

Akil Carrington's

A Grey State of Survival

By Kila Tristesse

Caught in between a white lie & a black truth...
Of all the things one can lose, it's their mind that they'll miss the most

PROLOUGE

Self-harm is about trying to stay alive, despite the pain people are in. Although, there is a relationship between self-harm and suicide, many more people self-harm than kill themselves, and most people don't hurt themselves so badly as to risk their lives. Of those who do, suicide may not have been their intention; it's the feelings they want to wipe out. Whether someone wants to live or die may seem to be a straightforward choice. But some people are suspended in a *grey state of survival*, where choices and decisions are kept on hold. This is where self-harm happens. For those who self-harm, surviving is subject to rigid controls; feelings are suppressed for fear of what may lie behind them. If living means having to cope with acutely painful feelings and memories, and there is not enough support available, the choice not to be alive may be more understandable. When someone you care about talks about death, it's natural to fear they may go through with it, but these are the very feelings they need to explore. Remember that human beings have an enormous capacity to survive great pain.

Mind: For Better Mental Health (Understanding Self-Harm)

PART SIX

Name: Black
Age: White
Diagnosis: Grey

PRELUDE TO A SUICIDE

i

Tears begin to bleed my eyes. Soon the clarity of my vision regresses violently as the thickness of the red begins to cover my pupils. The redness tints and then drowns all that I can see, but the blood drips from within and no further. Stumbling around, I can hardly see what I'm doing or where I'm going. Slowly but surely I surface the space around me. I no longer feel the chills. I no longer fear the blood. I know nothing but this.

Regardless of my condition, I fight to savour the moment. If this is truly going to be the last moment of my life, my last few dying breaths, I want to savour it. I want to enjoy the visions of red, the taste of a deathly gasp, the last of my life but not necessarily—not at all—because I've enjoyed the life I am about to leave behind—because I haven't—but for the mere sick fact that this, of all my experiences lived, was the best.

Or at least, that's what my memory tells me.

The moment in which I could feel death's cold breath upon my shoulders was the first time I felt warmth, the first time I'd witnessed myself smile for a very long time.

So I begin to smile as the thoughts of happiness cross my mind. Although throughout my life morbidity and melancholia have been all in which I've reaped and sown, it is actually happiness in which I've sought. *Oh the irony.*

It begins to dawn on me, the excitement builds when I realise... I realise that very soon I will be free, a free spirit. My soul, free to fly, soul fly. I'll be a happy girl again.

(Soon, I will find what it is I've been seeking for all this time now)

(Oh, the joy and now I'm waiting for Andy to appear...)

(...to tell me I'm wrong, that somehow I'm wrong)

I bide my time until the time is right. As my nerves unleash butterflies into my stomach, the

butterflies turn back into caterpillars and squirm around in my skin. I taste a little sickness rise and it tastes just like the exanimation of those who have no other choice but to exculpate me and set me free. I begin chewing the caps off of my nails—I can taste the dead sick skin that I've been clawing at underneath my nails—and I don't stop until it starts to make me choke. There's a metallic taste now in my mouth, shards claw at my throat. Through the misty red and the emotion, I begin to look for the tool that will change everything, the tool of trade that will end my pitiful life. I pity the sadness as I die and then I smile a smile that is clearly more melancholic in nature than any frown.

Tension begins to build as I search seemingly in vain. I'd misplaced it. My sweet prince, I'd missed placed it and rage began to think for me, pushing aside any controlled thoughts. It would be nice if Rosy was here with me but I must leave her, she wouldn't understand anyway because she's not even here.

Initially I was allowed to think calmly, but then my mind hit emotional meltdown. The blood trickles began to burn my eyes. Paranoia, frustration and urgency entrapped me tightly in between the thick thin walls of insanity. Rose is now panicking, nothing she does makes any sense, like the flower, Rose begins to wither.

'Where are you!? Please, come...' Unsure whether or not this pain was pleasurable or not, I squeal first like a pig being slaughtered and then in a tone that magnified the yearning of an arousing touch.

I knew there were other tools available to me, look in almost every hidden yet not so hidden draw in our house and you'll surely find some kind of sharp object hidden yet not so hidden but I didn't care. Things had to be done *my* way, the way I planned it, I wanted my tool. The one I had envisioned would always be the one and I'd accept no substitutes.

I was too far down at wits end to reason with reality and circumstance. Rose begins thinking about Sarah, Simone, Rosy—a past life begins to flash behind and now in front of her. Thoughts resurface and move onto Andy, Ronnie, Claudia, Vanessa, Vincent, Vinny, Vinnie, Vin-knee, Dr. Jenkins, Dr. Slovenko—then there are a load of people who suddenly appear, none in which Rose can remember the names of. Some of their faces are unfamiliar, she see's people who appear to be her friends, she see's enemies, I see ghosts and I see myself in the second and third person. I question the fourth. She see's doctors, nurses, police men, ambulance ladies, men, firemen, no more women—then her mother, her brothers, her father—she throws up a little inside of her mouth—and then finally she thinks of Ryan. Thoughts are still racing and she kisses his memory and begins to weep. In her head, Ryan, her mother and her brothers wait for her somewhere else but not here.

After a minor setback and a child-like tantrum I was allowed to be calm once more when I eventually found that what I was screaming for was appropriately tucked beneath the A4 sheet granted the pleasure of being my suicide note. Sitting so elegantly next to the pen chosen to illustrate my lack of remorse, mental notepad of regrets, empty desires and future—what will tomorrow bring?—aims, I saw a glint within the almost rusty blade, a sparkle, almost implying a fairy tale-like moment. Maybe it's just the reflection from the Christmas tree lights reflecting back onto the silver blade but I like to give every occurrence a story and some beautiful significance. It makes life that much more interesting and purposeful.

Ok, the time to kill—all of the pain that life has gift wrapped and opened for me— is now. The time to die—to live a new life— is now.

(There is an emptiness that will soon be fulfilled)

(There is an emptiness that will soon be fulfilled)

The voice in my head repeats this in order to remind me that there is no going back, that this is the right thing to do. With gentle fingers I pick the blade up. I treat it with honour; I treat it like a mother, a father, a God, *my* God for it resembles my maker, yet my destroyer. Staring at it with cold warmth within my heart, I take in a deep breath and I slide the blade gently across my wrist, once, twice. The blood trickle tickles my senses and drips down my fingertips. I feel a sense of arousal. It's sickening but I love it. *Rose thinks of Ryan once again.* I am the blood queen. I know from the angle in which I have scarred myself, a crucifix, it is only a matter of time. I will die—feel life for the first time—tonight.

But I'm not done here.

I carve a wound into my neck, the stench of blood smells almost like redemption. The stench of redemption causes my body to flutter like a moth with pins in each of its wings—it cannot fly away, can it? Not unless it tears itself free causing permanent disfigurement to its flutter-byes—slowly, I climb onto the old wooden stool; it is almost off its hinges. It could fall before I'm even done. The dangerous possibilities arouse me. I'm moving even slower, I am losing energy, feeling extremely faint and light headed but I have a plan, a vision of how I am to die and so I muster the energy to create the next scene. Even when creating death, things must go as planned to impress the creator, the artist, the architect.

With a bloodied left wrist and an entrance to the inside of my throat, I balance jaggedly on top of the stool. My world begins to spin and I spin with it. The blood from my eyes continues to distort my

perception of existence.

Next I wrapped the noose around my carved neck. It burns not only the skin of my neck but the skin of my very soul, heart and mind...or whatever's left of either at this point. I can feel them burn as they escape my body. Now soulless, heartless and mindless, I am merely an entity. All it will take now is the fall of this chair. As things stand, the chair is my life support machine; once it's gone, so too will I be.

But I have two more things to do before I can close my eyes.

I want to make both my wrists bleed happy.

If I have to go, I must go. If I must go, I must go with a smile—Rosy always wanted me to be happy, they all did. No, they didn't, not everyone, some of them were mean.

So I slide the blade across my right wrist this time, up and then down, again, like a crucifix but this time with more urgency. My wrists create a tune, my veins the strings, the blade, my bow, the music, symphonies of misery.

I pick the scab from beneath the remains of my eye lids until the old wounds began to bleed again. Like both my wrists now, both my eyes drip with melancholia flavoured red. I whisper the tune,

(No one but me can save myself but it's too late, death greets me warm now I must say goodbye...)

Fade to black.

The sight to another must be ghastly, torn wrists, a slit throat and a noose carving at that neck wound, but to me as I looked into the mirror, as I looked into my eyes, all I saw was beauty and in beauty I must die.

I could feel my soul burning and then I shut my eyes, no longer staring into the mirror, I could feel my soul no more. I continued to construct this epic death scene, tasting every last breathe escaped my gasp—inhalation, exhalation, each tasted of stale sick—as though they were literally my last. I wasn't an ugly person at heart so why should I die an ugly death? I deserved the best I assured myself. In my eyes, through my visions, death is the epitome of all that is beautiful but with that said, there's time when beauty can be spoilt. It can be spoilt through carelessness, through misjudgment and a clumsy response. It can be spoilt by a miscarriage of emotion—my poor baby, screaming, in extremis.

Beauty can be spoilt thus ugliness seeps through the widening cracks and like a disease, spreads. It spreads. An ugly death is like vomiting on a bed of precious flowers, suffocating and destroying the colours of the petals and raping the initial scent meant for pleasure. It's just sickening.

Now I feel extremely cold. I know if I don't die soon, I will faint any moment now anyway and I will

not wake up in the mourning—Rose means the morning.

And so with urgency I finish the sombre lyric, it'll be the last thing I ever say,

(...Goodbye)

I faint and slip from the almost dead wood. I can see all this happening in front of my very eyes, a bloodied scene, an out of body, out of mind experience giving me a front row seat to my very own death scene. I watch as darkness wraps around me. Suddenly I feel a different kind of warmth that leads me to believe up until now I've never truly known what warmth really is or was and the coldness is no more. Death takes its place as God but where has the other one gone?

ii

And that was the first time that I—Rose Peyton Grey—had died.

Times subsequent to the first have been less graphic, they've lacked the picturesque quality and they've felt a lot less intelligible. There'd remain equivocal and they continue to leave me yearning for an answer that would possibly put my dead mind at ease. My body may die, but my mind continues to think until thoughts become intolerable—and then it starts all over again—mate, feed, kill, repeat.

It's the confusing questions that deny my control; Am I dead again? Have I died again? It feels like it, but I'm not quite sure? Are these sentences that I'm constructing (is it I constructing these questions? Who am I—my mind or my heart?) questions or answers? What just happened? I'm ok?

