Silent

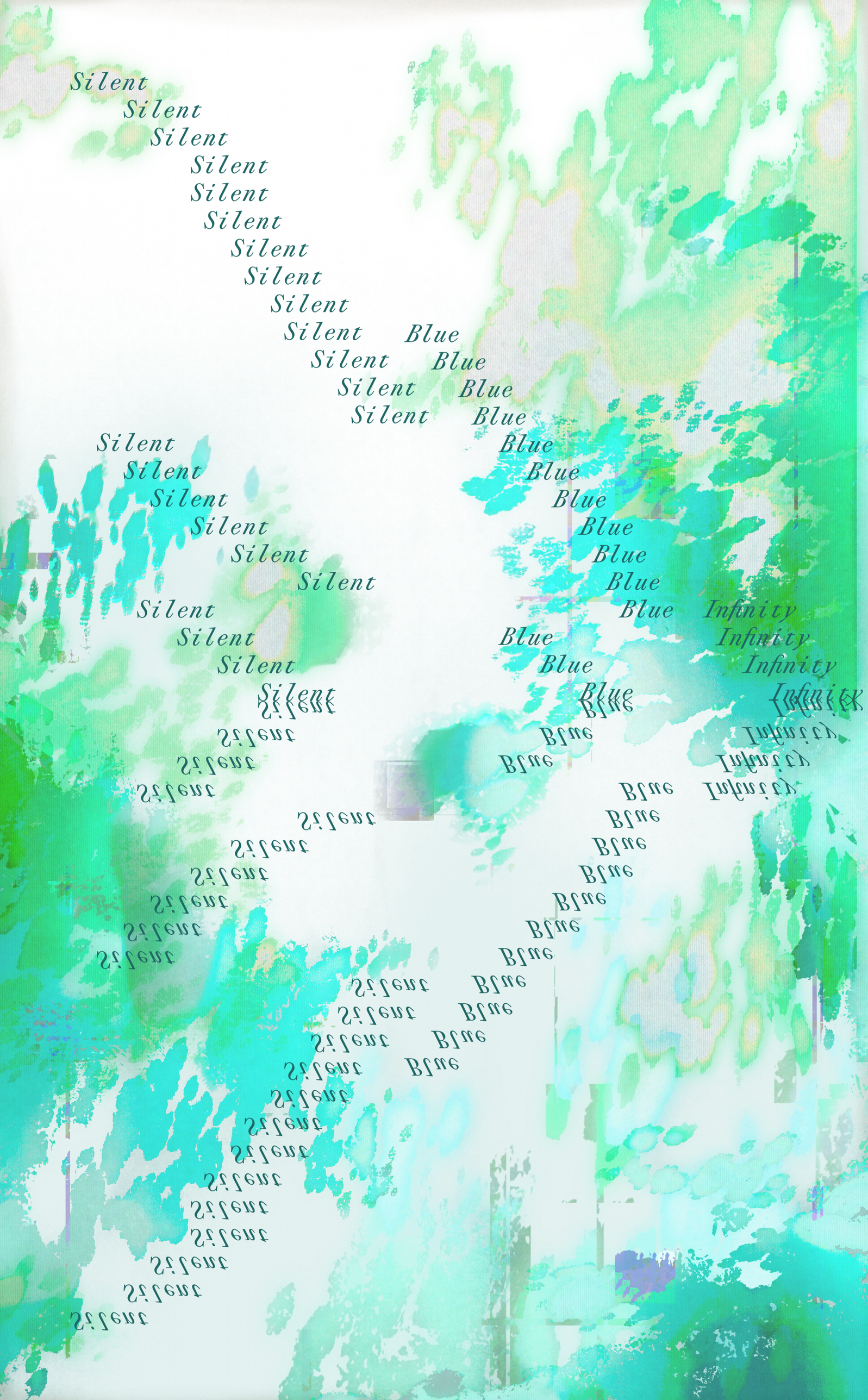
Blue

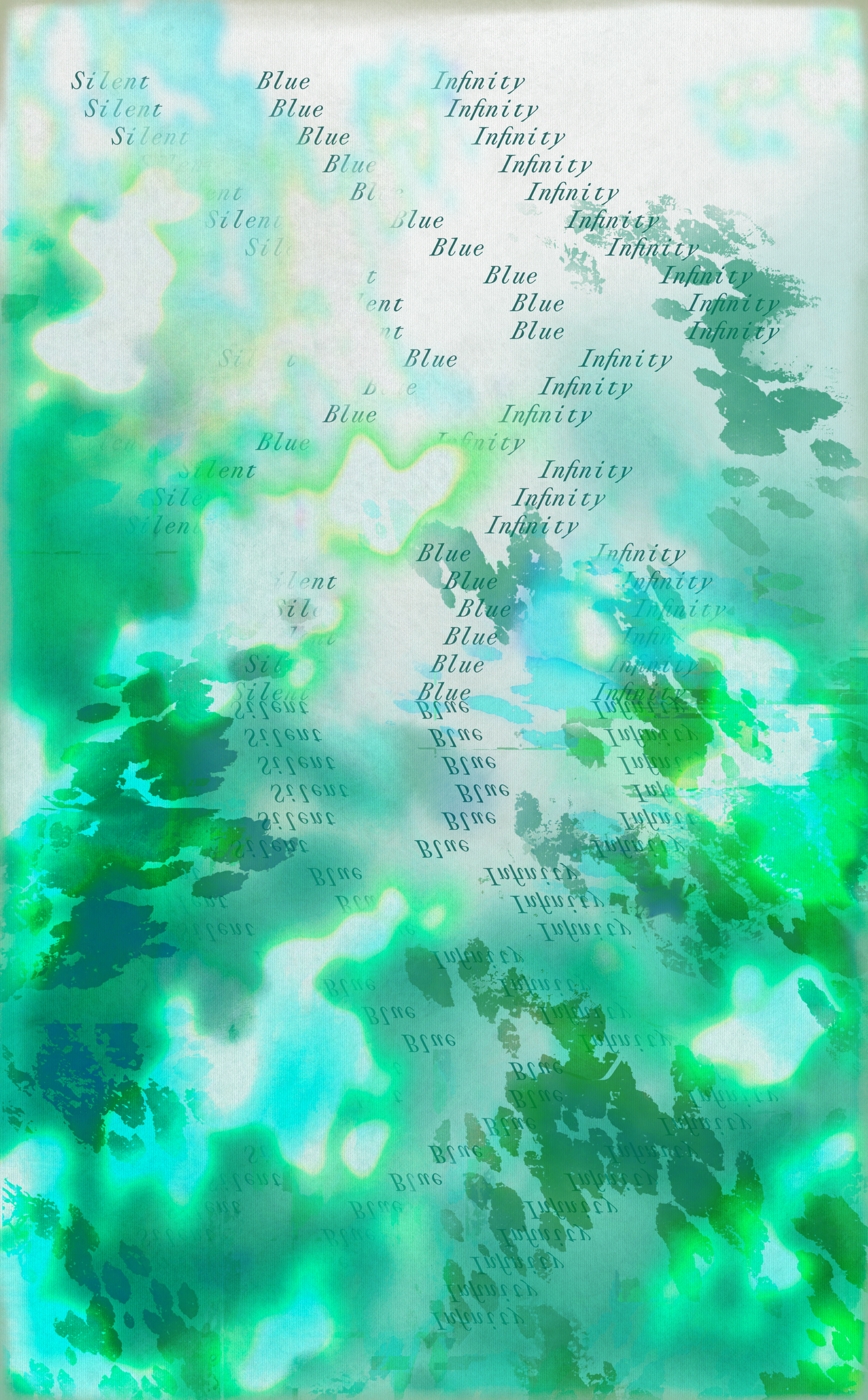
Infinity

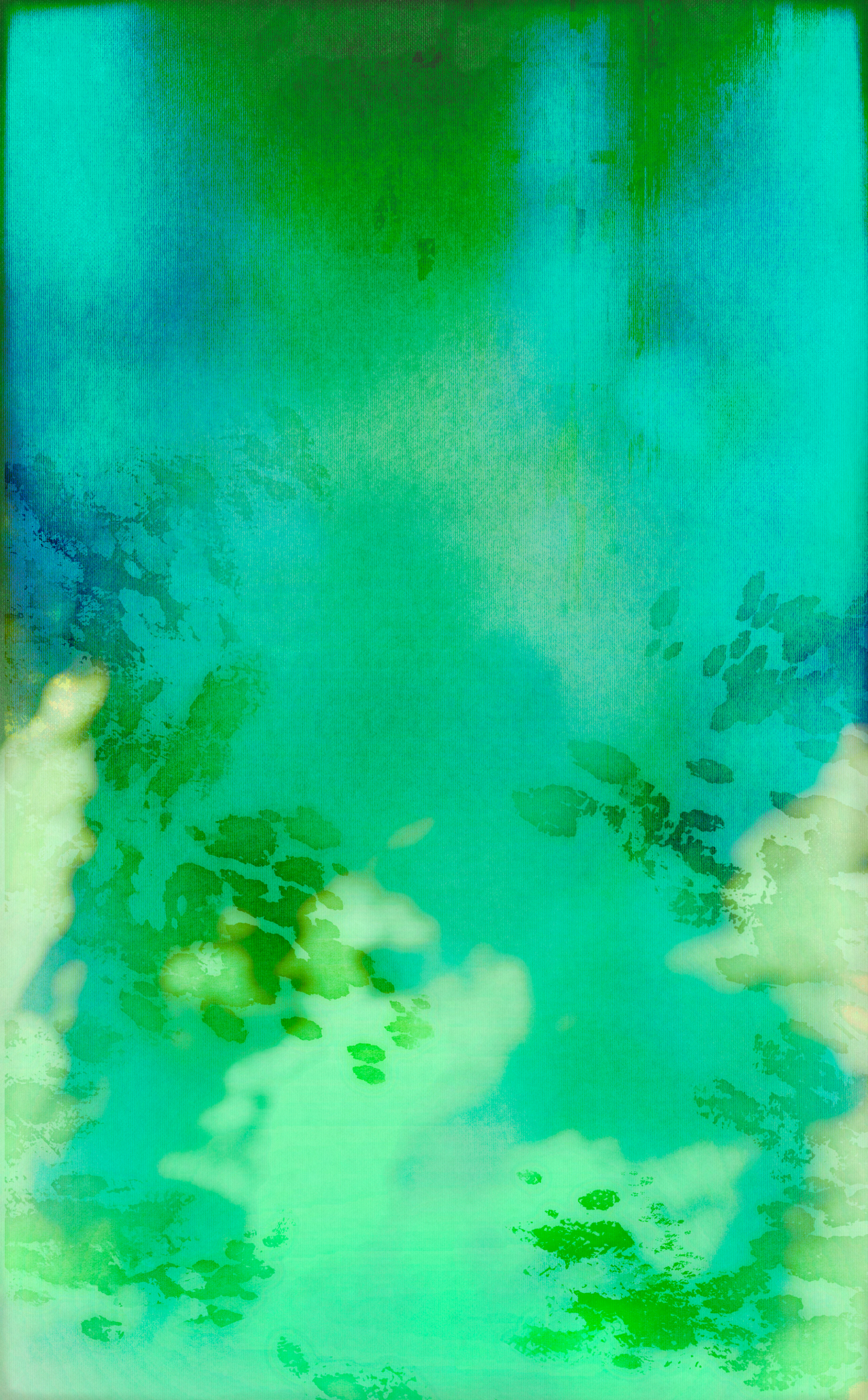
Silent

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Infinity


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Whenever I close my eyes...
I seek to relive the unnamed
sensations within that
distant memory,
over and over again.

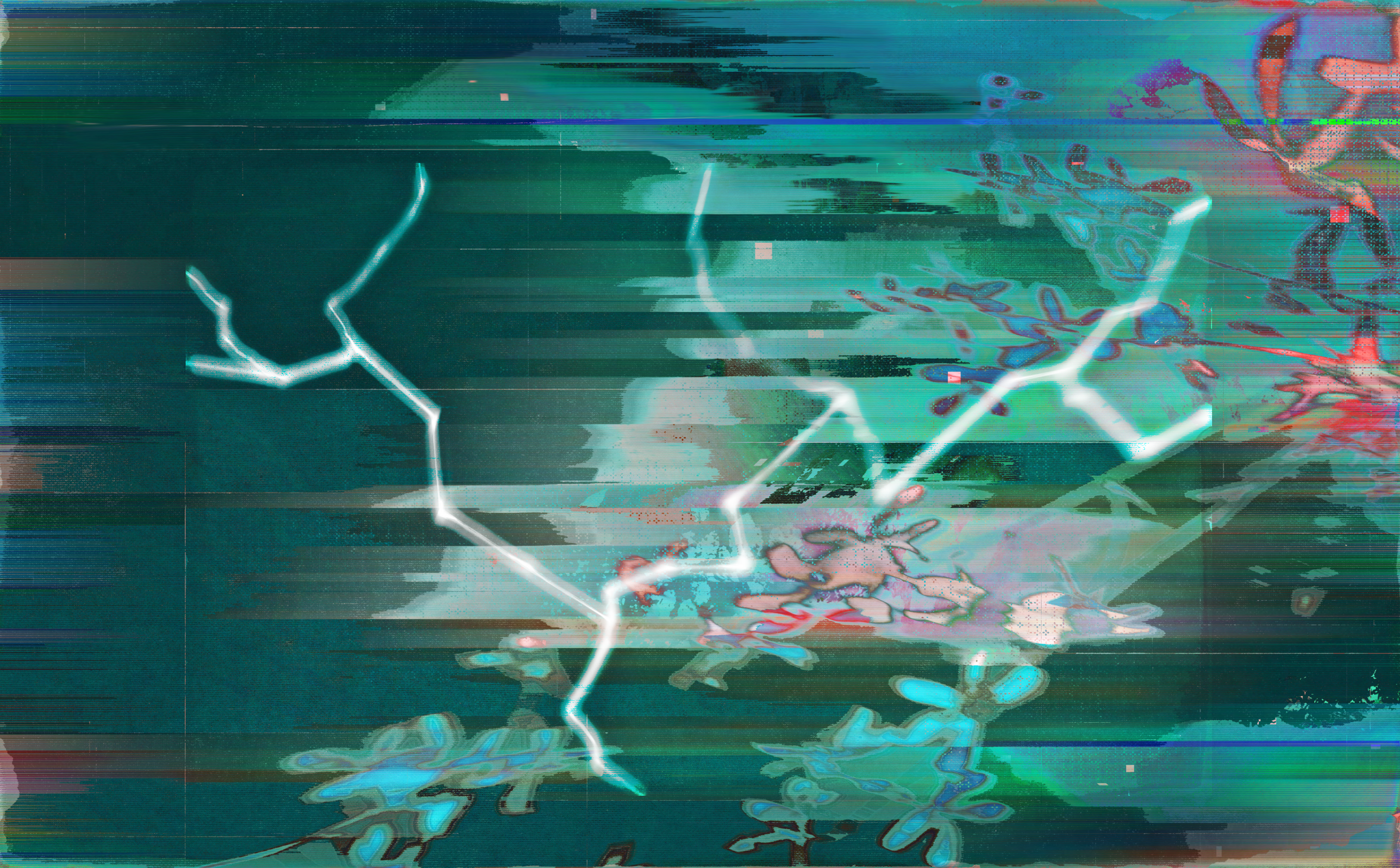
The moment my body breaks
through the agitated
facade
of the tempestuous
surface,
collision lingers
painfully,
and violent waters drown
my opposing resolve.

An imposing pressure thins

dims my trembling breath
it is crushing and
cruelly
unforgiving.

Tormented currents crash
and tear from above
vicious,
seeping through my skin and
soaking my bones
coldly.





my body breaks

facade

tempestuous

surface,

waters drown

pressure

trembling breath

crushing

cruelly

Tormented currents

vicious,

my skin and

bones

coldly.





The opaque,
overwhelming density,
obscures all light
from sight.

It takes
me under...



This oceanic mass of unruly waves, weigh down on me, it won't let me retaste the over-exposing clarity of surfacing...much like the mess of suffocating thoughts that tangle and scrape inside my skull...





feverishly echoing in this repetitive, dissonant orchestra.



weary limbs strain
to grasp the
increasingly
distorted radiance
that blazes from
above, and my senses
burn with the straining
persistence of this
fleeting attachment.
...

