

In reply to the first surrealism manifesto

Sleep escapes me once again

I lie in Bed staring up at the ceiling.

I have been awake for 24 hours now, my eyes yawn in protest and my mouth blinks open. I cannot sleep; no I dare not sleep, as I fear for my life.

I fear Sethemons, My Demons, My monsters; the Creatures that I know will one day take my life. I know they will kill me, I have known this for a very long time and I am so tired. Be it with their claws, their shouts of anger or there are suggestive whispers. I fear my monsters my past that I cannot change and my future that seems so far in the distance; I don't know if I will be able to make the journey. All I have is the present, such a short distance and such little impact on the landscape. Even as I am writing this down, the sand that I have walked on slowly covers my footprints with a gentle breeze.

My eyes stare at the sand, what is and whatever will be. I stare at the secrets that must never be known, the knowledge that must never be shared, the wishes that will always be that. The monsters are not far behind, I can hear the howling in the distance, always, always there, always present, and always scratching at the marks I leave behind. I must keep moving, as I fear that they will catch up.

Sleep escapes me once again

I lay In Bed staring at the wall. I have been awake for 48 hours now, My ears chatter. My eyes ring. I can't sleep, I must continue walking I fear, I fear so much. I remember when I was younger; I would walk up to my parent's door in the middle of the night and tell them that I am scared. I would just tell them that I was scared of what I was never sure. I soon grew out of that I no longer have night terrors, as my nightmare consumed me long ago. I fear. I fear so much.

During my childhood I suffered from frequent night terrors, they were so real; I would wake up constantly to an evil dark entity that would jump on me and pin me to my bed. Even a moving incarnation of death with glowing red eyes that sat on my chest slowly suffocating me. They wear real so real and yet I knew they were fake, I knew they weren't really there. I never feared them. My rations were a primal urge to survive.

I am so tired

Unlike my emons, my daemons, my Sethemons, that I fear more than any scary story, crazed killer or death itself. I fear them because they

are me, the me that I only know, the me that he locks away, the me that they claw at, the me that, he, we, are so tired I feel fear, but no urge to run just a will to keep on walking.

I hide our hatred, their anger, and his loneliness only to have them torments my thoughts. Always they're always whispering always wanting, let me out.

"What do you want again, why are you clawing at my mind; why do you always torment me"

"I wish to sing"

"Sing? You don't sing, you exist to take my anger my suffering my sadness and rot in a sea of darkness. You are the face that can never be let out, you are the face that I locked away long ago."

"But I am you, you are me we are us"

"Dam you emon Die, die and rot in hell"

"I will see you there"

I am so tired.

Sleep escapes me once again

I lie in Bed staring at the metaphorical wall.

I have been awake for 68 hours now.

I am losing my identity, my sanity, and my sleep. Why am I keeping myself awake again? Why am I doing this to myself? Monsters! No I eh am the monster; I hunt myself to cannibalize my own memories. I' am like a trapped animal gnawing off its own limb to survive.

I am so tired.

Monsters! Humanity is they are the ones that made this way. I might have been born different, but it was them who told me I was different, it was them who put me in a cage and it is them who continue to poke at me with a shaped stick.

I am so tired

They are all primitive, they are noting more than ants working there lives away, throwing there lives away at war, spending there lives catering to others and die accomplishing nothing. What am I now, tired.

Who am I? What am I? Am I not a human? Then what? Am I am monster, a predictor, a god created by the hands of man? I am so tired

I fear I am nothing, just a speck of dust in infinity of an unimaginable scale! So epic that time, space and life loses it's meaning. Leavening everything with no more meaning than a dust that you sweep under the rug.

I am so tired

The meaning of? Futile life does not exist on the grand scale of things. Life and time and space and love and loss mean nothing, maybe these are just an examples of a non-existent state of human perception. We have given ourselves life states of consciousness. In the same way that we give inanimate objects a name

I am so tired

Take this pencil that I place next two other pencils. This is now the pencil in the middle; I have now given this pencil a name, a purpose, a life! If I move this Pencil to the left of the other two, does it lose its meaning, its thought, its very being? Does it become the pencil that was formally the middle pencil? Does it feel pain if we snap it? Does it die if we change its name? A dog, a cat or even a baby, will not respond to another name if having been given one already. To give something a name is to play god, when a mother gives birth she names her child, when an artist creates a masterpiece he names it, even if he decides not to name it he gives it an identity. Now the identity of that masterpiece is now unnamed followed by a number, this is a fate worse than death, that masterpiece is now just a number something of many or few. This is the fate of humanity; we are just a number of an infinite sequence.

I am so tired

I have no more words; I have nothing else I can say, nothing else I can convey, this lexicon another number. I can only fall into a slumber now, I give my work the title Thought Experiment Zero To infinity and I close my eyes. I just hope that I will dream a dream, of a dream, of a world of numerical equality, highly unrealistic I know.