

This Is Not Reality

Adrift on a raft in the middle of an ocean of crude oil, and the clouds in the dry blue sky are dying. It's sunny, always sunny, but it's a harsh bright sunlight that's the wrong color -- cold and lonely instead of warm and embracing. Is the sunlight ever so empty for anyone else? Maybe not, if they've never been here.

The ocean looks endless, lifeless. The oil doesn't make waves the way water would. It moves sluggishly, apathetically, in reluctant ripples. Does time even pass here? It's impossible to tell. The clouds are perpetually dying, never dead. They hang in the same places they always do, drooping in the blueness in postures that induce fatigue. Clouds should never be this tired, but they always are in this place

Everything here is tired. The sky is faded and worn; the ocean drags its ripples across its surface; even the raft seems to move only because it has no choice. It drifts with a heaviness, as if it were towing an anchor across the sea floor.

The silence here is almost painful in its enormity. It is the way the color white sounds when it is unmuddled. The sun bleaches nearly everything here to that soundless shade. It would be unbearable if there were enough energy in this world to sustain the passion of such an emotion. As it is, it is impossible not to succumb to the passivity of resignation.

The only thing to do is close your eyes and hope this isn't as infinite as it feels.

None of the people around you can see that you aren't there with them. They see trees and buildings and other people and expect that environment to be the one everyone else is living in. There is no allowance and no understanding of the wretched place where you really are.