Restless moments
passed...my body
grew tired, and the
chaotic array of thoughts
that once saturated my
unconsolable nerves,
has now mostly subsided.
All that remains
is the pending,
dreadful, weight
of knowing, that I will
soon lose myself within
this lone immensity.

Sinking...
No end



This hard logic sits heavy on my chest, easing me further and further into the depths of this cold and dark infinity.

Soft remaining whispers of light flicker through the water, they tease and slightly burn at my growingly drowsy eyelids, pleading them to remain open.

But my body no longer responds

I no longer resist

I'll close my eyes.
...

How did I get here



But the wait drags

That storming torment of the
gelid surface has given away
as I sink...into a silent
eternity of gentle bluish
mist that stretches boundlessly
all around me.

This...is not quite the
harsh infinity I expected.
It envelops me in a deceivingly
cool embrace that numbs away
my disquiet...

A feeling I could almost
mistake for the warm
familiarity of a loving hug.

All the pressure eased away

The fate of drowning
is starting to seem distant,
too awfully cruel to belong
in this graceful reality.

The silence here feels tender. Soft.

No voice, not even mine, did I hear ever since I've fallen in this vivid slumber:

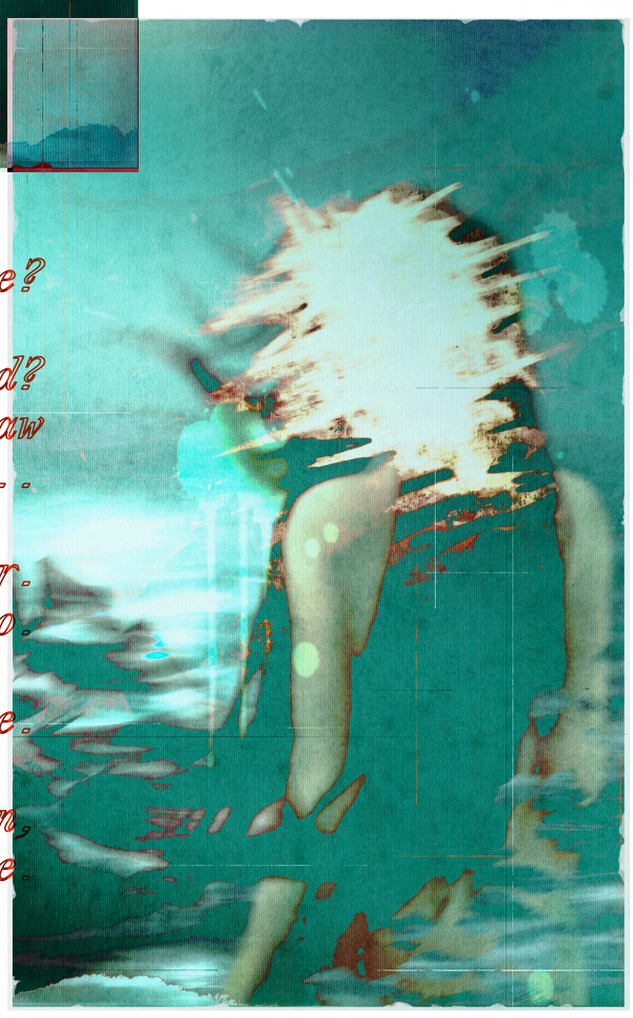
Softly the quiet murmur of flowing water, chirping birds, dancing leaves; distant tiles, a soft humming and wind-chimes clinking in the steady breeze. A melody alike that of nostalgia and dream, far too quiet to be perceived amidst the usual loud chaos above the surface.



Tension waves
off with ease.

I haven't
felt this
safe for
a long time,
yet, it's
welcoming
me back, like
it knows me.

I draw back
my hand that
had been
mindlessly
reaching
out to the
world I
left above.



What was I doing before?

Did I leave someone behind?
I could've sworn I saw
somebody on the surface...

It seems...I can't remember.
And I don't want to.

I feel good here.

I'll let myself remain,
for a while.

I've lost awareness...
time has become gradually distorted,
irrelevantly lost to the distance.

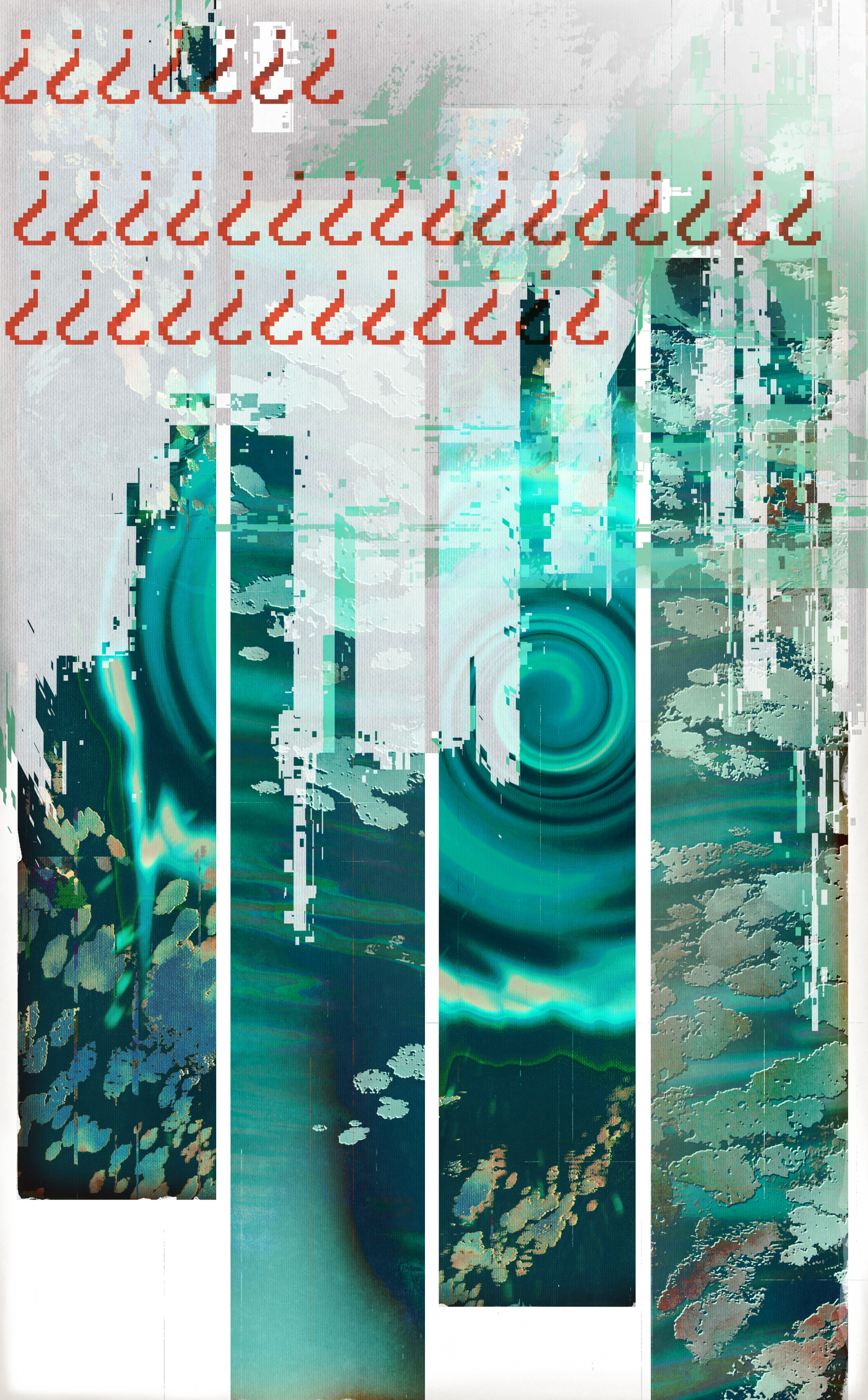
I've lost awareness...
time has become gradually distorted,
irrelevantly lost to the distance.

Wasn't there something
I shouldn't be forgetting?