The manner in which I die, still to this day, continues to differ from the first time in every possible way, from the way that the incidents look, to the way that they feel—both during and after the pleasant tragedy—to the way that they leave me feeling in the end and it upsets me because never have I been as in control of my own death than I was the first time. In fact, the first time was the only time I'd ever been in control and a lack of control is what scares me more than anything in both a spiritual and human (per)version of life.

There's a different feeling forced upon me every time I die, but no matter how much they differ, there's a similarity between the second and subsequent times that has left me in a languish state, praying for the courage to die the way I had done so the first time.

I've died so many times to this point and I hate the fact, I hate it with every ounce of emotion my tiny body can muster. Every one of the scenes in which the main piece of action is my death has been

imprinted onto the procession of my thoughts—like movies used to indoctrinate, they play over and over again in my mind whenever I have a moment of silence, but the tape is broken and there is something clearly wrong. This leads to the violent convulsions within my being. Some of the words spoken are no longer spoken, some of the movements taken place remains turgid and frozen in time, some of the truth of these scenes lie, they lie till the flesh of their existence falls off revealing decayed bones, insects and holes. Clarity is denied and I cannot trust anything that I have second thoughts on as truth.

But I don't have this problem with that first time—I can retrace my footsteps, I can relive the moment and I can take a trip down this perfect memory's lane, comfortably strolling along, tasting ever piece of concrete from its pavements and using the whole experience as a catharsis, a remedy, an escapism. What is it that they say? You never forget your first? Well, I guess it's true because I never did and I'm sure I never will. It remains the only truth in my life and it lives with me every second, every minute, every hour and every moment of every day.

I remember it as though it were played out just yesterday and I'm sure of it; whether I like it or not, I'm sure that it's what has driven me to this psychological state of mind that I am unable to fathom. I feel so far from its (reality's) reach that I've started to realize that there is in fact a great possibility that I was never even been born.

There remains something special about that first time that seems to control my every day actions. There's always a significant event in one's past life that has a kind of strangle hold on the way they are in the future, the way that they see things and subsequently behave in their later life—and this was mine, this was my turning point and since then I've not been the same, I guess (but then I often wonder, 'What led me to do it in the first place?' and I falter).

Subsequent deaths have been filled with an obscurity that just leaves me unquestionably far from any sort of reality (and although I am aware of this fact, nothing ever gets better, I have no way of changing the truth and I remain stuck in this mire of mine). The ever so vague ways in which I'd died led me to believe that even though I'd just died, I in fact was still alive. Maybe I hadn't died in the conventional way, like I had the first time. I was still alive, yes, only this life was different. My heart was beating, but it was beating differently, I was alive in some sort of world trapped in between reality and fantasy, and in this world—the world/home that we call earth—I was never born. The mask that had a painted smile upon it was really weeping and it was becoming evident.

...Sometimes I would just stop breathing, or at least that's what it felt like. I'd leave my body and see the (my) lifeless corpse on the ground looking so pitiful and restless. Sometimes before my spirit leaves my body I'm in so much pain, I can feel a change within and during this change, muscles are being pulled, flesh is being twisted, contorted are my thoughts as I continue to writhe in taunting agony. Yet on other times, although in an equal amount of pain, I'd be captivated by its Godliness and the taunting soon becomes a means of sexual fascination.

Scenes may alter but some qualities remain the same. The only thing the first and following deaths have in common is the light—the dim light that appears just before my final breath, it twirls around my frail body and then hovers above my head like the halo of an angel who's just taken its own life. I'd be compelled by it all. The light trapped in between black and white—but I guess not quite grey—it has the power to allure yet frighten me at the same time. It keeps the cold nice and warm when the cold can no longer bare to be around itself (one needs to escape one self's own presence, I can no longer bare who I am). It keeps the cold nice and warm when the cold begins to devour itself in an act of self-hatred and woe. It keeps the cold nice and warm when senses begin to confuse themselves in frenzied panic. It's relief at its purest.

Life to me has been like a reverie, so tormenting, yet my questions, my emotions, my reality; they remain as real as I am alive. Normality was no longer normal and the ways in which I found comfort became a sick addiction that attempted to rearrange the authentic.

Maybe it'd be cold, boredom keeps me entertained and my mind finds itself wondering like a nomad, the rest of my *self* becomes entrapped in my subconscious world. With the creating of visual poetry I begin to daydream, I slip into a vision or maybe I'm already asleep, tucked beneath my bed sheets and then all the subconscious ailments of my life express themselves in my dream state.

A nightmare to remember...

(...but not quite)

Note to reader: My story is not for the light hearted, in fact, my heart is very heavy and within the tales I tell I release the liquid weight from my heart and allow it to disperse into words. Within the brackets and italic fonts, I have written the words that in essence I have spoken, but in my reality belong to another entity. Maybe this other entity is my subconscious mind, you know—the thoughts that you hear in your head when you're silent—but to me they're not my words, to me... my mind and I are

separate.

The first thing I should really mention when going deep into the explanation of who I am and what I'm about is that I'm a writer, a story teller. Creativity keeps me sane and without it, I'd be dead. Or worse still, I'd be at one with insanity. Through all my pain and misery I've been subjected to insanity but my strength will pull me through and for all of this bitterness, for those who are to blame, punishment is due. I've learnt to deal with my afflictions and my nightmares, my sadness, depression and solitude by creating... *The artistic pursuits of an in extremis mind* is what they—who? I can't remember—called it and since then, that's what I call it. I'm a creative person; artistically focused is how I've chosen to live because without it, without the art, I would've chewed right through my death veins by now.

When I was younger I'd write poetry—it helped my soul feel soothed when the sky or the mirror wouldn't show me what I wanted to see—then without much middle ground I went straight into my first novel. I'd spent years writing notes for it; first, second, third and fourth drafts, all scrapped. I'm unsure as to how the novel ended, I don't think it's finished. I guess something happened and I'd stopped writing *that* tale—but I know it's not finished because it ended so suddenly. During the creation of *that* tale, I wrote a few short stories—40-50 paged tales that weren't always based on myself but the affliction I'd experienced in life was without fail, always carefully smudged and rubbed onto my work, there was a little bit of me and my beliefs in every tale that I wrote be it about the injustice I saw in the world or how the infectious poisons (broken down into smaller doses of depression, misery, pain, solitude, confusion, denial etc.) can affect the fragile human psyche.

As a writer, you write what you

(think you)

know. Things got a little scary when what I knew began to reveal itself. My writing began to scare me—I guess that's a fear statement.

I liked to be writing more than one tale at a time because if I got too bogged down with just one, I'd get frustrated and lose my mind. I was dedicated—clearly not dedicated enough though *BECAUSE THE DAMN TALE KEEPS ON GETTING CUT SHORT AND THEN I'M BACK HERE* and it makes me feel sick when I remember.

Nowadays, I don't write so much, instead I look over my old poetry, my short stories and *that* tale,

the unfinished novel that never was and I wonder what I'm looking at. I often contemplate finishing it but every attempt I make, something shuts me down and I start from the beginning once again. I don't get lonely anymore because I'm too used to it to remember how the opposite emotion feels. *On the uva-cyde of life there is death...* I don't get sad anymore because it was too long ago that I could smile and it not hurt from its falseness but when I get nostalgic that's something I cannot control. Still nostalgia haunts me and I'm back again in my past, telling whoever may listen the tales of my yesteryears and then I relive it.

And then in my mind I relive it as though time has been rewound and I can do it all over but you know, no matter how many times I revisit my past, no matter how many times I re-live it, I cannot change what happened. No matter what I say, no matter what I do I can't change what happened, can't change what happened, can't change what happened and I can't change what happened... I can only, I can only, I can only, repeat, repeat, repeat what has already been.

But I'm a story teller and I like to tell my tales to whoever may listen and if no one does, I tell these stories to myself, anticipating the ending because I've forgotten how it went and how it goes.

iii

If *the* opposing minds are allowed to think too much or too strong to resist any attempted block, closure, restriction *etc.* it becomes inevitable that confusion will become embroiled in its shell, the culmination of pasty human mind shit. We have here many opposing minds, each of them of course wants to win and the only way either of them can win is by getting me on side. As the minds both confused my predicament, in hindsight it seems obvious that one of them would eventually create its own visual poetry in order to get my attention and that is exactly what mine did...or does. Only a lot of the time it felt more like nonsense in oppose to perfect sense and if anything, it made me feel worse. It wasn't until all had been done that I started to think that maybe all my minds mind fucking was a way of it trying to stop me from going further, maybe I'd repressed all this shit for a reason but I didn't see it that way at the time. I remember the things that I saw. It was frantic; it was ecstatic, extreme almost to the point of lunacy. I began to think, or at least, I thought that's what I was doing and it made me cry, it made me want to take the pain away, it made me want to die but the more I wanted to die, the more I really wanted to live. I began to wonder, if I'm not my mind, what am I?

(But that's another story, so don't tell it yet)

For a long while I'd been looking at my reality through distorted eyes. What I thought to be true was a lie. Initially I used an analogy, a kind of metaphorical interpretation of my situation was created in order to understand my predicament and fight it... Like a kid who manages to escape the grasp of his or her mother's hand after a sticky struggle prior, my minds have opposing intentions. With his or her new found freedom the kid begins to run wild—wild being an understatement—they create extreme havoc until eventually caught and when caught they cry, they backlash and that backlash resulted in the depression the morning after that dark night. There was something about a previous situation that allowed the kid to believe that the next time that they won't get caught and thus they'll be free forever. But it doesn't happen. Free forever, forever free? No, forever failure, that's the fear. Another fear, the tantrum continues. The more and more the same pattern, the same routine repeats, the worse and worse the tantrums and responses become. Maybe it's the natural fed up feeling deriving from a certain terrible certainty. The first sign of madness is repeating an action and expecting a different outcome. The naive minds are policed and sectioned. They're caught, tamed and controlled for now,

(I'm not crazy, let me out of here)

with their new surroundings, *oh so familiar*. It is the surrounding of restriction, without freedom we are no longer ourselves and all that we have to give becomes bottled up until the next escape...and the next one is inevitably a lot worse than the previous. Yet after all this commotion and trouble, we still find ourselves in love with the child because it is ours to tame, it is our spawn to covert, our love to hate and our hate to love.

