

[1]: Devoid

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The espresso sat in the centre of my field of vision, its small rim visibly emanating its aroma. The blackness was real, tangible, thick. The mist of vapours so dense around the nose, ones only feeling was of intense claustrophobia and physical anosmia. The surface, despite being liquid, took on an appearance of solid distinct infinite matter, with its only perceptible anomaly being a sheen of light, of slight diffraction of certain wavelengths.

Clouded by my misjudgement, devoid of self-awareness in a seemingly infinite moment, the surface quivered in apparent excitement. The surface was so black it drew in all conscious thought, all attention, the entirety of ones soul. In that moment, my body was corporeal yes, but it was empty, the last remnants of my conscious mind were being drained into the void before me.

My nose edged closer to the surface, the smell overcoming the senses, dulling the sounds of the surrounding people. The surface rippled as it expected my touch. Closer and closer, denser and denser came the blackness. It seemed to spread into the surroundings, my vision now limited to the scope off the small circular but bright rim before me.

All was dark around me, devoid of light, the only sensations were of a singular scent, of quiet stillness. The surface mirrored by thoughts, empty, lacking in detail, infinite in scope yet finite in uniqueness. No longer could one discern matter from time, thought from the illusion of having thought. No longer was consciousness locked into that fleeting moment we define as the present.

The espresso sat in the centre of my world, it had become my world, and I was now part of it. Like its celestial counterpart, the void before me had removed all external trivialities, leaving itself as the only remaining force. The blackness was real, tangible and thick, it forced me to re-evaluate my definitions of self-worth, of personal-depth and the dimension of my psyche.

I think, therefore I am, but in this place there is no thought, no time to define, no perception of self, nothing but the void. As with the surface now defining my perceived world, I am now defined without dimensions, without the ability to lock myself to the present.

Contact, taste, warmth, humanity and re-discovered light. That infinite present within the void broken like the surface tension of the liquid. I drank, I absorbed all within the scope of that small rim. I regained my attention and re-affirmed my position. The void had been the centre of my world during that time, I had been a part of it. It was now within me, and now I was that void.

The End....