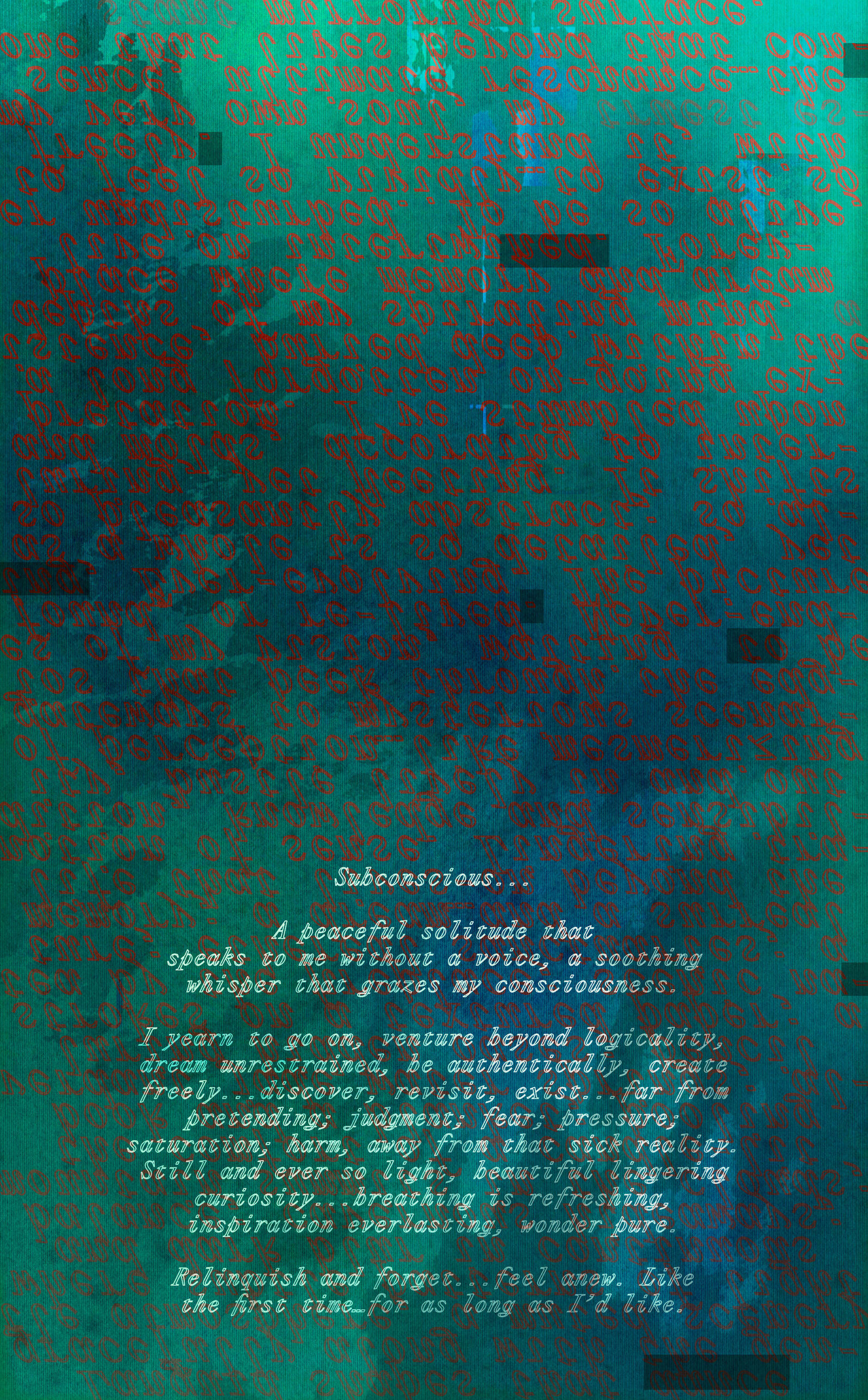

I've tried pushing it away...
the undisturbed embrace;
the soothing gloom; the quiet
melody of solitude and the easing
lightness that has graciously
welcomed me.
Yet, as I flow further through
the depths of this submerged abyss,
my very own soul has yielded to
the temptation of simply being.
Lulled in it's serene cadence,
merging with the peaceful eternity
of this untainted, gentle existence.

The longer I simply let myself be,
the more I feel my will weaving within
the soft fabric of this idyllic scenery.
Akin to a painting that exists beyond
comprehension... nostalgic, yet uncertain...
this ongoing narrative seems novel to
me, however, I know it by heart. I flow
alongside it, resonating seamlessly,
striding forward curiously as the
comfortable course never ceases
to intrigue.

I can see it all now.
In fragmented
glimpses-



The Fragments of Time



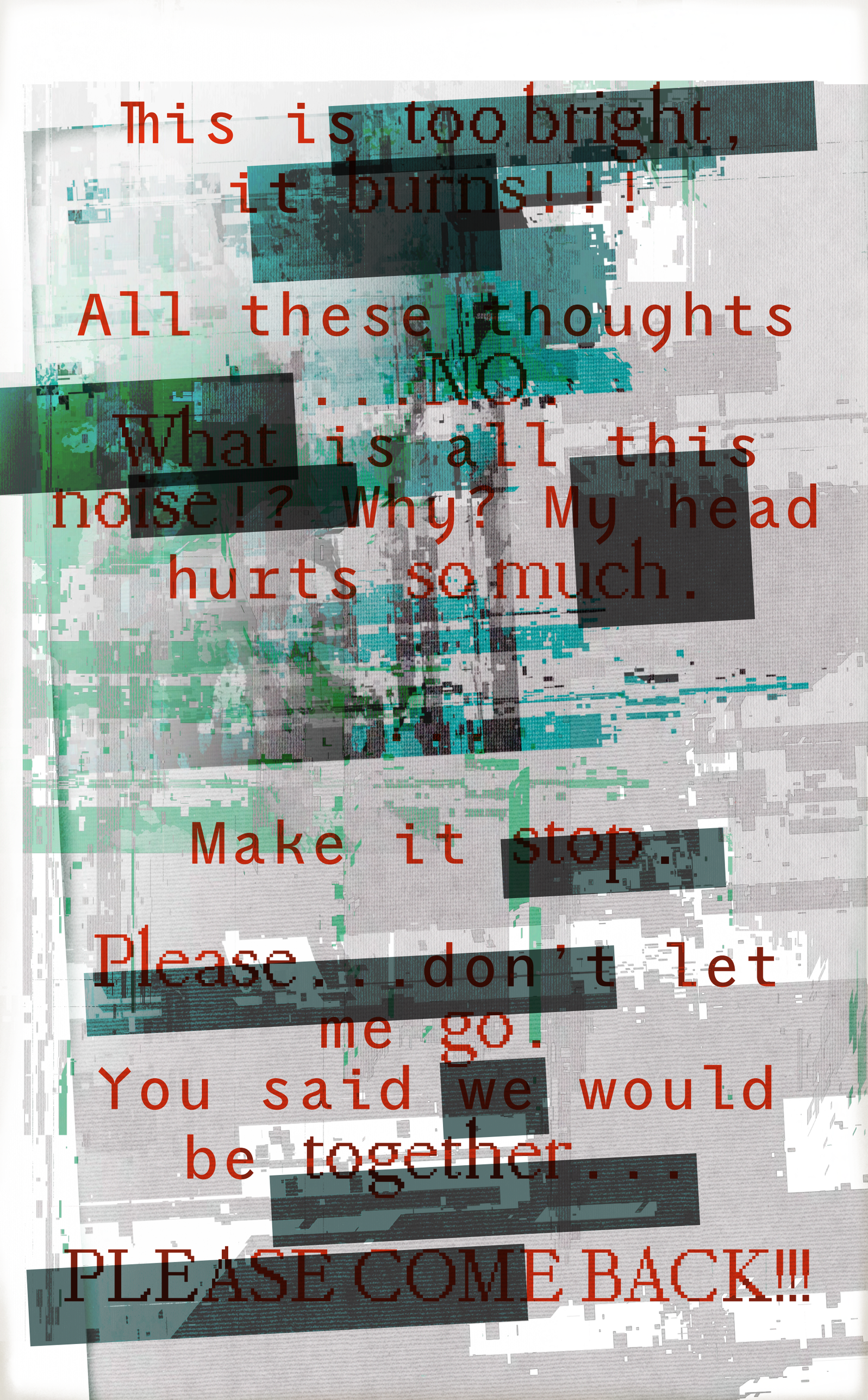
Subconscious...

A peaceful solitude that
speaks to me without a voice, a soothing
whisper that grazes my consciousness.