Over time I began to understand my minds a lot more and I began to realize things. The kid running around in my mind, the kid trying to escape the grasp of its mothers hand was the kid who was being beaten by an abusive 'carer', an abusive world, this kid was the victim alongside me and each time that kid got beaten I felt it. The things I was being shown were in order to make me aware of the truth so together we could escape and kill off the opposition. This kid wasn't unruly, this kid knew a lot more than I did and I didn't let it escape because I thought it was against me. I couldn't understand its explanations. All the while the minds against me where laughing at us. They weren't like little kids, not the evil minds, oh no. They were too clever to be compared to unruly children. They knew how to get my attention. They knew how to make me believe in a false reality. They knew how to make me think that they were the good minds and the good mind was the enemy. They knew I thought I was in control

a lot of the time but that didn't bother them, it was all just a sick ploy. They weren't policed or controlled, maybe for a short while but they didn't care because they knew it was only the battle they'd lost if that. The war was still ongoing in their favour which leads me to believe, so too were the battles. It wore me down over time and unaware of my doings I was killing the only sane part of my mind because I was confused which was which and who was who. That's why I'm here now.

(That's why I were I am now)

(What's that? I'm not, no, but thanks for asking)

Thinking of what my mind had created brought me a cathartic consumption to consume. Try saying that as fast as my thoughts.

(Cathartic consumption to consume)

I then began to shit out a mushy (*stickier*) version of misery because that's all I could take in, because misery was all I was eating.

(And what goes in must come out somehow)

Before it got really out of hand though, I could differentiate the work of each of my minds. I had understood that one of them wanted us to die whilst the other mind wanted us to survive, I was suspended in this state,

(this grey state)

where black and white blurred themselves within one another. Nothing's as clear as it should be. Although I was aware of this, the fact that my minds opposed one another, my misery grew for personal reasons, the knowledge didn't allow for strength, instead my depression spread like a virus, like my very own disease and I was unsure which of my minds I wanted to side with.

As things inside of my mind regressed I began to see things but what they meant and who was showing these visions to me became unclear. I eventually faltered as I began to trust a mind—the wrong mind, but you cannot blame me for the naivety that befell on me. I shouldn't have trusted anything, I know that now.

(I used to trust him because he spawned me)

(I used to trust them because we breathe the same air, but one with their own mind cannot be trusted because they think... and you can never know what someone's truly thinking)

(I used to trust them because we breathe the same air, but one without their own mind cannot be

trust because they don't think... and you can never know what someone's truly not thinking)

(I used to trust him because he helped me but what about his little boy? How could you do that to your own son?)

Hindsight is a bit fuzzy today. How far should I have trusted a mind posing as mine just playing many a games?

('Hmmm', I murmur to myself but I'm sure someone else is listening)

It was always just one of many big games that they—my minds—were playing and it was my life, my death in the balance but by the time I realized that the participants would do anything to win be it lie, cheat or steal, it was too late.

But I always did my best attempting to make the most out of my situation and that is something I can stand by. I see nothing blurred when I look back and comfort myself with that piece of truth.

(liar?)

For me thoughts of death bled very poetic visions. For me those visions were cathartic if I let them be. The desire to feel pain, to be inches away from death, to be that close to comfort became my obsession and if I wasn't having flirtatious daydreams about it, I was having nightmares about it.

(Daddy, Daddy, Daddy)

(...you're not my Daddy)

(How!? Why!? Where is hell?)

(On earth?)

(Brother, Brothers, Brother)

(Building blocks in my mind, building blocks on my mind...)

(Ryan, Ryan, Ryan)

(...defeated?)

(...depleted?)

(I...)

(Fighting for the...)

(Mummy, Mummy, Mummy)

(...can't take?)

(...defeated?)

(...depleted?)

(I...)

(Fighting for a...)

It's not that I wanted to die, I just wanted to be on the doorstep, one knock and I'm in.

(My choice to live, my choice to die)

(What's so wrong with that?)

I wanted to familiarize myself with the surroundings that would one day imprison me but I lacked the courage and the certainty that death is indeed what I wanted right there and then and so all my dreams remained exactly that, dreams... and so I had to just get on with my life to the best of my ability until the courage greeted me with cold bitter warmth.

MULTIPLE SELF-SCHEMAS

i

Now I'm in my late twenties, maybe I'm thirty, I feel forty or maybe fifty. I'm not too sure but I feel different,

(Differences I cannot explain so don't ask?)

(But I will tell you if you do?)

(They want you to talk about the present though)

Everyone wants me to talk about the now but the now is no longer important. It's too late to worry about anything that's already been. What needs to be done has been done and will be done. There's no changing that now. The story has been written, it's better to dwell on how it was written. Let me talk about the past again. Nostalgia is sweet, I hate it.

ii

People had often asked me, *'Why are you such a freak? Why are you that way?'* and for years I wasn't sure whether that was a compliment or not, either way though I always knew fragments of the answer. Pieces of my puzzle were there to me, but only pieces.

When I was younger, a lot younger than I am now, something terrible happened to my family and I. It affected us all equally, just in different ways. I guess with me it kind of hung over my head like a grey, almost black cloud and the weather in my world really did depend on my mood.

(That's normal right?)

(Normal, ha-ha, whatever that means)

(What does the moon in my sink think?)

(Lunatic, it drips... as the water from the tap hits the sink, it says, lunatic, tick, drip, drip)

My moods were dependent entirely on my mind and I had many of those—opposing minds— who of course didn't share the same aspirations as one another. Subsequently, I had no control over my happiness, likewise my sadness. My mind had a hold over me, not the other way round. I was the puppet, my mind—the master. It is another part of me, not quite like a schizophrenic I guess because

I'm aware of the divide if that matters at all,

(they told me I wasn't a schizophrenic and I believe them?)

but I do feel as though my minds and I were two or more different entities trapped within one another, the feeling in mutual contempt.

If something or someone upset my main mind—the one that thought for me but never really fought for me—then my day would be fucked to put it bluntly.

(Do you have to swear? Is your vocabulary that one dimensional and narrow that you can't use a word like 'lacerated'? You're pathetic.)

The clouds turn from white to grey to black as it begins to rain profusely.

(Acidic rain or were they just septic tears bleeding the skies of my decaying womb?

I can feel it in my stomach, the butterflies I'd once felt for life, now dead moths in my stomach, turning into liquid...)

I won't always know what's upset my mind (or stomach) but I'll feel the repercussions regardless. There were a few ways of diluting this sickness temporarily but like the side effects of certain medication, feelings began to alter and when they wore off, I could never be the same again. There were a few ways of diluting this sickness but never had I found a way to kill it off for good.

(Do you remember Fluoxetine? It used to keep you up at night and speak to you? Ha-ha, do you remember that one night when Fluoxetine called you a 'lazy nigger'? Those buzzing sensations turned your head so far inside out that you could see your brains burning, sizzling, cooks in your flames of agony. The reuptake of serotonin in the brain doesn't stop, it doesn't stop, the brain turns to liquid and falls through your nose as blood and out of your mouth as vomit)

I see most things in my life as metaphorical abstract elements in this void known as our existence—this unquestionable presence. My whole existence was and still is but a forgotten tomb, the dead reap whilst those left behind bereave their very own mortal plight and their empty souls are seen through the vacancy of their eyes. The eyes can often speak to one louder than words. They can act as a gateway to one's inner emotions, one's heart even when they try their best to hide it in their words and expressions. Silence too can often speak louder than words. In the agony that is silence, for the victim, inner screams are brought closer to the surface, they become louder. For those present, the crazy one who sits in what they believe to be silence is an example of how fragile the human psyche can be. They'll ask a question and the crazy person will not respond—silence—and that silence tells those present a lot

more than intended by the crazy person.

My thought patterns are regurgitated in the abyss of an infested womb and pushed out of my minds sore vagina, the spawn of the sick, blessed by disgust. This place, once a healthy place where beauty could be conceived

(the place where my mind, thoughts live and die)

is now a sick place where if a rare sane thought does manage to exist, it's almost immediately aborted. The demons are aware that the womb is terminal. Anything positive that escapes it must be put down like a terminally ill creature but that had become a rare occasion as most thoughts of sanity never managed to get past the fetal stage as it were.

When I'm feeling merely saddened by *nothing* I drink from the cup of denial but when I'm feeling really down,

(nothing turned into something)

suicidal or on its cusp, I cannot reject the emotion as truth. I cry because I have no other option.

The birds circling above my thoughts

(and below my tears)

sing dolorous melodies that I assume are for me. Blackness flutters over my head

(shadows crawl beside my feet, below when I have to fly)

I try to thank them for the melodies but they snarl back at me, *they know my name too and they whisper.*

(The crows, they're crows and they're mean)

(D.D.D)

(I learnt it in a dream)

(The fat man)

(And they're mean)

(D.D.D)

(I learnt it in a dream)

They weren't singing for me, they were singing at me ...*Whatever that means.*

(What does the moon in my sink think?)

(Whispered 'Lunatic')

(As the river flows, my mind drifts all alone)

(All alone?)

Why the scars? Ha-ha, well what can I say to answer that question? Now you've got me all hysterical. Some days I used to flirt with suicidal ideations to rid myself of present pain I've said this before. Knowing death was an option always gave me another door,

(and/or)

another window where I could maybe escape through. I enjoyed carving the paint off of doors to see what it was made of, what paint hid beneath the fresher coat, hence I began scratching myself initially and then cutting myself later on...

(now look at me, you see the teeth marks?)

(The moon in my sink whispers, 'lunatic')

(I'm within my dreams)

(Drip, drip, drip in the moons sink)

At first it was nothing too deep, nothing deep at all actually, it's almost embarrassing, just a scratch to remind myself I'm still alive, to discover what I am actually made of but then as you've seen, it got

(bitter)

sweeter. It was such a rush. I felt some

(all)

of my ailments leave within the blood spilt but then the fuckers, they'd come back. I'd have to do it all over again.

(Sweetness?)

Even later on when I began to experience the re-emergence of my blood creeps I still knew what was required. I just had to try and look away emotionally, ya know? I had to get over my fear

(do you understand?)

because I had to cut myself if I ever wanted to survive this ordeal.

'A Grey State of Survival', said the both of us.

(It'll be the last thing I/you write in my journal, you see? You understand?)

I used to be positive. I wasn't always a pessimistic negative creep. Here's an extract from one of my journals. It reads

(but it doesn't read does it? Words don't know what they are.)

these words: *'My daydreams remain as brutal as ever as my nightmares go even further but in the real world, a scratch is all I've been able to muster thus far. Whether or not I'll need to go further is beyond me but one can only hope the answer is no, but that is not up to me.'*

So you see I was positive once.

