

A Small Collection of Thoughts

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Laughing at Nothing to Laugh at

The two elderly ladies sitting by the large opaque table glanced indifferently at the frail figure. The stack of unmarked papers symbolized what was the young boy's worst nightmare. The names became numbers; the numbers became blurred memories. For once in his life, the young boy wished to be recognized for more than being a winsome child.

The girl who was standing next to him cracked a smile sarcastically. This did not bother the young boy, though, for he was not paying attention to her. What she was implying was his soon to be fate. It was not as though he used dynamite. He had merely used firecrackers to blow the fingers off his hands. He could not understand the lack of humor that he had hoped to achieve.

The young boy was escorted to a room with no windows by a faceless being. The room was very small and very dark. The only source of illumination was a burning candle that was emitting a sickly orange- white light. He noticed that hanging on the wall to the left of him was an ancient looking clock. The hands of the clock were moving in a counter-clockwise motion. At first he thought he had imagined it, but after touching the hands, he believed that somehow an imbalance in reality was created.

Suddenly a deep-booming voice snarled at the young boy over the intercom. "Young man tell us how you derived the notion that you are a writer!" The young boy stood motionless. The voice on the intercom repeated itself but the boy remained silent. "We're sure you are good at other things, why don't you stick to something else?", the voice chanted. The boy could no longer hold in his emotions. "The only person I write for is myself. You can't erase my intent from the paper just because you think it's inappropriate." The voice on the intercom replied, " Don't challenge authority because we know what's best for you and for the others. It would be a shame for you to fail now after going so far."

Very humbly the boy spoke, "I guess I see your point. I will make the change in the

paper." The hands on the clock started to spin frantically. Everything in the room grew very dim.

He was laying on his bed. A cold sweat lingering across his forehead. Slowly, he lifted himself up. He took a long shower and then dressed himself in his favorite outfit. As he came upon the front doors of the school, he looked long and hard at the paper in his hands. He would make the change. He would use dynamite.

From her earliest memories, the girl had been told of a distant treasure, and, as soon as she was able, she set out to find it. The road which she traveled had not been an easy one, it was long and treacherous. She had been misled and deceived several times, and had taken many confusing and frightening paths. She was often lost. At times, she traveled in darkness, for even the sun had ceased to guide her. Other times, she found herself traveling backwards or in circles, trapped in an everlengthening downward spiral. She had come close to death, and had almost welcomed it as an escape from her seemingly perpetual journey. Yet, in the midst of such despair, she clung to her childhood stories, believing somehow in their reality.

After some time, she found herself standing alone before a great door, seemingly identical to many others she had seen. As it opened to her, she stepped inside and was instantly slipped into a strange and beautiful room. Before her was the most brilliantly shining light that she had ever seen. Here her travels ended. This now was what she had been seeking. She moved slowly forward, reaching cautiously to touch this treasure which she had traveled so far to find. In the time that she held it, she was overcome by a perfect understanding, and she wept with joy. she was truly happy.

Suddenly, brutally, her treasure was wrenched away by the unfeeling hands of circumstance. Her joy was pulled far from her, and was placed high above her head where she could not reach. Once more she wept, for she knew that separation was inevitable.

As the world now rushes madly around her room, she sits silently alone, gazing upward at her hidden treasure, waiting for its return. Although she cannot reach it, she is

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still touched by its faintly distant light, holding its jeweled memory for an eternity of dreams.

An empty room, simple, bare walls. A single chair facing a wall; the only piece of furniture. She sat alone there, in that single chair empty room. she faced the wall, and reconstructed it mentally, silently. She waited. From time to time, different people would walk into the room. They would walk up to the girl and ask, "What are you doing?" Very softly, without turning her head, she would answer. "I am waiting. I am waiting for that one moment when this wall will become a great rush of water, for that one instant when it will change and become beautiful. Wait with me, that you may see it as well." They would back away, too busy to wait or unwilling to continue the conversation. She had been there forever, yet she remained there for only a second, as much a part of the room as the floor or the ceiling or the chairs or the walls. She kept her vigil alone, unmoving; for if she turned her head for even a moment she might miss the transformation. So she waited. She did not know how long she had been there, yet she continued to wait. She waited until the molecules shifted and the water poured forth and the liquid spilled upon her. She waited until the change finally came and she drowned in the beauty she had awaited so long. She embraced the fluidity of the wall, and it held her tightly as it receded back into itself.

From time to time, people would walk past and glance within the room. when they viewed the empty walls, floors, ceiling, and chair, they would wonder where she had gone. "Perhaps she grew tired of waiting," they would say. "She must have given up and left." Then they would continue, never seeing the beauty that they had missed.

I woke up this morning and was surprised by the giant trees looming over me. As I watched, the branches dipped slowly downward until they touched my strangely inert body. As I was lifted, I felt the interweaving branches forming a splinter carpet that both covered and went through me. The iron steel wood was harder to break than even the hardest of

souls. My eyes reflected the sunlight until I finally cried; the leaves were so green, so beautiful that I died there.

Remembering the clouds that pushed themselves into the very small space inside my mind; feeling the great rush of rock-hard cold-water as it solidly crushed every last vestige of hope around my heart; watching the flames leaping slowly onto my hands; calling out to the night as it filled every last scar on my soul; everything had become clear.

It's an arduous journey that we begin as small children or perhaps as fools. A faint scent in passing hangs on the air to mark a trail or lead to a path, but I've lost my footing and somehow stumble. The first steps are always the most tentative. Forgive me for any misconceptions.

When the giant noisy insects finally cover the sun with the darkest of curtains, I wonder at the strange buzzing that somehow lingers inside my ears. Strange twisted corridors; I am pushed down a dripping stairway into an antechamber of silhouetted memories. Although it is darker than my dreams, a small firefly shows me the way to a place where I can rest.

As I slump against the unyielding rock, my thoughts merge with my emotions, and once more I am left behind. I grope my clumsy way along the wall until I feel something smooth and solid. As I smash myself through the many-colored glass, I find among the glistening shards below the very things which I most needed to find. I clutch the jagged pieces closely to myself and slowly rock myself into a transcendent sleep.