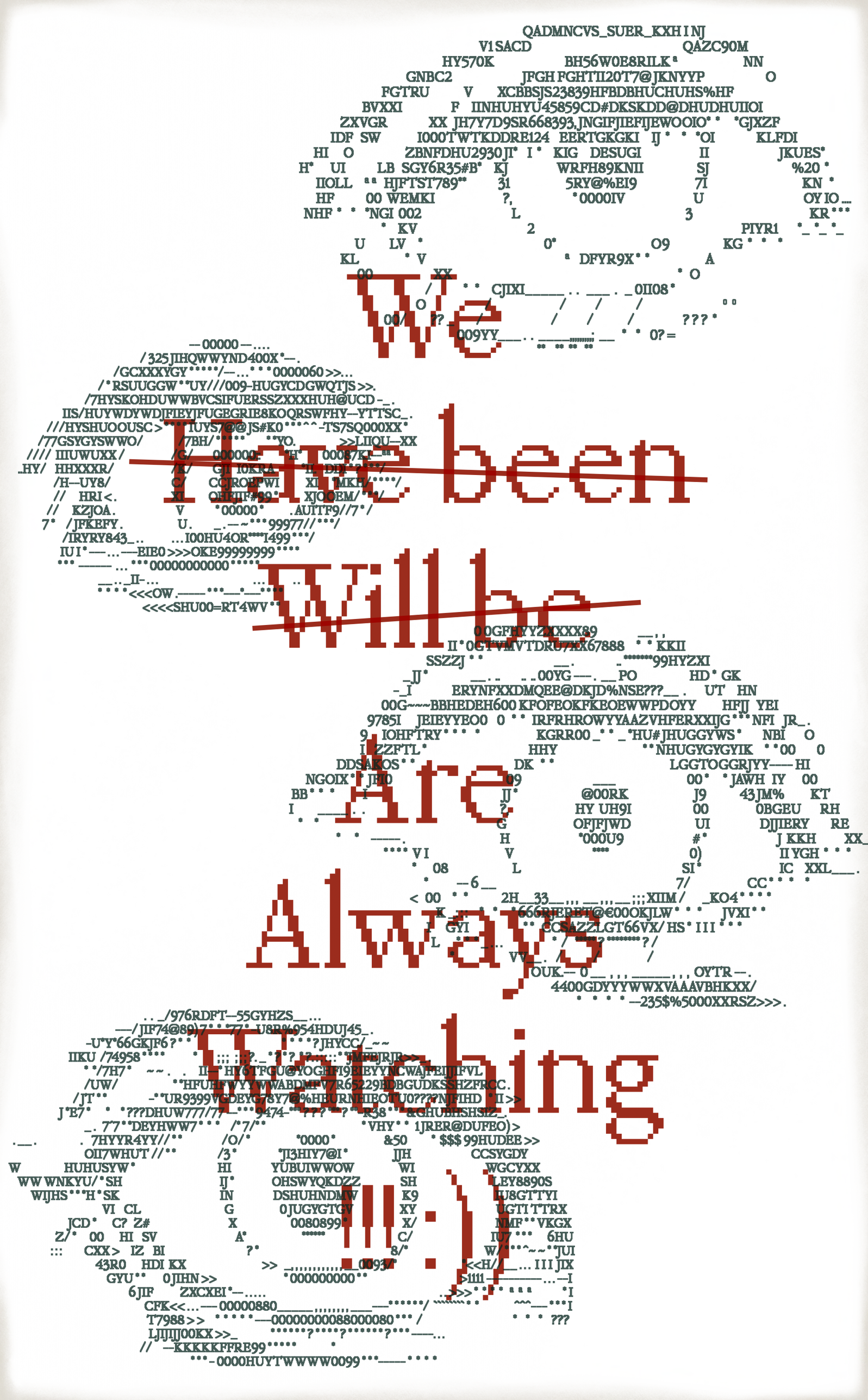
I yearn to go on, venture beyond logicality,
dream unrestrained, be authentically, create
freely...discover, revisit, exist...far from
pretending; judgment; fear; pressure;
saturation; harm, away from that sick reality.
Still and ever so light, beautiful lingering
curiosity...breathing is refreshing,
inspiration everlasting, wonder pure.

Relinquish and forget...feel anew. Like
the first time...for as long as I'd like.


All this light...
where is it coming from?
Didn't I get away?
I thought I made it out...
No...no. I can't go back.
???
??????
??????????????????
?????


This is too bright, it burns!!!
All these thoughts ...NO.
What is all this noise!? Why? My head hurts so much.
Make it stop.
Please...don't let me go.
You said we would be together...
PLEASE COME BACK!!!

“Are you even listening to me right now? I swear...your head is always in the clouds.” “Why are you so quiet? Are you shy or something? You should speak out more, you look ungrateful.” “This should be finished already. It ‘s unacceptable. You need to get this done urgently. There’s no time.” “Why are you always cooped up in here? Other people your age go out with their friends, why don’t you? There must be something wrong with you.” “Oh...right, sorry. I completely forgot to invite you. You can come with us next time if you want.”“Did you draw that? It ‘s nice, I guess. But why is that purple? It’s not supposed to be like that. Also, you forgot to finish this part.” “There’s more to life than your useless drawings and silly fantasies, you know.”“You’re falling behind everyone else. Again. Everyone has already done this but you. You’re too slow.”“What do you mean? No one was even laughing at you back there...you’re so paranoid all the time.”“Are you sure you want to wear that? Everyone will think you look stupid. You should try to fit in more.” “Why are you acting like that? You’re making me feel ashamed to be seen with you.”“If you continue behaving like that, no one’s ever gonna like you.”“Why are you crying? You’re so sensitive...”“Have you done what I asked you to?” “You never care. You’re too selfish.” “You’ve disappointed me.” “You need to pay attention.”“Just let it go!”“Hurry up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “Wake up!” “WAKE UP!” “WAKE UP!!!!!!!!!”


We
have been
will be
Are
Always
Thinking

Thursday Morning, First Lecture, 8:33 AM, Cloudy ☹

Today, I got up unsettled. The atmosphere is stuck
in the grayish hue before a storm, dull, much like
it was yesterday, as well as the day before that.

But as always, there's no rainfall to be expected.
The last time it rained was on a beautiful full moon
night, about a month ago. Something about that night
is still a mystery to me. I'm certain something happened,
but I just can't remember what.
I think it was something important.

Maybe, there's something this grey sky
has also forgotten about?

...

For now, I pace back and forth, outside the classroom's
closed door, hesitant.Overwhelming heat emerges from
within my breathless lungs, it then burns through my
restless limbs. I overhear conversation inside.
It makes me nervous.

I'm here exactly 33 minutes too late this time.
Yesterday it was just over 25 minutes,46 the day before
that. It has become a shameful routine, an obvious
admission from my lack of interest. I can already predict

the usual heavy silence and rigorously glued stares, once
I finally build up the courage to show my face in there.
The same judgemental expression one would give to an
intruder, the same one I've grown so accustomed to
receiving. Unpleasant tightness grips my anticipating
chest, arrhythmic heart pounds harshly,
my thoughts swarm uneasy...

What should I say?
Should I even speak?
No…that will only attract more attention.
I wish I was home, safe and by myself.
I should have stayed...I could go back. Right now.
Nonsense. I won't. I can't.
Someone's distant steps are approaching.

I can't overthink this forever.
I'll just have to go in.



I knocked, listened, and heard no response. The door
I passed through hits against the wall abruptly, my shoes
squeak painfully loud as I walk, head hanging lower than
it should...I mask a shiver. I barely dare to meet
everyone's glare. My lips curl up in a tentative smile,
and an unreciprocated, quiet, greeting escapes them before
I can think better of it. It hangs in the air uncomfortably.

"Why does she talk like that?
She walks weirdly."

Multiple chairs creak under the weight of bodies shifting,
pencils drop neglected, throats clear with straining coughs,
whispers weight down the palpably dense atmosphere.
The walking path to my lone seat has never seemed to drag
this long.

...

I made it. I dropped my belongings down atop a forgotten
desk in the back; right behind this one desk that has been
empty for a while now. I'm sure I saw someone sitting there,
only once. I think someone said the person who used to sit
here went missing. It happens more than one woudld think.
With nothing more interesting to focus on, I trace my pencil
on the wood surface of the table absentmindedly,my lazy
scribbles chase the familiar shape of a picture I've tried
drawing countless times before. But it's still unclear
even to m. I never seem to get it quite right. My notebook
is filled with incomplete and crossed-out sketches of it in
deep blue.

