

[1]: Anti-Human:

E. Fisher

10/04/16

I would not describe myself as warm or inviting, I do not instil a feeling of trust within my fellow man, I do not love in the traditional sense. I have been described as vacant, a vessel that requires the fires of passion to be ignited, an anti-human, a man devoid of emotions, warmth or ethics.

I would not describe myself as kind, I have known despair, hatred and fear. I have grown accustomed to their ignitions within my soul and their pronounced effects on my personal actions. Some describe me as cold, but how can they compare my acts to what they themselves have never experienced. They know nothing of cold, they know nothing of having ones energy sapped by continuous icy water, the darkness and numbness that surrounds you in those moments, the manner in which one must bring all outward thoughts and outward blood into the core of ones self.

I am an anti-human, lacking in what those others, those other voices, insist constitute the basis of humanity. I have been broken down by my experiences. Nature and humanity in equal measure have blunted me, eroded me into what they perceive as a monster.

I would not describe myself as warm or inviting, too many parts of myself have been lost to bitterness and ice for me to be anything other than a decree from the Lord that humanity must re-assess its collective soul in the face of unspeakable hatred. I have shrunk into a husk of my former self, and there I will remain.

What are emotions, warmth and ethics without compassion, love or respect? These were ripped from me. I lack the fibre, the sinews of humility, I lack the emotions required to fit into this fabric they call the social norm. I lack the ethics to do anything other than what I call basic life and what they call butchery of the innocent.

As anti-human as they define me, I still fit their form, I have moulded my external behaviour in order to exist in some capacity within their world. I buy groceries, I attend gigs, I drink in their bars. From all external views I am one of them, but this faade will never account, never reduce the hatred I feel for them. They know nothing of me, other than their presumptions of my vacant, vessel like personality. They know nothing of pain, of fear, or of that final enlightenment that only comes once all vestiges of human self-worth have been removed. They know nothing of the dark, the dank, the cold and that water.

Humanity glorifies itself in its control. Control over fire, water, earth and stone. Dominion over all animal life and domination of the Earths natural resources. They look to water as the giver of life, their saviour. I call it death, I call it my tormenter and the being that ripped those human qualities from me. There in the dark, the dank, the cold, water wasnt the only physical constant, but it was accompanied singularly by pain, torture, the continuous foreboding dread of the return of those guards.

They call it water boarding but that makes a mockery of its action, it makes it more palatable for the public, the politicians that discuss it, and the military leaders that condone and sanction it. It makes it sound like some sport, some activity that kids might play while at a water sports summer camp. In my eyes, it is a sport, a hateful blood-thirsty sport no different to the gladiator arenas of old or the dog fights of modern, depraved society. It might not maim, it might not cut or draw blood, it might not be accompanied by the ear wrecking sounds of breaking bone, but it damages, it rips, and it scorches ones very alveoli.

In that cell, in the dark, in the dank, that water became my life, for it became both the giver and the taker of life, it became my master and I obeyed it, I bowed down to it, I respected its effects on my lungs, my chilled heart, my breaking psyche. . .

They define me as anti-human. I spit at them for their hypocrisy for it is they that are the true anti-humans. Mutilated and burned, their minds are too clouded by self-righteousness to accept that yes, once I was human. Yes, I did love, I did care, I did fit in with social normality, I did describe myself as warm and inviting. They made me this way and they know they did, it makes them ever bitter towards anything they perceive as wrong, or different. Their self-proclaimed tolerance of skin colour, culture or bodily disability melts away when one analyses their true thoughts as measured by their collective acceptance of my torture.

So yes, I describe myself as cold, un-inviting, hateful and intolerant. I do describe myself as a vacant vessel, as they ensured there would be nothing good to fill that space that was once my humility. One would hope to die under such circumstances, for it would be a release, instead they sought to prolong the pain, attempted to re-integrate me into society after my years had been served, after my psyche and my self-worth had been broken. How little they know that they have turned innocence into premeditated hate, turned love into cold, calculated corruption, turned my self-control into pure wild condemnation of their ideals. How little they know that they have ultimately returned a once caring man into society, not as a supposedly reformed criminal despite his original innocence, but as a killer, premeditated and calculating to the last.

The End...