Other days, a less self-loathing version of the person that I am perversely indulges in misanthropic ideations. Miss Anne Thropy used to fuck the SSRI's. It was a dirty porno. I couldn't find anything positive to say about mankind. My only solace was to know that eventually we're all going to die,

(I've learned that in this situation I must... Ah fuckit! Now I've forgotten what I was going to say! iveforgottenwhatiwasgoingtosayihatemyselfandiwanttodieiwanttokillthebodythatimin !!!)

and I've often hoped that it'd happen sooner rather than later. I've wanted everyone to die with me or me with them, I just didn't care and this was my youth.

(Before I found my own world...I mean, before I realized this,)

(I mean, I don't care who dies even though I do everyone I love is dead anyway.)

(What!?)

(So just let me die in the world I've created)

(Don't wake me up 'til I'm dead)

(I want everyone to die)

Most of the time I included myself within that list of 'everyone' but other days I was too angry to remember I was even human. I just wanted rid of them but I could never kill, that fact almost created a dilemma within my thoughts but was quickly rectified as I was reminded of where and how far my boundaries went and the answer was; somewhere over there, not too far from the line no one should ever cross.

(I could never kill, could I?)

(You know the answer to that Rose)

The sand of the hour glass caught my eye and I remembered that time is short, too short to spend it worrying about insignificant things and people, mourning ex-lovers on loves burial ground and scorning past and present enemies. I stopped thinking about others and concentrated more so on myself. That's when my thoughts would return back to the ever so comforting gloom that loves me so in

oppose to the uncontrolled, inconsistent torment of uncertainty.

Occasionally I'd hear the screams of my inner demons.

(Rot in hell you fucker, I hate you Rose, release me or I'll kill you!)

At this point there were only two types of screams. The first kinds were the screams of their pain, genuine pain; I could hear them painfully die (temporarily) and I'd hurl abuse right back at them. 'Rot in hell you fuckers!' is what I would say. Their screams would fill me with orgasmic pleasure, the sensations and tingles I got circulated my stomach and began to arouse me until I could moan no more. It was the only taste of heaven I was allowed. I knew that their deaths meant my success on an issue or dilemma, maybe I'd solved something, maybe on that day I was just happy or maybe I'd captured the little demon child and put it back in its death crib. This meant my gain and their loss and that killed them literally...for a while at least. Other times I heard their screams but these screams were taunts aimed at me.

(Close the door, shut those drawers, turn that lamp off)

(Hoover that mess, its fucking talking shit at me!)

(Shut that fucking table up)

(The chair, the chair, the what?)

(That fucking tissue paper is wiping shit in my face. Shite, shit, turd, fuck!)

Is what they'd say.

They were playing with me and my perceptions of reality. It's just a game for them and it's always been just a game. I can hear them scream and then it would trail off into a loud whispered laugh, a bitter and sardonic chuckle that always said, 'I control you Rose, I own you Rose'. These screams, those high pitched laughs, they gave me sensations alright but these sensations weren't born out of relief creating pleasure, but the opposite. I cannot quite explain them without being sick to the stomach, even still and I'm sixty.

(That's why my room smells so much of sick shit)

(Do you see how much I've lost?)

All I can say is that it doesn't feel good, it never did. I did not know how to deal with my sadness appropriately and so it just built up inside me. I wasn't alone, I had Dr. Jenkins who was lovely,

(I fucking hate you Jenkins)

(You sick fuck)

I had my R-Ry- (*stutter, stutter*)

and I had my mum

(all at one point, none at another)

What?

but I was still so lonely at the end of the day and worse by the week's end because they'd gone. On days like those the hatred that I had deep inside, I'd direct towards myself. I didn't feel like the girl I was yesterday or the day before; I felt worse because I hated myself and I should never hate myself.

(I realize that now)

(I realize nothing)

It should've *always* been directed at *them*.

(They deserved to die and)

(they also deserve to die)

(But I guess they're luckier than them because I can't get them like them while I'm in here)

(Right?)

I smile at the thought of my very own funeral because on that day I'm sure I'll be free.

(That's when I begin to daydream)

Surely in death the demons of my life cannot follow me and so I masturbate when hypnotized by my funeral dreams. My fingers get sticky and I feel stuck in my own mess.

But in the mean time I just live with the pain and hope that someone will eventually find me, tell me it'll be ok, that I'll be ok and I'll actually believe them.

(Don't trust anyone now...)

(...accept maybe Andy)

(Andy says to call him Andy, not Andrew but his name badge thingy majiggy says Andrew)

('Don't trust anyone', they said, 'don't tell them what you see...')

(...because they won't understand')

(Will they make you...I mean 'me', Rosy swallow those chalky pills again?)

(Who are you today?)

(Rosy, the white of the grey)

(Where's Rose?)

(In the black)

Fully aware that I am unable to run, my inner demons continue to taunt and chase me and because I'm no longer able to run, I'm always caught. Caught in a reverie where my ghost's and ghouls always catch me. They show me images of things I do not want to see, images that tear me apart from the inside, images of my past and of what looks to do be my future. Visions of misery I will never be able to close my eyes nor several minds from.

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There were things that were supposed to take my mind off of the harsh realities of existence. Things that are meant to help—or at least that's the objectives I've given them anyway. Things such as work, education, hobbies, they're all meant to give us *hope* for and create our future, yet when in the midst of it all, all I could feel was helpless hopelessness and disconcerted discomfort. The realization of this left me feeling even more despondent. How could I live life when the very things that normal people have to do day in and day out forces my head down the toilet. I was getting sicker and sicker and it was far beyond just an emotion sickness.

I'd be on the bus to school, to university, to work—each phase of my pathetic life—and I'd look out of the window and it's the same routine day after day, the same sickness in my pit. I knew this place, this bus stop, that building, those people, that sickening feeling. I knew them all and equally I hated them. *'Oh please Lord let this bus crash and kill us all...or at least just me'*. I scared myself with my thoughts, my inner cries that no one could know, that no one ever hears except me,

(accept me)

and I'm still not used to them, I just expect them.

I'm afraid to shut my eyes, afraid to open them

(Did you just see that?)

No, but I heard something... what was it?

(It wasn't anything, that's the point)

Huh?

(Anything can kill you if you let it, even the so called 'fresh air' that you breathe... but it wasn't anything so just leave it)

When I was living at home with my family, my mummy, daddy and my two younger brothers, that was the last time I remember thinking for myself. Then daddy did what he did. Now he's dead. *How comforting.* They thought I was crazy, they offered me all kinds of solutions

(exercise, books, meds, meds, I've already got my own books thank you, meds)

that were futile,

I have never been nuts, ok?

(Who are you trying to convince? Look around you, what do you see?)

It's just the life that surrounded me, I'm not the problem, they are.

I was once told that we as humans can never really think individually. Individual thought patterns cease to exist, instead what we believe to be our individual thoughts are merely the response of our hormones and past experiences mating. The coitus of thy mourning and suffering. The truth of the

(grey)

matter is that

(I cherish the time my mummy, daddy brothers and I went to visit London)

(We were happy)

(Was that the last time?)

(Or was it a lie that I was too young to notice?)

every single thought that we have is a mind fuck. It's not our own thoughts *really*. It's a culmination of everyone else's—those around us and those who lived before us and set the standards, the rules of normality and sanity.

We're told that we should laugh when we're happy, cry when we're sad, mourn when one dies, rejoice when one is born, that's what we've been told is *normal*. But what is *normal*? What if we erased the standard and started again? What if birth was something to mourn and death was something we should rejoice?

(Let me start my life over, relive it and...)

I hated my life, school, society, work, the people I knew, the hobbies people dedicated their lives to, the social normality's such as getting drunk, sleeping around and being a fucking giant vaginal dick. They'd miss the stars, they'd fail to notice the moon, the beauty of the trees, the subtlety of the river, the whispered melodies of the wind, the bliss of solitude, it was all about materialistic things and/or

what everyone else said they should be a part of. They'd miss confusing conversations with

Must...fit...in (to the dirt)

...Did anyone ever think for themselves? Or were they just too scared of not fitting in. I wanted to know where the river went, what it was like in heaven. No one else cared. CUNT.

(But that's not true because...)

*(R-ry *stuttered choke* a-an cared)*

(But that was later?)

There was a point in my younger days where I so desperately wanted to move away from where I was living. I felt that the only way I'd get through my thoughts without stumbling and then tripping face first into broken glass was to live away from home, away from what made me depressed down there, all the social battles and dramatic story lines that plagued teenage life. The intention was to live in the accommodations at university

(when you're young, getting older takes what you believe to be the mortal equivalent of 'forever' yet when you're old 'forever' has a whole new meaning and time flies like the carefree birds in the sky...)

(...but this time, time is careless)

but that was *just* an idea at the time that was never going to happen and I knew it, and so I'd dwell, I'd cry and I'd cut myself to distract myself from my previous pain. Realistically we wouldn't be able afford the costs of me living away from home, at university, etc. because ever since daddy did what he did, money had been excruciatingly tight and mummy was all her own...besides me, but I don't count, I'm stupid and I don't really exist. Mamma was all alone and and and... I very sad. I real sad because of it and me felt sad, like a baby.

So I bled, I wanted to leave the life I knew, not sure whether or not I wanted death or just to get away, do a geographical... live in at university, on campus... No, I guess I wouldn't have liked living away from home anyway if I'm honest with Rose. It would be down to complete chance and it seemed very unlikely that I'd meet someone I'd genuinely like let alone a group of people that Rose would actually like enough to share a dorm with and I really didn't like leaving things to chance. I've never been that lucky when it came to heads or tails or 50/50's, they've always been at least 90% to 10% in favour of the opposition. I guess I'd soon miss my family and my black room too much and furthermore,

(I'd love to go to university, make friends, bumble bee normal)

(but I'd miss my family too much)

(Maybe you could just pretend that they're always with you...)

(I once met a woman, her name was Miss Anne Thropy and she wanted my babies)

I'd miss the sickness. I wasn't in the mood for a new ailment. I was just getting used to the one I had. Maybe people were the same everywhere but sicknesses alter and thus I'd found the positive side of not being able to move out and start a new life independently.

I can still remember the *travel sickness*. I remember the fear. I remember the hatred that I had every time I had to leave my bedroom. I didn't want to be seen and the journeys from A to B were where I was forced to over think things. The journey took forever and B moved closer to Z. To get to *uni* was about a half hour longer than it used to take to get to school—that meant half an hour of extra torment. In the mornings the journey had often made me sick both mentally and more than occasionally, physically. I would have what I called psychic premonitions of being sick—but in reality it wasn't psychic, it was just plain predictable. This would happen almost every day before school, college, uni and then later, work.

