

[1]: The Cell

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Naked, bloodied, chained

I stand here chained to my mind, and constrained to this fate by THEM.

They know no mercy, no love, no humility. They know no grace, no passion, no glory. They know no light, no strength, no honour. They know my pain, they know my suffering and yet they know not of fortitude, of resisting temptation, or of doing what is morally right.

They force me to stand in this cell for I am chained by both arms to either wall and chained to the ceiling. I cannot sit for the chain on my neck would act as my final noose. I cannot move to either wall as they prevent any slack in my bonds.

I face a wall of rough brick, the scratches of previous guests all too painfully visible. The cell is dark, lit only by the sliver of light that enters though the air vent to the Masters corridor, the domain of THEM.

I do not know how long I have stood, I only know that my feet are beginning to rot as I stand upon the soft but hard, warm but cold surface of the floor. I can feel the pain of my damaged flesh around my bonds, my initial struggles haunting me, preventing sleep, failing to heal in this place.

They assume I am mad, for the acts I summoned from the depths of depravity to render against them. They assume I am sub-human for my thoughts, my desires and my dreams. They assume I will never be amongst them again and they assume I will die in this cell.

Is it my fallacy that I desire to be free? Or is it their fallacy that they assume I will succumb to their domination, their torture, their reticence to accept ethics? Little do they know what may be unleashed by my brethren and I upon their domain, the domain of THEM.

I stand, in the cold, in the dark, alone.

They force me to accept my own degradation, the ultimate abasement of knowing that as an adult I am forced to defecate upon myself, to know that as my starvation becomes more pronounced my blood will flow from my body as freely as my urine. They force me to accept my cell, to accept that despite being trapped here I will never add my name, my scratches to those of the others upon these walls, to accept that I will be forever nameless and forever forgotten.

I stand, forever I stand. Naked, bloodied, chained

I dream of forcing this depravity, this torture, this reduction to basic human outputs upon them. I dream of reducing their domain to this level, to bring this form of life to be their normal, to force them to become humbled by the acceptance of their own actions. I concentrate on this, forcing the pain from my mind. I imagine lifting myself from this cell of mine, this stinking cell, this cell they dub my treatment room. I imagine a world where I am not constrained by chains, by stone or by the pain brought about by my own struggles in these bonds.

I observe my dim shadow; a husk of the woman I once was. My gangrenous legs, pocked, rotting, only visible as misshapen deviations from the human normal. I observe my shadow grow and shrink as I breath in and out, I see the lumps on my shadow of my broken ribs, the misshapen arms, forced forever to be held up to prevent the pain, to prevent sleep. I observe the shadow of my head, no longer recognisable as human. My shadow reveals the gauntness of starvation, the injuries of multiple beatings, the steel strapped to my body, administering their drugs and their control in equal measure.

I observe my dim shadow as it rises up the wall, evidenced only by the previous guests scratches my deformations overshadow. I observe the chains become taught, the pain in my arms increase, the bones creaking as my wasted muscles fail to support any of the forces of the world. I see a sliver of light between my shadow and the floor, illuminating the evil surrounding me. I feel the chain, surgically grafted to my spine, grow slack. I dream of filling this cell with light, with hope, with life. I dream of an existence free of oppression, free of their dominion over me.

I begin to cry, the tears stinging as they seep into my open wounds. I feel my tears wet my lips, and I taste blood. I feel the strain on my arms and the freeness of my spine. I observe that sliver of light grow and grow as I rise from the floor, unconstrained by the laws of nature.

I continue to rise, the gap between what was left of my feet and the floor increasing with each second, with each jolt of pain, with each exponential increase in the strain upon my arms. I know my arms will soon crack, but I know I must face judgement, I know I must make a sacrifice in order to be free. My left arm breaks, the muscle too weak to prevent the sharp bone from cutting my flesh. I hear my blood upon the stones of this cell, this chamber of death, this chamber of sorrow. I hear the shackles defining my life cut further into my wrists, I feel the increase in my heart rate as my body accepts shock, accepts pain, accepts and acknowledges my dreams risk my death.

My right arm snaps, bringing a new order of pain, a new order to my bodily shock and a new order to my thoughts. I continue to rise, not just in my dreams, but as a Chimera from the ashes and depravity of my life. My blood flows freely down my arms, down my chest and down my misshapen legs. The stench of my urine stings my eyes as I resign myself to no longer wishing to concentrate on preventing my own abasement, instead preferring to concentrate on my dreams, my goals, my free-will.

The stone of the cell shakes as I rise still further, the shadow of my head approaching closer to the initials of that last, highest indelible reminder of this cells previous guests. I rise, as gravitational waves, nay human free-will, ripple through the walls of the cell, dried rotted mortar falling as my own blood continues to fall.

The skin of my arms tears as the force I exert continues to increase. The joints of my chains begin to part, to stretch, to open. The welded metal of my bonds begins to break, just as my own shoulder blades begin to break. I begin to scream, the promise of freedom close enough to taste, the shock of my free-will, my actions upon my own body only now registering as actual physical ramifications.

I become the Chimera, a monster of separate forms, no longer human, but not yet free. The walls begin to fall, broken bricks falling as my arms fall from the lifeless forms of their sockets. The mortar of the walls exploding as a cloud of dust, just as my blood sprays as a fine mist. My jaw breaks as my scream becomes the personification of death, the epitome of constrained fear, of a body close enough to death that its only reaction can be to unleash all breath as a final blood curdling war cry.

I rise, as the roof of the cell collapses about my dismembered body. The rust of aged pipework twisting and unleashing its own screams of pain. I rise through stone, through water, through dirt, through the fire and torment of destruction, and become anew among the rain, sleet and cold of the domain of THEM.

I rise from the ruins of my cell, of the mental institution they had the gall to describe as a centre for modern treatment. I observe my shadow, now grown in physical size despite my continued self-destruction. I observe the dull ache of the remaining stones hanging from the old chain entwined with my spine. Pain no longer pains me, the cold and dark of their world no longer troubles me as the cold and dark of my cell one did. I rise further, letting go of my final bonds to their world, for I choose, I exercise my free-will, my desire, my gumption. I let my spine break as I force my body to make its sacrifices. Stone, blood and bone fall to the ruins of my cell as I continue to rise.

I stand, forever I stand. Naked, bloodied, but now I am unchained

The domain of THEM made assumptions as to my sanity, made assumptions as to my guilt, made judgements as to my reasoning and premeditation without allowing me to be judged by my peers. Their world will pay, just as I have payed. For too long, for too many uncountable times Ive been force to defecate upon myself, this world of theirs has been laughing, been wallowing in their own self-importance, been accepting of a societal lack of fortitude and been free to judge without ethics or intelligence.

I stand here, high above my once oppressive cell, chained not to my mind but to my free will. I once stood constrained to this fate by THEM, but now I am constrained only by my dreams, free of my body.

I rise through the clouds of their world, and I make my choice, I make my peace with this self-perpetuated fate. I remove my final bonds, the bonds to the physical, the bonds to my corporeal self. I close my eyes as I leave that bloodied vessel behind me.

The End....

Suggested Listening: Diary of Dreams: Giftraum 'Fallacy'