing is burned—we are able to play in the rain regardless of its composition. And I run, laughing at nothing, thinking of nothing, feeling the slippery ionic rain on my fingers. I rub it into my face and expect my skin to peel off in response to this noxious chemical, but as I have already said, nothing here is burned. We are fireproof, acidproof, and waterproof; not invincible, but unaffected by the chemical reactions that transform the substance of our being. We remain identical under transformation. Invariant.

Mathematical relations take on solid, physical form; part symbolic expression and part material substance, filling space—they are space—like a length of colorful ribbon. The bonds of the math support me, and I hang above ground by relations that touch me ever so softly. I am frozen here. Stagnant and comfortable. And so very unsatisfied. The ribbon wilts in response to my lack of faith and begins to appear sad like the black blob of before. I watch as the mathematical illumination loses form, loses color and light, and coalesces into a compassionate, amorphous shape. I have always been bound by the same thing.

The room and ground appear unchanged, except now there is nothing to see. I am alone without even a body for warmth or to localize me in space and time. It feels as though I have eyes, so perhaps I was mistaken. I am two eyeballs, staggering back at forth, looking at the writer who writes these words. These eyes can see through my lies. They beg me to continue on with a bit of friendly encouragement. “Why don’t you continue writing?” they say. Why not indeed. Explanations are unneeded so long as you have friends.



My eyes go shooting off in opposite directions like a subatomic transformation, pair production the physicists call it. We are truly alone now, but for some reason I use the plural pronoun, assuming that others are watching or perhaps here, in this empty room without walls, with me, alone. I was going to describe the walls as they appear to disintegrate into dust, but before I commit to that picture, I have decided to reconstruct and resolidify the prison surrounding the essence of me. I seem to enjoy being trapped.

Let us place more people in the scene. Well-dressed men and women, cutout figures of actual human beings actually, chat with each other, hold alcoholic drinks in contemporary glassware—stylish martini glasses and the like. Everyone is talking, but like Pink Floyd, I can't hear what they are saying, nor do I believe that they are saying anything at all. The cutouts move about from side to side, smiling; they seem happy, unaware, and then suddenly develop fangs. One gentleman, expectedly, must be a type of vampire, drinking bloody margaritas, talking louder and louder, always trying to get me to listen. Stop, it says. Then louder, stop!

The cardboard cutouts of actual people slowly fall to the floor, spin for a second, and then disappear. Plants, trees, and animals take their place, but these organic objects are animate, almost real, lively, joyous. I am in the treetops sitting on the solitary leaf of a fragile branch, aware that this is all like a dream, enjoying the creatures as they move through the foliage. The animals, smiling, ask me to come on down. “Of course,” I reply, and I slide off the leaf and fall hard onto hard and then muddy, mushy earth. I almost sink down but not this time—I’m too careful, too propelled. I’m not even covered in mud this time. It just appears that I am. Mud and flesh flash back and forth on my body, lighting a small patch of jungle like a mud-flesh lamp. Animals hide just beyond the edge of my illumination, curiously waiting for something more to happen, or trying to make sense of this alien spectacle. Am I unwelcome? The animals are neither angry nor frightened, yet nor do they know what to do with me. And why should it be their job anyway?

Spinning, I'm often spinning with vortex lines swirling around me. I am a spinning zebra, whatever that means. I am also tilted.

A square of space expands from the void. In this world, space is composed of only two dimensions; the third is the home of Gargoyles who watch the expansion unfold, but even these creatures cannot see the edge of the wave. I am on the edge of an expanding x-y plane pushing space into itself, trying hopelessly to contain its growth and preserve the void. Space pushes back against my stomach, causing my body to warp under pressure. There are no colors here, and the edge I speak of is only identified by the pathetic mass of mostly water that curls against space's invisible presence. Still, I have hope. I would not have told you about water otherwise.

A lion mauls my head, but he seems friendly. He is choking on me, trying to wrestle his white fangs free from my skull, so I reach up and try to pull off his mouth. Why does this friendly appearing lion bite me at all? I must have purposely rammed my head into the lion's mouth, but this action too requires an explanation, and I have little time. I am stuck and in pain while the lion requires food and water—my head is not a suitable meal. We struggle together for hours then days without making progress. I have an idea, “Go forward,” I say to the lion, and he swallows me whole. This is what I wanted anyway. Inside the lion's stomach I smell that he is not satisfied—or is he simply upset? I crouch to conserve space and then decide to stand, stretching the lion's abdominal walls from within, seeing the expression of pain on the lion from without. I am full height and walking, unrestricted, but covered in the lion's skin from the inside and prevented from interacting with the world. We are together, the lion and I.

I no longer wish to write like this. In the morning I had a vision of being melted except for my resilient eyes, but that was a forced thought undeserving of a place here. And then I thought of the initial blob and where it came from. That part was personal, but now there is more: these words, the thoughts of others, and my boredom of the process. I am hoping for a change.

Writing for me necessarily evokes the constipation of writing. I have nothing in common with words. I am a physical being wanting to thrust itself upon the universe, needing to become part of the manifold, and words, these impotent little creatures, are the lifeless carriers of meaning that should be trashed as soon as the meaning is witnessed. (I have since discovered that words are useful, too, you nasty little creatures).



I am waiting for the next vision. Multiple pictures flashed before me, none holding fast except for a field of white noise that I confuse for energy. How do you interpret my meaning? I wonder. Are you a curious face or someone who uses the word 'weird' as if that word meant something other than a lack of personal understanding—'beyond one's world-theory-experience' is a fair synonymic phrase.

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