(That's not true, you're lying)

(It was all in your...)

(Not me!!!the other one)

(But it was real to me, I remember the smell, the taste, the texture of my sickness, it was real...)

(But when and where though?)

In my visions the vomiting was relentless. If I didn't stink emotionally of shit by the time I reached my destination, then I stunk literally of my own sickness. I could see the faces of my ailments in my vomit, in my tears in my blood and they looked like demons.

I guess it's all nerves and the journey was one of those things that I'd consider a prelude to my suicide. I guess that's why I would feel sick prior. When you're having 'one of those days', weeks, years or even lives that you really could just leave behind, any journey you take to somewhere you didn't really choose to be can take it—what?— out of you, assuming there was anything inside to begin with, that is. It came to the point where indeed there was nothing left to take out of me, I'd thrown it all up and society had stomped on its wriggling remains that squirmed for dare life. The butterflies I once had in my stomach had regressed back to its caterpillar state.

(Spiders taste ok but the slugs are lovely)

(Slugs are disgusting but the birds head are tolerable)

(Snails are better than slugs because the shell is so crunchy, delicious!!!)

I guess it's really hard for me to move on. I find myself suspended in the middle of progression and regression all the time. Nostalgia became the not so friendly, best friend of mine. I couldn't understand why though. I hated school yet when I no longer had to go, I missed it, it had suddenly become the best time of my life once it had disappeared. I hated my past at the time but I guess the benefit of hindsight is not very beneficial, maybe taunting is a more appropriate description for its purpose. I guess I fell in love with that hatred once it was time to move on. I never did like change unless it was change from bad to better or bad to good, not bad to equally as bad. In that scenario, I've always adored my first hate. The first hate that fucked you when you were still a virgin. You never forget your first and I guess a part of you will always love it. The way I saw it was that if you're not improving, you're only getting worse.

I'm scared of new beginnings, somewhere new, it terrifies me. *Oh God* I will have to meet new people and pretend to smile because they would never understand me. I didn't want to have to meet new people, people who'll judge simply because they're curiosity has faded into ignorance. It's not for sympathy, or attention, or anything of that ingredient but I do really prefer people to know who I am, understand where I'm from, why I'm the way I am.

(Like my R-ry-a-an)

(STOP STUTTERING, YOU FUCKING DEGENERATE!)

They can judge me for who I am—that I don't mind—I just don't want to be judged for someone, something I'm not, something they've preconceived in their tiny little minds.

But I guess with the benefit of hindsight yet again and comparing it to what I have now, school, university, it wasn't that bad,

(university was fun, maybe I should go back and live it once again)

work could have been the same too if only I didn't feel that there were pieces of my puzzle missing.

(At the movies, every scene is plausible. I can rewind, fast forward and live again...)

(It makes a lot of nonsense, I'm so confused by the perfect sense of this and)

My problems were subsequently elaborated within all of my minds and this occurred more often than not. If I was lucky I'd be caught in between only two conflicting emotions. On occasions where I wasn't so lucky, two became a double figured number and then was multiplied leaving many scattered

thoughts within my head.

(Not me!!! ...the other ones)

(I could hear the division bells ringing)

Because these thoughts could never really be cleared up no matter how hard we tried, I would trip over them and the fall hurt every single time. It's like the room of that unruly infant that exists as a kind of metaphor. Toys scattered across the floor manipulates your mind and no longer do you remember what the carpet colour used to be. You trip in the mess, landing straight onto the sharpest of toys as if fate wanted you to feel that sharp one the most.

You know what else bugged me in the dark corners of my mind? I hated that I'd always been told I had a 'potential to be great', all I have to do is 'work a little harder' they said,

('Don't be so crazy?' That what you REALLY mean? Huh, huh?)

but I could never seem to evolve from the potential I apparently had and rise above it. I guess I've always been stuck in-between some sort of positive and negative mode,

(Grey)

so for that reason schooling had always been nothing but a letdown in my world. All the same I never dropped out of education, instead I went straight from Six Form College to Greenwich University.

(You're repeating yourself now... tell a different story)

I didn't run away from education at the first chance. I guess I surprised myself by even getting this far so I guess I felt I owed the ones I loved that extra bit of effort.

Maybe I did have this potential mummy and the teachers

(and doctors, don't forget the doctors Rosy)

used to tell me about. I'm sure if it were ever true it'll still eventually work out. I just don't know how whilst I'm stuck in here but *hey, what can a girl do?*

(Kill me when you see her smiling in my dreams, just please don't wake me)

I'm fully aware that a lot of my anxieties although created somewhere outside of my world,

(Somewhere else but not here)

somewhere outside of my mind and my control and inside they grow and get worse. There's never been much escaping pain or at least, releasing it back out into the world, back to where it came from. Pain does not die because it's everywhere so you may as well embrace it or it'll devour you and I think

that's what people never understood, *just condemned me as crazy.*

As for work, I hated everything about it but payday but eventually not even the money was enough to keep me happy. The idiots in charge would play the same tape and put it on repeat all day, every week for about three months and then repeat that sickening cycle with a new yet samey set of songs. It made me sick. I hate repetition, seriously it drives me nuts. Repeating the same thing over and over gets boring, it drives me INSANE.

(What, no Sabbath? Floyd? You must have some Floyd at least? Can we have some Beatles at least?! I don't want to hear these same songs over and over.)

It's bad enough having to listen to songs and genres that you actually like over and over in one day let alone shitty music that you usually would run a mile from in the outside world.

(Boy George? Turn this off!)

I could feel the claws of mind rats scraping my brain, driving me to the edge of sanity. On I would balance, carefully balance whilst staring firstly up at the moon and then down to the ground so far down. By the end of the day if I didn't have one of those infectious donkey dance pop songs

(I mean, at least gim'me some Bowie! Some Swans!)

(I'm going to kill you)

songs stuck in my head it'd be a fucking miracle or what's the phrase? *A good day...* whatever that used to mean. I started to forget what one of those felt like. Everything about that job was just crucifying my sanity. I'm glad I was fired. Pity though, I was starting to enjoy the pain, I should never have quit.

(Maybe you shouldn't have lost your temper then Rosy)

For me, joy is a lost and hard art to find. I've always been unlike most others my age, when I was a teenager—*angst ridden and hormonal... not much has changed*—I increasingly began to feel like I didn't fit in and although initially it upset me, I soon realized that I didn't want to fit in. It became more of a situation where I wanted *them* to fit into my world not the other way around. I hated them and their trends, they found happiness in the most meaningless substances like alcohol and drugs, getting drunk, getting fucked, attention seeking. I'm not like that.

(You've said this already Rosy, you're repeating yourself yet again...)

(...just rearranging your words)

Yes, kind of but so what? I have my reasons so fuck you

Happiness is art, art is beauty and all I see in others is intoxicated ugliness. For this reason, my perception of life and its routine became distorted and some days and thoughts are significantly worse than others even though nothing really did happen to trigger such changes. It's all in my head.

(But it's really not)

(It's in me, te-he-he!!!)

(Who the hell are you?)

(I'm you, we're all you, just with different voices and different faces, but you'll never see my face and our voices are the exact same)

(I hate you all)

Who said that?

(I think that was me, but I'm not too sure)

It's my self-schema's coming into play again. It isn't unipolar depression,

(They got it wrong)

(Manic, manic)

(Panic, panic, attack, attack)

(Palpitation, palpitation)

(Bipolar?)

Oh, well, it's too late now but thank you

(WHY DON'T YOU JUST FUCKING KILL YOURSELF & FREE US ALL?!)

it's just a normal day. Or maybe, maybe... they're all one in the same. I'm not sure.

(Don't be so ridiculous Rosy)

As for hobbies, I do love to write about my thoughts and feelings but in a more creative and metaphorical sense. I love, *oh I love* to tell a story that I've either written or heard.

(Or dreamt about—those stories are the stories I write for you)

I'm sure everyone's seen my writings now. I'm a famous author, I've stood on top of the world and I've ruled my grounds. That's what you guys use to judge me but I don't mind.

I love to write, it gives me a more honest outlet than my facial expressions or words.

(Vacancy most of the time ever since...)

I realized that I cannot talk to people so I gave up on trying, no one understood me and it soon dawned upon me that they're all essentially the same sour candy dressed in different wrappers. (Why does my mind want me dead?)

Generation after generation... full of people who live to be clones of one another. (My thoughts are cluttered and....) Individuality is like a dinosaur; you've heard of it, read about it occasionally, you've been left intrigued by the pictures but you can't really imagine what it'd be like to be faced with one this day and age, its soul remains extinct (...my mind wants me dead, but why?)

'Why can't you *just* be happy' they would ask but it was never a question, they didn't care for an answer, it was more of a rhetorical insult. The emphasis on '*just*' just pissed me off even more. *My first mind snarled at the cunts*. So I wrote. I spoke to myself because I knew only I'd understand. Sometimes I understood.

(Well, that's hardly true. Your understanding of the truth is laughable)

I wrote to communicate with my first mind and sometimes the others,

(and with a world outside of my mind but ironically enough the joke was on me)

(Outside? Ha!)

—the one that controlled me most when I was... younger.

I used to love writing on the way to school or work because firstly, it would take my second mind—the one that I could control back then—off of the journey, the sickness and wherever I was on the way to and secondly when I was on the bus I was clearly reminded of why life to me was but a burden—even though for years it was associated with the very reason I threw up as often as I took in stale (oh so far from fresh) air, it gave me inspiration to write something interesting. Pleasure came directly from this pain.

THE BLACK ROOM BOOK

My mind is a black book where I keep the deepest and darkest of thoughts locked up. There are so many cobwebs up here, do you see? When it's bleakest, it's been the maggots, the spiders, the slugs, the snails and their slime that have kept me company. I knew no matter what, they'd always be there. It was hard for me to release them in a healthy way. I guess it's hard for me to release them at all nowadays. I began to lose my grasp on what was the right way and which way would help me survive a long time ago and so *my ways* became severely jumbled up to the point of well...look where I am at now, everyone thinks I'm crazy. But it's all innocent. It's why I have a tendency to behave completely different from day today. I've still not been able to figure out what all this means but I do know that the black book is just another name for my soul. It's where I jot down my thoughts, not so much now, but all the time back then. It was where I remembered things, lost memories, suppressed memories, whatever. It was the room I spent most of my thoughts. It reminded me or often informed me why I was the way I was, the fragments of my existence coming together. It helped me communicate with my first mind when it was tormenting me. The moment before I die, I imagine I'll befall soulless. Crestfallen down. All of my feelings will begin to burn, maybe self-inflicted, voluntarily self-destructing, reducing itself to ashes. I'll *choke* upon them and the essence of who I am will cease to exist.

