

[1]: The Eye

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In 1843 I died. I died in a manner that I wish not to remind myself of, although it is at times hard not to. It was vivid, it was real, it was as if I viewed myself from another location in time, another location in space. There was no pain, there was no sound, there was only the dimmest of light.

In 1843 I died. Not as a warrior of old, not as a respected or rich person within my locale, not as an intellectual to rival my living self. I died as any other man, a collection of cells, of blood and bone, of extinguished hopes, dreams and goals. I presumed I died as many of those before me had died, nothing specific to identify me in history, nothing to represent an identity in the minds of my doctors.

In 1843 I died. I had died as I lived, in a state of constant flux, of continual strife and of everlastingly dark thoughts. I died with little hope of an afterlife, I died with only the sad realisation that that was that, that never again would my consciousness be free to explore the world, to explore the outputs of the common man, to investigate nature in its purest forms.

In 1843 my consciousness was extinguished, I observed it, I recorded it. There had been three doctors there that evening. Two had stopped in their surgical butchery, in their attempts to save their fellow human. The third remained by my side, scalpel in hand, mind attending to his final solutions, his final attempts at ensuring this vessel of mine would not perish. His hands had been inside me and my blood had been lost to the wider context of the world.

There was no pain, but I cannot shake the feeling that my time was not yet up, that I am able to think now as a direct product of the doctors actions.

In 1843, I died. They had made their ineffectual attempts to save me, and they knew I had given my body willingly to medical science. I was at that point a cadaver for their students to dissect, to stare at, to make notes, to study, and ultimately to be buried with only a smattering of new human knowledge to mark my place in the world. They started with my heart, for it had been the centre of their attentions as my consciousness finally left their realm. The small, dingy room that had been my home felt oppressive in that moment. I could see my blood on the doctors, on the single mattress that marked my last resting place, on the floorboards of this old, once majestic but now ruined abode.

I came to the realisation that, at some point a doctor must switch externally viewed behaviour while still satisfying that all important oath. I suspect that the other doctors had known that this was my end, that they downed their tools knowing that they must now move on to another address, to help another survive. I suspected and assumed that the third doctors line of thought had been a product of the situation, that at some point he felt it fairer to let me go, to help me go.

In 1843, I died, not through inaction on the part of my doctors, but as a product of my own self will. As I looked upon myself in that place, that dark, stinking hovel of mine, I realised that the end was what I wanted, the end was the fairest on myself and would end the suffering I had felt for much of my life. Before my intervention I could read from their lips that it was my heart, that no matter what they could do, certain parts of me had already passed into insurmountable death. I had reached out with my mind to the third doctor, I wanted to express my wishes to him with a sense of gladness, with the message that I wanted this, that this was my choice and my choice alone, that despite breaking the physical meanings of his oath, it was the final ethical action he could undertake for me.

In 1843, I suspect he did not know my name, I suspect he had not registered the address and I realise he probably knew nothing of my life. He accepted my plea despite no words issuing from my lips. He accepted that at this point I had lost too much blood, that my heart was failing, that if blood flow was ever restored by some miracle to my limp body that the toxins of cellular decay would poison me from within.

In 1843, I died, but he remained by my side, scalpel in hand, mind attending to his final solution, his final attempt to ensure that this vessel of mine would perish as a direct wish of his patient. I know now my assumption had been wrong, that while the situation was dire, he did it out of a wish to help. His hands had been inside me; he had clasped my heart in a final loving embrace. He relinquished me of my burdens, of my fears and of my hateful existence, he issued forth a new sensation of freedom, just as my blood was freed into the wider context of the world.

In 1843, I died. He had reached the summit of human kindness, the peak of medical taboo. He had reached into my soul, reached to my very core, my very beating heart, and he had helped me. My hopes, dreams and goals had been extinguished in that moment, but his action had been my free-will, my last hope, my last dream and my ultimate personal goal. There had been no pain and the silence had become my salvation. I thanked him as he and his colleagues left. I do not know if he could hear me, I do not know if he was conscious of my desires, my pleas and his eventual actions on my behalf.

In 1843, I know of one thing that brings me comfort, that helps me deal with my new found freedom from corporeal restrictions and my new abilities to investigate nature in both its purest and deepest forms, that He, my saviour, my friend, had asked one question as they crossed the threshold into my abode

What is his name?

The End....