

# In the spirit of ecstasy

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Oh, a loose string.

The little bugger peaks out of the hem of my clothing. I hate when that happens. Maybe I should just rip it off. Or maybe I should cut it. I need to cut it.

I need scissors. Where does she keep them? In her bureau, surely. I don't get it. This tiny repository for all her stuff. It seems so crammed; how can anyone find anything in there? I like it plain. What was I looking for again? Something. It was just a second ago. I knew it, it's right there on the tip of my tongue. I know what it looks like. It will come back. What was it? This is familiar. Things will come back properly.

In the corner of my eye, I can see a dimly illuminated neon sign: 'Be a patient. Be patient.'

Everything passes by. It starts, it stops. I'm so tired. Why am I so tired? Did I reach my goal? Everything passes by. Everything burrs. The blackest of moons. I was there. Was I there? If I try, I could probably sleep, but instead I stay awake, until I fall asleep.

I see thousands of faces displaying thousands of stories. Most of my enemies look like myself. I fear myself. Fear is the heart of love. Every time it's a familiar diffuse feeling. To know nothing. Someday soon heaven and hell will decide. Someday I'll get there. With you. With me. Loneliness is a disease. I can see it in my eyes. I'm standing on the bridge of the surface. No matter where you went, I was always just a tourist. But I will follow you. Arriving somewhere eventually, at least that's what I assume. Everyone said I should listen to myself. I never found a way, regardless of what they said. It's a mystery to me. At the break of dawn. I'll be gone. The time for sleep is now. We'll hold each other soon.

Everything passes by.

If life is a movie, I can't make revisions. Let me just skip to the end. I've been searching for a long time, but I've never found home. Memories are not to be sealed.

No, I don't remember, even if I could. This thing in my head, won't let me, won't let me have my memory. It's like a wild animal, focused on all and nothing simultaneously. With a deep hunger for fear. My fear. And within the next second I don't even remember it.

I lost a piece of my soul. It's all right. Back with you and me. The latter is gone. My two-tracked mind just doesn't seem to make sense today. Today - everyday. The animal. Concentrate.

Oh, a loose string. I must cut it.