(I'm still choking on the ashes of my)

I have a question for you... why is it that sometimes you talk on my behalf, other times you're a completely different entity from me?

(Life is peachy)

I can understand what I think, I can understand my thoughts. Not all of them but most. A lot of the time it's just gibberish—well, it makes sense to me. I cannot understand it. Much like my minds do with their thoughts I convert my words into some sort of (visual) poetry. I have so much to say, just no one to say them to.

Will you listen to my story?

I try to make a close friend because several associates fail to fulfill me but I am not allowed. I am controlled; they are controlled and repelled against me because my good intentions are always perceived as cruel and I am the personification of all that is ill.

I just wanted to kill those

(all of my)

thoughts. Those questions

(that I was forced to ask)

were always to blame. They twirled around in my head and I have to wonder; what shall I do next? What will the consequences be for me if I do them? Will I be able to cope with them? Am I strong or am I weak? Or am I both, caught in the middle?

(Grey)

Should I ever trust someone that isn't in me? Are those within any better?

Question marks, question marks, nothing but evil question marks. Maybe I should disconnect myself of all human emotion in order to avoid human emotional defects, maybe if I'm a robot, I will feel no pain? Maybe I should dissect my heart, my mind, the one I can manage to maintain at least and see what it is inside that makes me feel so infested. I know it's not the maggots, maybe it's the mould (?)

But of course those questions, they have invisible answers and my mind has always really just been merely an entity that was against me.

(Oh yes, invisible answers. They exist, they are just unseen by the human eye)

I say invisible because I know that they are there, really they are, so I don't say the answers cease to exist, *oh no*, I just can't see them. That of course doesn't mean they aren't there though.

(Oh God, are you there? Can you hear my cries? Must I worship you? Will you help if so? I cannot see you, reveal yourself? In my blood? I must... cut myself? But, but—ok)

I needed to be released. I needed to release all the ailments to find out what all this meant. My consciousness cannot be felt and so I couldn't literally carve it like I desired. Solutions that honestly helped were truly few and far between. I just wanted to bleed. For God's sake, not mine; I was trapped in a grey state of survival and this is my story.

PART ONE

Name: Rose Peyton Grey
Age: 16
Condition Aware: Teen Angst

CHAPTER ONE

i

Sometimes I speak but no one hears me.

'Mum...' I paused and waited for a response but to no avail. Like a helpless child I continued to yell—and no response. A slight panic began to engulf me, *panic*. I may as well have been shouting at myself because no one else could hear me, my yelling, my cries, my *p-p-panic*.

What I needed was a glass of water, something to drink and a piece of toast, something to nibble on, something to keep me focused, to keep me awake, to keep my belly from aching—I had been getting these really painfully stomach aches recently that I put down to stress, the connection between emotional and physical sickness is fascinating—but I couldn't move. Put it down to laziness, put it down to something else, something kept me rigid. Maybe it wasn't so much that I was lazy—after all I was working, doing something constructive—it was just that I didn't want to risk losing my train of thought on a path of fear or confusion. Getting up from my comfort zone for even five minutes may have caused my thought patterns to throw a strop, cry me to sleep and then force me to wallow within my dreamy nightmares.

I don't remember all of my dreams, no one does really do they? But in the early morn—
morning—it's always the dreams I go back to.

Usually if I have an idea for a piece of writing the only way it can transcend into something amazing is if I really focus on it without disturbances, disturbances from someone else, from myself, same difference, same ending. Blank. I need to be comfortable; hunger and thirst cannot distract me and most importantly, *panic* must not find its way around my body. The word imprinted onto my thoughts, P A N I C, each letter spaced out, laughing at me, dancing in the space, traced in air. The light through my window cannot distract me, the noise next door cannot distract me, I need my own peace.

The word yearning within my thoughts, P E A C E.

But with all that said and acknowledged, I clarify within my mind the conception that portrays a thin line between that in which is distracting and that in which becomes inspiration. The subtle sound of birds singing outside, the rustling of the trees in the wind, the pitter-patter of the rain drops on the ledge and of course my choice of music within my bedroom have inspired some of the best things I've come up with. The most cathartic remedies in hindsight. Even fear and panic can be useful, but it's a seldom occasion as I rarely make the most of it, and I rarely have amazing ideas... or maybe I'm just hard on myself. That's what they've told me. But I just feel so... useless and jaded at times that I cannot help but abhor my existence.

There's always something wrong with me, even if it's something I cannot explain or cease to remember. You'd think I would just let it go because I can't remember what it was that put me down in the first place but no. I remember that something's wrong whatever the weather, I just can't let go of the misery.

I'm sitting on my desk writing another poem, every so often I lift my head from my arms that feel strangely sore and stare myself right in the eyes. It's as though I'm questioning myself without words—almost without questions but contradicting this idea, my gaze beholds a million—waiting for some sort of response but the mirror directly in front of me reflects back a feeling of putridity. I can feel it running through my veins, not very pleased with the reflection staring back at me I look back down and continue to write. In the almost darkness, the only light is coming from the lamp that keeps on flickering, it gives the whole room a sense of gloom—just the way I intend to feel, just the way I like it as it helps my creativity flourish. For this reason I seldom—if ever—soak the term 'gloomy' with negative connotations. I'm only comfortable in the gloom and comfort is positive, surly? This cannot be a negative ideation then, I'm not romanticizing gloom for no reason, comfort is a positive thing. Of course it is. One must do whatever it takes to remain in comfort. It's all very personal. One woman's heaven is another's hell; it's that kind of thing.

For a moment I'd paused from writing, from moving, from thinking one thing to another as I begun to gather possible words that I could use to rhyme with the word 'solution'. Rhyming wasn't and had never been a rule in my poetry but for this piece I believed it to be a necessity. I felt my ego begin to twitch but at the time I had no idea what it was, only in hindsight do we gain the understanding of things

that mean so much more than we could have ever anticipated. I took a look around my room for inspiration when a sludgy heat upon my skinny arms drew my eyes down towards them. A dark orangey red reflected onto my golden brown skin. For a second I saw my skin begin to crease, crinkle as though I was an old woman who'd seen better days or worse, a lifeless corpse scratching away in the atrophy of existence. I could've sworn it was a leech sucking at my flesh, my blood, I saw it but then I'd taken another look, nothing but my skin, young and smooth. The warmth from the bulb felt comforting. I always found it fascinating how our skin could reflect light so elegantly at times. It often made me feel radiant, like a little star. Oh how corny, another cliché for my journal. Nevertheless, I loved it. I loved the sentiment of the things that you couldn't buy. Remembering the share beauty of how moon and star light or even manmade light reflected onto the ocean, into the sea, amongst the water, gave me such inexplicable, unexplainable joy—maybe that was the beauty of it, maybe there was a paradoxical element to it; maybe it's in the beauty that only ugly people see? Or maybe not. Maybe everything accounted for and explained within such beauty could only be done so by those, and only those, who are at one with the beauty, maybe (?) Maybe I'm beautiful. Does that make sense? Yes. Not everyone would understand such a sentiment. The feeling that I get back from just staring at light, natural or not, is that of pure beauty and a feeling that I cannot really describe, comprehend or reciprocate.

My mind began to explore certain ideas as the light from the lamp directed my eyes towards the scar I have on my left hand and within moments my thoughts of light transcended into that of the scar, the scar that remains forever, the scar that had its very own thoughts and feelings.

Isn't it strange how you can have an accident and cut yourself so long ago yet the *mark* will always be there to remind you? *The mark, the mark, the fucking mark, I hate that fucking Mark.* It seems as though scars are there just to remind you that the past is real, that some pain will last and when you try to forget, you realize that you cannot for it will forever exist and there's no escaping. From thoughts of light to thoughts of dark, that's usually how it goes within my mind. I was never allowed to think about something sweet for very long back then and nothing's changed. But a lot of the time it was ok if I had an idea for my piece of writing—and my writing, it had the power to transcend my thoughts into another place all together. Knowledge was the key to ignorance—hide from what you know to be true—but it was also the key to many locked doors that held a deeper meaning to what it was that I had become and furthermore, was becoming.

Doesn't really matter now – I don't feel so good now

*Fading like an old dream the will to live becomes grey
The idea of a secure rehabilitation is just a joke
There is only negativity and there is no solution
Prosperity and security are just crimes of a Gods delusion
This is my world; insecurity has secured itself in my world
So cold, so cold...
Wrapped around my body are my skinny little arms dying to be scarred
Dying for warmth, the warmth and comfort of certainty
The light of odium shines on my scars
All the blood, dried. But I remember...
As I search for warmth Goosebumps reappear
And my lumps are laid bare...*

Looking back at it I could see that it wasn't very good but I took comfort in knowing that it wasn't finished and at the time of its conception I was extremely tired and so I'd have a break, maybe write in my journal before I went to bed then maybe finish the poem the following day. When I was fresh—staleness is sickness—I'd be in a better position to see what else I could excrete from my thoughts before trying to jot it down poetically.

I left the last phrase of my unfinished poem with ellipses and the pen ink running creating a black puddle upon the page. As the ink reflected into both natural and manmade light, it began to dissolve into the white, contaminating and decolouring its dying purity.

As I smashed my skull and spine against the mattress, my belly began to rumble—still in a surprisingly manageable pain as my ongoing stress and recent hunger began to twist into one another—and my mouth dripped with dryness. I then remembered mum hadn't heard my cries—had she replied, I would've asked for a snack—earlier and so I would have to get up and get it myself. Damn it. In a rather stropy manner—directed towards my reality and not so much my mum—I got up from my comfort zone and made my way towards my bedroom door. I crept down the stairs but not for the purpose of being quite as I was actually moving as fast as I could—it was just so cold as I left my bedroom that I couldn't feel my body anymore. I felt a sudden rush of indisposition as I left my bedroom. I felt numb in

most places and it was spreading rather quickly. The temperature suffocating my presence forced me to move ever so slow. For a moment there I was just floating thoughts with no body, no shell, nothing, released from my body, my flesh, my blood, I was dancing with my ego.

I couldn't find my dressing gown so the coldness was only elaborated within my shell. My fingers began to freeze up to the point that they began to feel quite hot, burning me. My nose began to run; sorely it began to drip as though I had a cold. My eyes slowly itching and my throat rapidly closing up... I could feel my nose turning red in a reaction to my body's discomfort. But I didn't dwell on any of it. It was temporary and I was (*almost*) used to it.

