

Out

Out. I want out. My thoughts are nothing but a big blur. I turn to my left side and look up at the window. It's still dark outside, I wonder how long it's been dark now. Seems to me the sun's not been shining for several weeks. I turn back to my right side and stare at the place where I know the door is. After a few minutes I can see light streaming through the gap between door and wall. I wonder if it's a lamp or the actual, long-awaited sun. I close my eyes and try to grasp at least one of my thoughts. I fail. My melancholy state seems to be my past, present and my very destiny. I try to want to get up and fail again. I turn to lie on my stomach and bury my face in the pillow. I wonder what it is that's gone so terribly wrong and why. I press my face tighter to the pillow to choke my moaning, nobody needs to know of this.

Suddenly I quit sobbing. I feel completely empty on the inside and my tears seem to have vanished for good. What do I do? I haven't been able to cry for over a year now. It's tiring, it's all just so very tiring... Jaded. What do I do? There is nothing in this world that can catch my attention long enough to make me leave this muggy bed, or even raise my head. I hear someone in the living world mentioning the word fuzzy. My head? Are they talking about me? Do they even know of my existence?

A knock at the door. Wait... what? Someone's knocking? At my door? But why? Oh please God, make them go away... I don't wanna face whatever may come in from that God-forsaken place... behind the door. I close my eyes and bury my head in the sheets. A sound of the door being opened. Oh good Lord, what's that thing sticking my eyes out? ... Oh, light? Sunlight? Or is it just another one of those dirty tricks to make me come out to feel a lot worse than before? Will they give me those pills again, the pills that are supposed to help me with myself but only make everything seem so hopeless? I don't want them, not again. I've had them way too many times now. Time's getting funny in here, as I don't do anything but lie in my bed I have no idea of what day or year it is. I only know that they come back every now and then, force a handful of pills into my throat, pour down some orange juice and then leave claiming I'll soon feel a lot better.

Yep, it's those pills again. Someone lifts my head. I just groan and slowly open my eyes. I look up at whoever the intruder is and shout out in surprise. A blonde, blue-eyed woman who is glowing with warmth. She smiles softly at me and strokes my cheek. Then tells me I can get out of here if I really want to. She tells me the people here are evil and that I cannot get out while they're still here. I blink and look at her puzzled. Kill them? How can I kill them when all I have is my pillow? Oh... of course.

Is it night time? I ask the woman. She tells me it is. She smiles again and fly up through the roof. She's wearing big, white wings. I try to sit up. Falling back a couple of times, I try to control my body. Step by step I get up onto the dirty floor. I quietly walk toward the door with my pillow held close to my chest. I open the door and walk out in the big, bright room. I spin around as I see lots of people smiling at me. Are you up again, miss? I hear someone saying with a disgustingly cheerful voice. I turn to face the person and realise it is my brother. But why would my brother call me miss? It doesn't make any sense. Of course, I think to myself, he must be as brainwashed as I am by now.

Författaren Ummm~oh~yeah med Poeter.se id #8850 innehar upphovsrätten