Drawing brings me an undeniable sense of peace.
Much like the sight from these fog stained windows.
I can see how outside these decrepit walls, pretty leafs
dance delicately along the gentle melody of flowing wind.
I can almost breathe in the refreshing freedom of its breezing
air, feel its embracing coolness graze my heated face. I spot
a slight figure walking amidst the falling petals. Barely real, she
strides calmly. Long and dark locks of hair sway behind her gently,
blending in with the peaceful scenery.

Briefly, in a glimpse, this picture...
it reminds me of something. That blue space.
A distant memory, or maybe it was a dream?
Who could she be ? I wonder...

Yet, that scenery is no more than a foolish illusion of
my desire. Inside this stuffy room, the air feels rather still,
here where I'm sitting by myself once more...like yesterday,
and the day before that. I never thought such an
overcrowded room could feel as empty as it is suffocating.

Briefly, □□ in a glimpse, □ □ this picture... □ □
it reminds me of something. That □□□□□□□□ blue space.
A distant memory, or maybe it was a dream?
Who □□ could she be? I wonder... □□□ □ □□□□ □□ □ □□
□□□□□□□ □□□□□□□□ □ □□

What did I see just now??



Undried hair clings to my shivering skin.
Droplets drip freezing down my spine,
they cling, uncomfortably damp against
heavy and dense layers of clothing.

Hot air dries my flaking skin.
Cold sweat coats my palms,
The repetitive, evenly paced clock
counts the mere minutes I've been in here.

Sharp white lights burn through the nerves
in my irritable eyes.Overlapping
conversations surround
me distantly.

My chest aches, breathing hurts.
My cheeks sting from that awkward smile
I didn't realize I was still holding onto.

This room feels tight.

I wish I could leave.
Try to find to that pretty blue space...

Thursday Afternoon, Lunch Break, 1:55 PM, Cloudy ☹

Loud chatter,
silverware in motion,
cutting, chewing,
chairs, tables
and dozens of footsteps
overlap within the constrained
walls of this saturated hall.

My vision feels clouded, a saturated reek of body odor and reheated food fills my nostrils. My hearing is consumed by the abruptly loud ambiance. Wherever I look, the space is occupied by either someone, someone's belongings, someone's friend, someone's voice, someone's smell...there's no space left for me here. Whoever's gaze I catch with my own betrays an encrypted emotion I can never fully decipher, and am much too afraid to ask about.But I've wondered about it to myselft before: if it's judgement, annoyance or maybe even fear?

"What's wrong with her? Why is she even here?"

It's that same look I've seen on others, the one they gave me whenever I dared to mention the likes of that beautiful blue space I tend to see in my daydreams, that makes me feel at home. So fleeting.

It's a hard expression to forget. I dread it most. A twisted face that contorts in questioning skepticism, like they don't quite want to believe in what I'm telling them, as if I were talking of something they would never ever think to personally address. Something forbidden in their eyes. Not many people seem to know of that space, from what I've seen. Or maybe they choose not to. Most of the ones that do, are quick to shut it down, ignore it and completely disregard it, until it disappears. No longer part of their reality.



I no longer ask anyone about it now, I've learned that it's for my best to stay quiet.

"You should focus more on the real world, where things actually matter. Stop daydreaming."

But I haven't given up on searching for it.
Each drawing I make is in hopes I can get closer to reliving that fleeting memory, or dream. And lately, for a month, I feel like I'm right on the edge of finding it. Constantly seeing its glimpses from the corners of my vision, hearing its quiet whisper luring me in, recollecting disconnected moments from its scattered fragments.

There is almost enough for me to piece it all together, but there's still something I just can't seem to remember. Even though I can feel it so close, in a way, it feels like it has never been further...

It's possible I've let my daydreams wander too far... I fear, I might have started to fade from this reality. For once, today no one comments anything about my demeanor, and at times, their gaze almost appears to pass right through my body...as if I didn't quite exist anymore.

I've heard someone saying that ignoring something, won't make it go away. I'm starting to think...that they may have been wrong. Or maybe, it's only a trick of the light...who knows. But still, I would much rather leave.

...

I finally found a small step on the floor to sit on, somewhat isolated, right outside the cafeteria's doors. There's only a couple more people here, and the rain surely won't be pouring anytime soon. As for right now, It's comfortable enough to stay and eat. As I unwrap my pre-packed lunch, surrounding ongoing conversation takes over my thoughts.

– “I’ve heard someone else fell victim to that terrible place... the Subconscious . It was that girl from our class...8th seat next to the window, about a month ago apparently. Something about her changed ever since she went there...

She was never one to talk much, but she always used to have this nervous fidgety smile on her face, that went along with her fidgety voice, and fidgety fingers alike. However, she seems awfully quiet these days, I barely even notice she’s there, if she even is there...

She’s always either drawing on a notebook, or staring off at something invisible in the distance, probably stuck in a delusion or something.”

–“Really? Subconscious... That giant blue lake that supposedly has no end? I thought they’d closed off that place years ago.

A bunch of people kept going there and falling in, almost like they were hypnotized by it or something. They always seemed to be lost in thought once they came back.

Also, whenever someone tried asking them about it, they would only have a weird distant smile on their face, and never seemed to be able to describe it in words.

Ultimately, they would stop talking, and just vanish alltogether.

It's kind of sad ☹ if you think about it... well, it's their own fault for going there in the first place. Eitherway, that girl was always pretty strange ⚠⚠ anyway!!!"

- "Is she really gonna disappear?? That's so scaryyyy!⚠ She's probably too traumatized to even talk by now.If that place is anything like what I've been hearing 👁, given that you somehow manage to make it through the stormy surface 🌊 🌊🌊🌊, then you'd have to face the immense pressure of the water as you sink 🌊 deep down 🌊!

You'd be crushed if you went too far🌊🌊🌊🌊🌊.

Also, it is freezing and incredibly dark in there, as well as impossibly lonely...at least aside from the weird underwater creatures

that could eat you whole. Just thinking about it makes me shiver⚠⚠⚠."

- "Yeah, I could never understand why some people even wanna go there in the first place. Why not just stay here? What else could you need? What could be down there that's so interesting for someone like them I wonder🌊...

hmmmm. Hey!! wanna go there and take a look 👁? Or worse, let's try to talk to her about it, before she's gone!!!"

- " Hey, stop it!! What if it's contagious? If she's contaminated by that place, she might even make us disappear along with her!!!"☺☺☺☺☺☺☺🌊☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺⚠ ☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺ ☺☺⚠☺☺☺☺☺☺☺ ☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺ 🌊☺☺☺ ⚠☺☺☺☺☹

An hilarious prospect it seems, by the way their echoing laughter bursted out right after that last sentence.

But it fades off into the distance. Something else is on my mind now.

...Subconscious?

Is that what they call it? Could it be? Could it be *that* place? Just now, what they described seemed to be a remote, dangerous and even dreadful scenery…yet, if anything, that explanation felt nothing short, nothing more than superficial...because that's precisely what it is:

an image captured from the outside, ultimately distorted by the filtering opacity of an ignorant surface. Those speculative adjectives could not feel any further from what *I know that place to feel...to be like.* I could be wrong. Could I have misremembered? In truth, I don't actually recall ever going there. I was never all that adventurous to start with... or at least, not enough to the point where I would consciously seek to throw myself into a bottomless blue hole. But then, why does it sound so familiar?

Silent blue infinity ...

like part of me has been there,

seen it, felt it??

They mentioned a girl...8th seat next to the window.
Is that the empty desk in front of me? Is she the one
I saw sitting there that one time? Maybe I should find her...
Maybe she knows more about that place...Maybe she could
show me how to find it? I've sat behind her in class,
but I've never actually spoken to her, or even seen
her face really.

Now that I think about it, I can't actually remember ever
seeing her on her desk ever since that one time a month ago,
but somehow, I know she sits there. In a way, I feel like she
has always been there. I feel her presence lingering nearby
often. She appears to be close, yet so far...like a memory...
or maybe even a dream. It may well just be my imagination,
but she seems to be a little less distant these days.

Where does she go off to I wonder?

What does she see that I don't?