P A N I C.

It's another one of those personal things to me where it could be as hot as the Caribbean summer yet I could still feel as though I was trapped in the North Pole for a couple of hours or so—and for a moment or two I'd actually believe that was where I was.

My blood often runs cold. I think it's quite possibly all in my mind but if so then maybe I shouldn't really be thinking at all. Shut all thoughts down.

(O' how confusing)

As long as my minds telling me something, I will surely believe it.

The coldness began to make its way around my body, there was also an uncomfortable chill that was making its way inside of my thoughts and so I tucked both my hands inside of my bra and clutched at my warm breast...and then the other and then back to just the one. I felt my insides mitigate in the moment, just like I'd hoped. When I was younger I'd suck my thumb, as I got older, I'd clutch my breasts. It'd become a habit, a routine, a way of comforting myself. I'd get cold be it due to misery or the lonely weather, my body would then freeze up and subsequently my mind would have nothing else it could do but respond in an equally disconcerted way. My breasts remained the only source of heat close to me, the heat ever so comforting in the coldness of day and night. I'd hold them for warmth and for comfort as soon as my body began to shrivel up, like an elderly woman, like the dead, shriveled and cold. Sometimes I'd be in public, sometimes totally forgetting where I am, other times not in the mood to care and as I'd have my hands firmly clutched onto one or both of my breasts, the palms of my hands or the tips of my fingers being tickled by my softening nipples, I'd feel sensations that I'd have to try my best to maintain—for what reason, I was never sure.

I must look like a right freak; to them I must look like a right freak but I never really did care because at the end of the day, it's all about survival and the maintenance of comfort and happiness regardless of what anyone else thinks.

Yeah, I'm a freak (of nature) and I really don't care how unnatural it all may seem.

ii

My mummy was asleep in the sitting room couch with the Television still on. *How cute*, I thought to myself, smiling as her nose twitched in her deep slumber. The kitchen and the living room were interlinked with hardly any wall separating them so I could see mummy clearly without technically entering the living room and disturbing her. Because there wasn't much space in our house we converted what would have been the first of two living rooms—or the reception area as it's technically called—into a bedroom where mum slept to enable my two little brothers to have their own separate bedrooms and space (space was important to prevent the arrival of insanity). Even though they were twins, mum wanted to make sure that they had their own identity and they had their own rooms. My brothers and I don't really have much in common except that we seem to isolate ourselves from each other and rarely speak. Of course when they were younger, just little kids they were just that—little kids—they were fun, cute and oh so adorable but as time grew mould so did our relationship. I'm not sure why this was. It's weird to think about but one day things just kind of... changed. They grew up so quick. I've no idea what interests them, what doesn't interest them and so I assume we're probably completely different creatures. But I wouldn't really know. Maybe we do have more in common with each other but we'd never know because we never speak these days. It almost seemed as though I was dead to them but regardless of that cold comparison, they'd never be dead to me. I may hardly ever speak with them, but I'd always love them, I'd always peek in their rooms to see their smile every so often. It'll never be like it was, things just...change but I've learnt it's best to deal with mutability in my own personal way regardless of who understands the logic conceived.

Upon deeper thoughts, I can recall that ever since daddy did what he did, my brothers and I don't really have much to talk about, it's become far beyond awkward and there's always a coldness that isn't there when I speak with mum. I often get the feeling that they're—my little brothers and on occasion my mum—are scared of me. Either that or they feel sorry for me because of the person I've become but

I prefer the former. I don't want anyone's sympathy or empathy hatching inside of me, I'd prefer be feared, even if by my very own loving family.

(And your brothers are how old again?)

(Twelve... wait no, eleven, tehehe, my mistake!)

(Hmm, you really should spend more time with them!)

(GOOD IDEA!)

(I know what you're both trying to do, make me feel bad, but it's not going to work...)

Somewhat warmer now I took my hand out of my bra, my turgid nipples were now soft and floppy. The tight gentle clutch that I had on my breasts had served its purpose and I released my hand from out of my bra, feeling so much better in the aftermath as I poured myself a glass of cold water. The chill of the metal tap caused my hands to freeze back up once again and then I realized that maybe I should've opted for some hot tea, something that would sit warm within my stomach and ease its aching but then again knowing me I'd have probably burnt my hands on the kettle as it boiled.

I could see myself within the transparent liquid as it poured from the tap. But no, it wasn't really transparent; there was a whole *murky* world within it that I couldn't understand yet seemed so familiar. It was a ghost realm of some sort—not that I'd ever been to one, had I? Within the realm, I'd turned into something much smaller than what I am...or was and now wet, my features stretched almost like some kind of ghou, I was no longer human. I was trapped inside of running water, dripping and almost melting with it. My features trapped and in overt pain. I just stood there frozen, wondering what kind of pain I (my reflection) was in. The water sparkled but there was something about it that seemed so lonesome. The water seemed more like tears and the irony was that I could see myself within it. It fit so well. *'Am I crazy?'* I questioned myself as I often do.

I turned the tap off and out of the void I came.

iii

Once my thirst had been quenched I headed back up to my room, but first I turned the television and lights off after placing a blanket around mummy to keep her warm. I kissed her nose, smiling as it twitched once again.

'Night mummy.' I whispered and then crept back up the stairs—this time specifically trying not to

make a sound.

It was exactly 22:22 on my digital clock

(digital clock?)

(HA!)

and I had the urge to melt myself within some music—the flame above my head would keep me feeling as hot as the wax of my emotions as it melted and then dripped down and then below me. I needed music, melodies for my souls yearning cries. In my minds desire's it was a straight choice between classic pop/rock legends The Beatles and heavy metal innovators Diamond Head and with no real preference towards either at this moment, I found the situation at hand to be a very odd one indeed. Two completely different bands yet it was those two I had the urge to listen to. Maybe it was nothing, not a big deal but to me it felt irregular. When something like this happened—which had now become pretty often—it made me think deeply about myself, question my identity and subsequently try to find a way of elaborating the answer. In addition I'd be the one taking part in the exanimation of all negative life within mine, a kind of purging. The music I'd choose to listen to had more significance than one may think. What I wanted to listen to, what my mind wanted to listen to, it made me realize how varied my emotions were truly becoming.

Once upon a time if I wanted to listen to something it was pretty straight forward. If I wanted to listen to more than one artist, if I was in the mood for more than one band, it would most likely be the same type of band within a particular genre. My emotions were more confined. But as I've gotten older and developed more angst driven emotions as well as an ever growing cognitive side, I started to feel a divide, a kind of split as many of my desires began to rotate my body and mind.

As different as the two bands where, there was a similarity that comforted me. There was an angst, a yearning for beauty that told me to stick *Abbey Road* on—*Because* was one song that could truly lift my soul from the abyss of my sick stomach and I guess it was my favourite Beatles song for this very reason—it would truly inspire my writing in a dark and moody yet optimistic (and sardonic?) way. It would take how I've been feeling recently and remind me that I should turn it into art. The soul within that longed to be captivated swam in the pools of this unquestionable presence. The Beatles created a masterpiece when they wrote the chapters of *Abbey road* as did Diamond Head with those on '*Borrowed Time*'. But what is a masterpiece? People throw the word around far too often. To me a masterpiece has the power to enchant the listener and it is not generic, you've never really heard

anything before like it, it's unique. It has power, it has the power to release a side of the being that yearns to fly above its body, be it angst, be it sadness, be it happiness, be it beauty, be it ugliness, be it confusion, be it certainty, be it uncertainty... Be it any human emotion good or bad, black, white or grey, the music will allow it to fly. The masterpiece will create sensual sensations within the human body and the tremors, the vibrations, the after-feelings and after-thoughts will be so strong that your inhuman body will feel it just the same. The masterpiece will live on and will always be relevant. The masterpiece does not die when the fad is murdered.

So after a few minutes just standing there, trying to taste my emotions, trying to see which I should opt for, I ended up sticking the Diamond Head album on but it didn't matter which I'd chosen in the end for I wanted to be taken into a trance, a journey through the unexplainable, I didn't really want to know whether the feeling I felt was depression, whether it was happiness, I didn't want to know beauty, nor ugliness I wanted to be so captivated that I wouldn't even be aware and both *Abbey Road* and *Borrowed Time* would've catered for my desires despite their creative differences.

*(Ryan had introduced me to Diamond Head before I really listened to any heavy metal music and now I love it as I love him. Ye... *stutter* ...yet I don't even remember the softness of his face, the pitch of his voice or the sensual sensations of his touch & soon, soon I won't even remember his name or who he even is, was.)*

Living on borrowed time

(Time spent well?)

As the first track, *'In the heat of the night'* begun, I began to move with it, dance if you will but not as those generic bubble-gum dance/pop 'musicians' did... it was more of a subconscious thing and my sub-consciousness never worked generically. I have no idea what's happening while it occurs, it's like I'm in another world and I'm truly out of it.

But here's the really strange part...

I get to see what I've missed, caught somewhere in time when it's all done. A short while after, after I've seemingly snapped out of my state, I have mini flashbacks that allows me to witness what had just then occurred. It's as if my broken memory suddenly pieces back together remnants of what once filled it and I'm shown what I've missed. I see myself from an out of body perspective. I see a girl, sometimes naked, sometimes crying, sometimes bleeding, sometimes all three, moving, swaying as

though under some hypnotic spell. Sometimes she dances, she dances with someone that's not really there, a boy. She'd sway, sways, she sways like a ghost. Rose, I would sway and then suddenly, I'd stop.

I guess you could say that when I get like this, I seem as though I'm possessed. I'm possessed—*like Anneliese Michel*—I don't remember any of this happening when I watch it back and I'm not really in control. It scares me. It frightens me and I adore it.

As far as I know it only happens when I listen to music and only then.

I listen to a lot of music, mostly within the rock genre—which is extremely varied, the expansion of sub-genres creates my sub-emotions—and those tracks or albums by my favourite artists really take a hold of me. I guess that's why they're my favourite artists. *Because* they take a hold of me and make me feel good. Art makes me feel good.

As I begun to move to the tracks of '*Borrowed Time*', I couldn't help but wonder when, at what point would I start to forget this moment? What would I end up looking like this time? Would I end up naked at the end of it, would I be crying, crying because of loneliness or because of joy? Would I be bleeding? Would Rose be dancing with the boy of her dreams again?—If only I could see him—but I swiftly policed my thoughts and worries because it was music time, my time to escape with my soul, leaving our body far behind yet close enough to reach it when it was time to return.

I'd find out later.

