

## DECONSTRUCTING REALITY

I am standing in my living room.

The sun is setting.

I am 25 years old.

I state these things to myself in order to hold onto some form of truth.

I can feel myself slipping.

As each day passes, I find myself daydreaming more and more.

Football games, television commercials, the stock market.

As much as I should care about these things, I do not.

I instead dream about impossible things.

Where there are wars, I dream of serenity.

In this reality, there is hate.

In my reality, there is love.

**O**nly now, I am becoming swallowed up by my imagination.

A simple task like breakfast becomes a chore when I cannot stop imagining entire civilizations thriving on my Cheereos. Switching to Lucky Charms does nothing but exacerbate the situation.

Even now, as my thoughts find their place on this paper, I feel the grip I hold on my mind loosen further. Each tick of the clock I do not hear reminds me of the impending trip I will go on.

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I look at my window to watch the sun finally set. But I do not see the sun. Instead, I see a convergence of color. The colors do not move, they do not swirl. The colors are

simply there. They are shapeless, as if they are escaping this reality and I no longer have the capability to perceive them.

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But something changes

The amalgamation of color explodes, without sound. Suddenly simply perceiving color is not enough. The color becomes me. Every color passes by in unison. The sight should be accompanied by an explosive sound, but there is nothing. A whisper would not dare interrupt this moment. I doubt anything *could* interrupt this. The color and I separate and then combine, transcending all function.

Blue  
Red  
Yellow  
Green  
Purple  
Black  
Orange

I am enjoying the calm

The seven senses one would experience have become seven keys to enlightenment. The sound of a fly buzzing by becomes an orchestra just beginning to unleash a torrential downpour of sound.

The memories that occupy my brain are joined by the future events that I cannot yet perceive. Like an antique clock, my mind can be wound and rewound. The gears of my mind feel old and worn. But everything functions as if I have just been born. Time does not pass within my consciousness.

In this space, the profound no longer matters. Equality is not just an ideal; it has a life of its own.

The engine that has been driving my latest binge of creativity begins to wind down.

S l o w l y, parts of the other reality begin to sink in, as if an anchor is being dropped to keep me from drifting too far off.

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I feel reborn as my mind recoils from the extravagance that has just taken place.

It is too soon to reflect on the events I have just experienced, but I do so anyways.

Was this all for nothing?

Have I sunk deeper into my mind?

Or have I found some sort of balance between this reality and my own?

For now, I stick to the things I know to be true:

I am standing in my living room.

The sun is rising.

I am alive.