Thursday Afternoon, Second Lecture, 2:28 PM, Cloudy ☹

Somehow, when walking the busy halls, it feels like time slows down even more than when I'm just sitting in class, trying to find an available seat in the food hall, or even riding the train home. Suddenly, I become aware, far too aware of my body, my movements, my thoughts. Did I misstep? Are my clothes misplaced? Is my hair okay? As it always is, being seen becomes a fear, as well as seeing someone I wished not to see, also becomes one. It's almost irrational, just almost, But not enough.

"□□□□ is al□□ys □l□ne □□□□no one c□res en□□gh t□ be her frie□d."

When everyone's watching, that's when I feel the most excluded. When walking by myself, not talking, not having anyone waiting for me, feels the most shameful. But right now, as I rush amidst the dense crowd, It almost feels natural. Not easy, but not quite as menacing as it once did. If just for today, I'm the only person thinking. For a brief second, I think I hear the small whisper of someone calling for me...and for once, I raise my head to search for where it came from.

...

I find myself inside an empty bathroom, an unusual occurrence. I can still hear all sorts of overlapping noises from outside, but somehow, this remote division feels like a separate dimension, more alive than the rest. The lights are off, the space is solely lit by the natural daylight that emanates from the open window. A soft breeze runs, it echoes against the tiled walls, the mirrors glisten as tree branches outside play with the luminance and rhythmic water droplets fall steadily from a rusty tap.

I slowly approach one of the mirrors, thoughtlessly fixing my hair from a distance…for a split second, the space warps, I'm immersed in an illusion and it appears as if my face is falling, breaking off peace by peace like a porcelain sculpture until I'm left with no visible features. There's solely two dips in place of my eye sockets and a slight raise where my nose would be. Somehow, this plain visage contains expression, enabling it to convey [illegible]

The Space Shuttle Challenger Disaster

Broadcast Reporting

Live coverage of the launch and explosion

Public Response

Reactions from viewers and communities

Media Impact

How the disaster changed news coverage

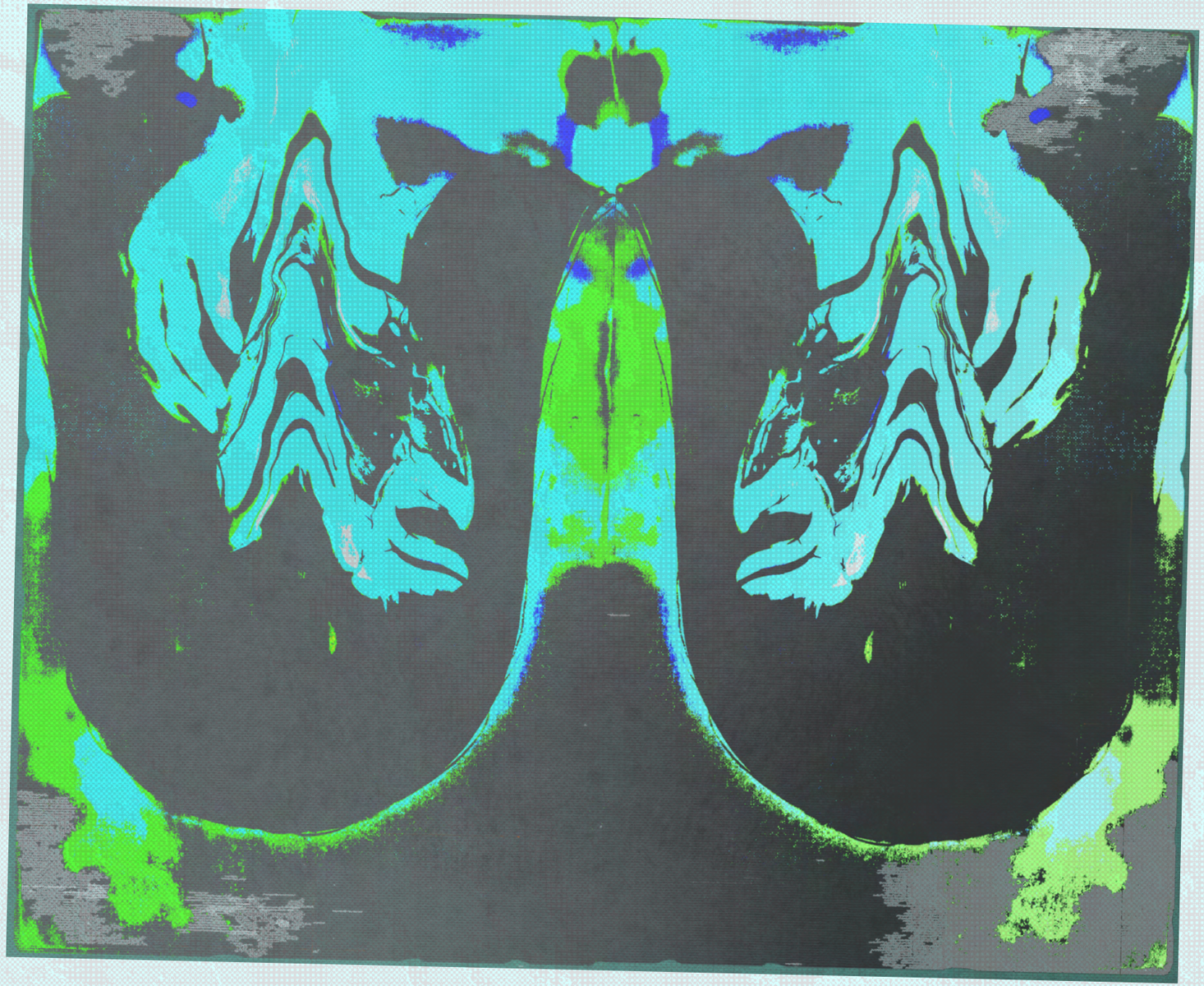
The Launch 1
Broadcast Reporting 2
Live coverage of the launch and explosion 2
Public Response 3
Reactions from viewers and communities 3
Media Impact 4
How the disaster changed news coverage 4

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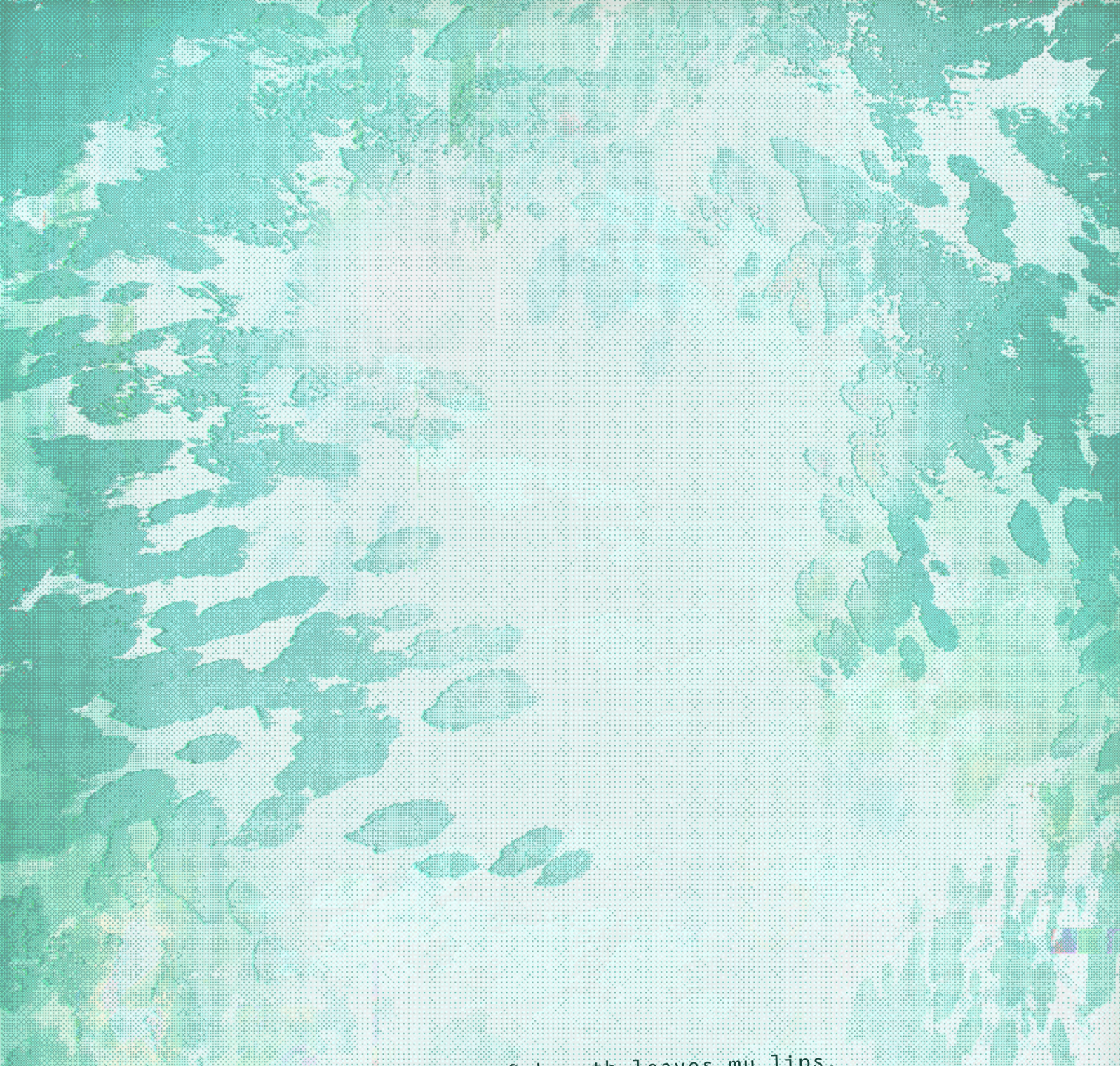
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two dips in place of my eye
sockets, and a slight raise
where my nose would be.
Somehow, it feels like
this plain visage contains
expression, endless
emotions that it's trying
to convey wordlessly...