There was something about the songs on '*Borrowed Time*' that prevented me from keeping still, but it didn't make me want to mosh frantically like your *typical* heavy metal, thrash or punk rock song did. This was classic heavy metal from the late 1960's and early 1970's. It was *the* original. It wasn't very *heavy* if you're comparing it to heavy metal that developed within the 1980's—thrash metal was born in the early 1980's and it really brought heavy metal into this extreme realm of riffs, vocals, and general emotion—but it was heavier than anything before it. Original heavy metal was rather melodic and hypnotic, a kind of progression from the Beatles and later on harder rock acts such as Zeppelin and Hendrix, and it remains something that hasn't been replicated as efficiently since.

It did something to me, it does it every time. It removes my spirit so far away from my body that all negative emotions that usually transfer into bodily harm are put on hold. It gave me a feeling indescribable. For the duration of it all, just for a moment, I am no longer forced to be myself and that's great because for the best (or worse) part of my life, I hate being myself. It feels good to me, but I forget

it and what I'm forced to witness within the flashbacks seems painful. Why then do I believe this to be such a beautiful experience?

It wasn't until the start of *'Don't you ever leave me'* the progressive almost despondent ballad track of the album, did I sit back down and take a look at my artistic pursuit—my poem.

It was almost like—if not certainly—my moment to reflect. The melancholic tone of the song writing from the lyrics to the music itself reminded me of what I was doing before I went to get a glass of water—I really should've had some hot herbal tea instead—I was in the middle of writing some of my very personal poetry. I could hear the Led Zeppelin influences and what's this? A little Beatles-y too? Kind of. Diamond Head were perfect in this moment.

I then noticed the pen ink that I had left without putting a lid back on it. The ink was flowing, running and it had made a dried black mess on my desk and on parts of my poem. I ignored it as I began to read through what I had written.

Trying to understand what it was I had just penned wasn't always easy. A lot of the time I write but it isn't until after it's all done and written that I start to work out what it all actually means. It seems that with a lot of the things I do, I don't understand it until it's already happened.

(Saw things much clearer in my rare-view mirror)

Much like the majority of my thoughts, I don't make these poems, something else within me does that, I just write them and then it is up to me to try and understand what it is my thoughts or whatever else it is inside of me—because it's not just my thoughts that try and communicate with me, there's something else up inside me that to this very day remains nameless—was trying to tell me. Sometimes my thoughts and I act as a team. I feel something, something real but at the same time, unexplainable to me in human ways. Until I have written my poems, my emotions are almost unreal. This confusion forces me to write, that's how my mind talks to me; through my writing. I will be writing things I had no idea I was even thinking about. My subconscious is jumped and given a sensational shock giving it new life—kind of like electroshock therapy, right?

I soon realized what my poems meant. Not always just one particular poem but sometimes all of them collectively. The things that I bled upon the page was my true anxiety. My teen angst would die when I reached twenty they said—who's *they* again?

I explode because all these emotions are trapped inside, screaming, dying for release. Pushing the surface so far from its original girth, the stomach that holds all these humane (and inhumane) emotions

tears, rips open and leaks the fluid that made up most of its functioning onto the outside world. My mind, body and soul feel the unforgiving strain of being my demons prisoners.

But of course, simply writing how I felt wasn't enough to make the feelings just go away. It just helped me for a few minutes. It allowed the awareness and consciousness of my emotions to keep up with my happiness or sadness. I am still yet to discover the cure to my unexplained emotions.

My belly began to rumble once more and the pain would not let up. At this point the previously manageable pain within began to get worse, no longer manageable. I should've had a hot drink and I should've gotten something to eat, something warm but that damn distracting *ghost realm* water made me forget to put some toast on.

Inside Rose's Journal (Excerpt 11)

Words that becomes meaningless...

Date unknown

It's often the little things that go unnoticed, yet it is these same things that make so much of a difference. Slowly but surely I'm adopting this pessimistic ideation that kindness gets you truly nowhere. If you don't need to do it, then fuck it because that extra bit of effort you put in will subsequently do fuck all for your prosperity, it just goes unnoticed. I've noticed this. From the little things to the bigger things in life, it's still the same principle. No one gives a fucking shit.

There was no one for me to cry on because all the shoulders available were tainted with second hand saliva and my tears would only get mixed up in all the slime. Words became meaningless, nothing I heard, nothing that I was told seemingly positive was true. Everyone was a fraud and I needed to be away from them. Sadly, only the negative was believable.

Through the years I've noticed how two faced and fake human beings really are and like a kid who to his or her shock just finds out that Father Christmas and the Easter Bunny are merely names, characters conceived to deceive, the anger only allowed me to see things in a pessimistic light or worse still, pure darkness.

In the pessimistic light, things are at least somewhat visible, you see it as a lie and you fail to see the positive but in the dark, nothing is there—oh but it is, it is just out of sight, the darkness is a good place for things that want to be hidden to hide.

You cannot see so confusion is alive and well, the only certainty is negativity. Confusion leads to anger, searching for some form of light, even negative light, the anger overflows when the search proves to be futile. Light is either dull or nonexistent. You reject it consciously, unconsciously, whatever. I lost my faith in things I could not control, things that to me seemed corrupted both within and outside of my head.

Inside Rose's Journal (Excerpt 12)

Breathing inside of a closed casket...

Date unknown

Of course there was my writing, but there was also music that kept me sane. Music was my best friend and it had my devoted faith. It was always there for me when I needed it. It influenced how I wrote, how I dealt with my emotions, both happy and sad, it was basically my other soul. I felt that without it, I'd be a living dead girl, crawling through life, waiting for the moment after my final breath with eagerness.

Unlike a lot of the people I once knew and had called friends, I like a range of music; I'm not restricted in one place. I like different styles from classical music to blues, some respectable pop, rock and heavy metal. I always thought that this was due to the fact that I had so many fluctuating emotions—each genre of music and sub-genres of my favourite genres mothered and fathered each one of those emotions.

As one gets older, it is hard not to notice how things change so much. Gone are the artists like Bach, Beethoven, Debussy and Stravinsky. Gone are the soul singers like Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday and Etta James. Creativity is gone. Things would apparently evolve but within this so called evolution, this so called progression, my reality told me that this was nothing but a regression.

Within the rock world there was a time of progression, a time of creativity, a modern renaissance is you will, but now, now it's come to a sudden stop. In fact, the same can be said for every other musical genre. As I look back there are a lot of sub-genres of rock music that I adore, they've gotten me through tough times, over time I've managed to keep updated with it all and in return I've found quite a few gems. They don't stop me from doing that in here. When I die I will look back and I will remember that I had the grunge rock and doom metal that cradled my angst, my confusion, my misery and my solitude at a later time in my life. Prior to the discovery of such emotive genres, I had the equally as emotive blues of the 50's and 60s, and even before such a revelation, I had classical music of the earlier centuries. Oh what good times it was back then in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. I will look back and I will remember the best of the thrash (early 80s to early 90s) and death metal (mid 80s onward) that fathered my aggression, the sickening feeling that came from the realization that the world was a horrific place, the

acknowledgement that everyone to some degree was a festering hypocrite. The devil lives in politics and the only comfort I've ever truly had is my obsessions with the macabre. I will look back and I will remember that I had the progressive and psychedelic rock of the 60s and 70s that mothered my cognitive self—the musical genre that took me on an ethereal trance through worlds unknown. I will also remember the traditional heavy metal, the earlier late 60s and 70 version of heavy metal that sat so well within my neutral, cognitive and/ or on rare occasion, happy emotions.

Change scared me but there was one thing that kept me from dwelling within this fear and that thing was that even though things may change, you cannot erase the past. The past does not die. What has lived, lives on if important enough—its life is constant.

Music gave me a purpose; it gave my dreams a spine and my thoughts a protective skull. No longer were my thoughts open to outside harm. The more I realized that the people I was exposed to were fakes, the closer I became with music and myself—my inner thoughts and my feelings that soon introduced themselves to me. I was gaining a little more control within the problems that I had that were to do with the outside world (society) as well as my inside world (the things that society could marginally see if staring into vacant eyes, but still could not see the details, could not see any further than the margin). I figured that if I can remain pretty much alone, just have music and my writing for friends, then in my head I could focus on my dreams. That way, maybe I could see myself in a distant future breathing outside of a casket. I won't kill anyone that if I'm not exposed to them, everyone wins.

Inside Rose's Journal (Excerpt 14)

Breathing inside of a closed casket...

Date unknown

Yesterday was a bad day. 13 was a terrible number. I will never allow myself to remember that day. Do not force me to remember that fucking day.

What do you do when you lose faith? Faith in people, in joy, in life? In things you either once loved or things you wish you did because everyone else does and you just want to fit in. You feel life is but a boring burden and you're the only one in its existence feeling this, noticing this bore. I'm talking to myself again, asking myself these questions, some I have the answers to, some I have no fucking idea what the answers are hence my perennial confusion. The question marks that circulate my mind make me dizzy and the ink of this pen that has been smudged across this page is making my eye balls juggle themselves up and down, round and around in their sockets. I hate it.

Inside Rose's Journal (Excerpt 19)

Breathing inside of a closed casket...

Date unknown

For comfort I began to seek friendship within inanimate objects and self-conceived thoughts. I've been conceiving you (my inner sanctity) for too long. Nothing good is real.

And there are just days that I've lived that I do not want to remember and so I will tear the pages from my journal, from my mind, just as I did when I was younger and I will force myself to forget because my inner thoughts demand it.

Night time became my second best friend because of my inability to create an imaginary friend or real friends for that matter—yes, the darkness was so familiar and to me it's as real as (and right now my mind has gone blank, I cannot think of something—a person, a thing, an object—that I'm 100% sure exists. For sure, where is my certainty? What is real? I just don't know and so I will cut this sentence short).

Unfamiliarity is not very comforting. At night, everyone was away, my daytime thoughts were tired and my second mind wanted to rest when it was black and blue outside.

I was soon able to isolate myself from the outside but that protective skull soon became an uncompromising, imprisoning wall that turned against me. I couldn't leave it even if I wanted to. That's when I discovered my first mind I believe.

That's when it arose from wherever it had been biding or hiding prior and took over. The thing I feared most was losing interest, love and faith in music and writing. If the fear of mutability should ever take over my consciousness, killing any comforting, therapeutic words that numb the fear, I would crawl back into mother nature's womb and try my very best to rewrite history so I was never born—I'm a writer, I will force the talent, the ability to do so because I know. I've always known that if this day ever comes, it'd mean that something very terrible has happened to me and death is my only realistic escape. I live in fear and I immerse myself in hope.

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