

INSANITY

Gary Russell

He is in the room, a dark room with walls and floor like soft cotton. There is one small slot-like opening at the opposite end of the room near the door. When it is opened, light seems to flow in and flood the room like a bursting dam.

Coldly sweating as he is trying to remember . . . he stole upon her so silently, and unknown to her. There were one, two, then three slow, soft, even steps. The gap was closing between them, slowly but surely. He was within touching distance now, still unnoticed by her. The knife, glistening in the light, was in his claw-like hand ready to strike. Then he leaped, quickly and silently, like a panther . . . it was over. As he sank to the floor, laughing to himself, he relaxed—for the agony and pressure were finally relieved. He felt he had finally gotten rid of the thing everyone held against him . . . the tenseness, the agony that overwhelmed him. Slipping down the stairs, through the lobby and into the dark, cold, windy street, he had settled down upon the surroundings as if they were trying to smother him. He walked alone, destitute. He wanted to find a soft, cottony cloud that would release him from the world for awhile. He knew that he would only find her on the corners or in the alleys. Impatience was eating away at his brain. He came upon her, his mind clouded; he remembered no more.

He is in the room, the dark room with walls and floor like soft cotton. One small, slot-like opening at the opposite end of the room near the door . . . he is thinking, trying to remember, thinking . . . Pain.

Random Thoughts

John Weber

There
 Receding from the blackness
 The indelible memory of times past
 Branded in my brain
 Chained and locked
 There
 . . . forever.

Substance . . . form . . . existence