

Escapism

I am chasing a feeling, and I don't know what it is.

I walk on a lake of magnitude unknown, marching forever forward into the blurred horizon ahead, indifferent to all that has come before it. In my gaze I am beholden to a picturesque night, mottled with stars and nebulae, inextricable with the waters on which I walk. All that I see is reflected infinitely in both the sky and water. All except me.

My steps incur no response from the placid surface beneath my feet. As if my presence is irrelevant, no beaker nor billow is made by any motion I make, and so I am goaded onwards to what destination may have me. Even the sensation of the liquid beneath my bare feet is distant, vindicating my existence or lack thereof.

At some point I lost control. Whether I relinquished my will somewhere along the way. Whether it was taken from me. Whether I never had it to begin with. I do not know. What I do know, however, is that I can no longer decide where my feet carry me. I have no say in direction, nor the speed at which I travel. I am a passenger to whims beyond my reason.

Trepidation both fuels and hinders my movement. I have never stopped before, and unsettled by what may come if I ever do.

Though my throat is arid, I persevere.

Though my limbs ache, I persist.

Though my head throbs, my heart weakens, my vision blurs, I endure.

And for what?

Have I not earned a moment of respite? My eyes grow heavier with each passing moment. My consciousness grows evermore transient, while fatigue sets all the more present. I closed my eyes, a simple remedy for an ailing mind, and in a mere infinitesimal amount of time I was whisked away from it all. No more fatigue. No more aching. No more wondering. I was free, in a rest that made me blissfully ignorant of my reality as it continued to unfold.

I am chasing a feeling, but I have forgotten what it is.

I open my eyes, relieved of my plagued mind, but roused in a new, more precarious situation. I no longer walk on the infinite lake, treading on its stoic surface like a paved walkway. Instead now I sink, only my torso bobbing above the surface. I panic, thrashing and throwing myself every which way but I do not move. Not even an inch. The water remains placid. Flat and reflective as if it were glass, but somehow still wet on my skin and cold to the touch. It is as if this lake and the stars are all that exist, and I, ostensibly, do not.

I looked to the night sky, now closer to the horizon it was easier to distinguish water from ether. In contrast to the stars that I've become familiar with on my unending trek, those that I gaze at now are different. There are less of them. Significantly and noticeably so, and those that remain have lost most of their splendor and luster. They have never felt so distant. Their company has never felt so remote. The admiration I felt for the astral bodies that reside above

waned, and with it so too did the solace I found in them. It is only now, untold ages into my journey, that I realize that I still have something to lose, and it already feels too late.

Gone is the night and its elegant beauty. Gone is the day which I could never call my own. Here they have left me and here I must stay. I float in an endless abyss, no longer any semblance of reflection. Instead I am encompassed by a void that grows as the stars wane, a perspective that is the same above as so below. I feel myself falling out of touch with what little there was. I am falling out of love with the world I did not know I loved.

My eyes get heavy once again. Sloth had not saved me, it had cursed me, but I am willing to curse myself again.

I was chasing a feeling, but I no longer care.

My worst close friend, O' apathy mine. Here I am weightless below the surface of the horizon which I once walked. Here I am without a single star to cherish. Here I am sinking into whatever lies below infinity. And yet I am all and only indifferent.

Whether I sink or rise, I'll only know when I open my eyes.

However, if I could have things my way just this once, they'd never open again.