Re-Me2-Me



But I blink, and it's gone. A soft breath leaves my lips. My face, and the space inside the bathroom are back to normal, but that sight left an impression...*a lingering sensation that tugs at my consciousness.* I'm just about to recollect something, but whatever it is, keeps hiding in the blurred edges of my vision...almost playful. It feels like whatever that thing was, it was it that called me here. It wasn't scary. Seeing that daydream felt strangely nostalgic, like revisiting someone I cherished after a long time of being apart. I lift a hand to try and reach after that face that's no longer in sight, but before my anticipating fingertips come in contact with the mirroring glass, all the lights turn on, footsteps and laughter approach.

"????? ??? ?????? ?????????."

I'm reminded that I have a class to attend.

Thursday Afternoon , Rush Hour, 6:49 PM, Cloudy ☹

I rushed to catch the last train right after afternoon class ended.
I can't remember anything we talked about during those dreadful
4 hours, or the whole day really. I can't recall yesterday either...
it seems I lost myself in my sketches again. I'm standing here now,
drenched in sweat, breathing heavy as my hands grasp a fingerprint
grazed pole to keep myself steady. My body is stuffed between others,
a dense layer of backs, arms and heads stand between me and the sight
from the windows. The last rays of daylight shine on the reflection of
people's glossy eyes: grey, plain and very dry...it's not raining yet.

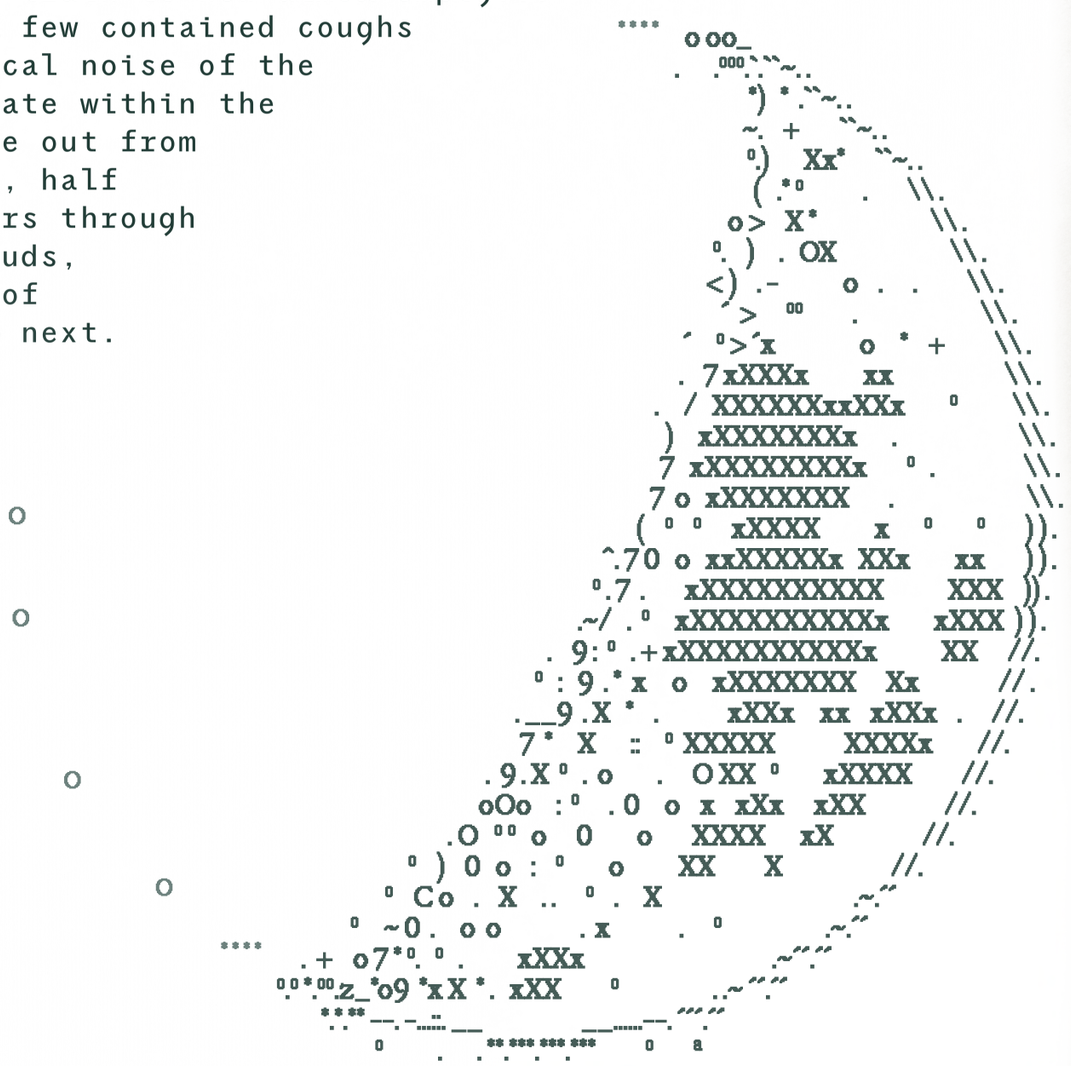
– "?????????."

Bored, I gaze upwards past the wall of towering passengers
that surround me, towards the sharp white light that blazes from
the metal ceiling. The bright overexposure burns my sight, and I shut
my eyes tightly. Funny shapes dance on my lids in the dark, like
remnant flaring whispers from the light...for a brief moment, reality
gives away. I find my thoughts going back to that girl, the one from
the 8th seat by the window. Once again, today I found her seat empty...

but her chair was still slightly misplaced, leaning to the left; fresh
graphite scribbles still adorned the surface of her desk; and some
strands of her long black hair still clung to the back of her seat.
Each time I actively look for her, I always get this feeling...
like I'm just barely missing her. Sometimes, I could swear I've
seen her somewhere else...so close to me. But I just can't remember.

...

I must've spaced out for longer than I realized.
The previously crowded train is now almost empty...
only distant voices, a few contained coughs
and the steady mechanical noise of the
ongoing engine, resonate within the
space. I can fully see out from
the window now: timid, half
visible, moonlight peers through
the solid-looking clouds,
there's still no signs of
rain and my stop is up next.



Thursday Night, Walk “Home”, 8:11 PM, Cloudy ☹

My section of the fridge back at the apartment is nearly empty.I pass by the store to buy something for dinner, as I’ve been doing everyday for the past few days. Cooking in no longer feels the same as it once did. The convenience place is brightly lit, it contrasts with the darkening sky outside. Groups of friends talk loudly as they pass by me in the aisle, some of them bump against me carelessly, not an apologetic glance in sight. It’s not worth hovering over. The shelves barely have anything left, I’ll just grab something and leave.

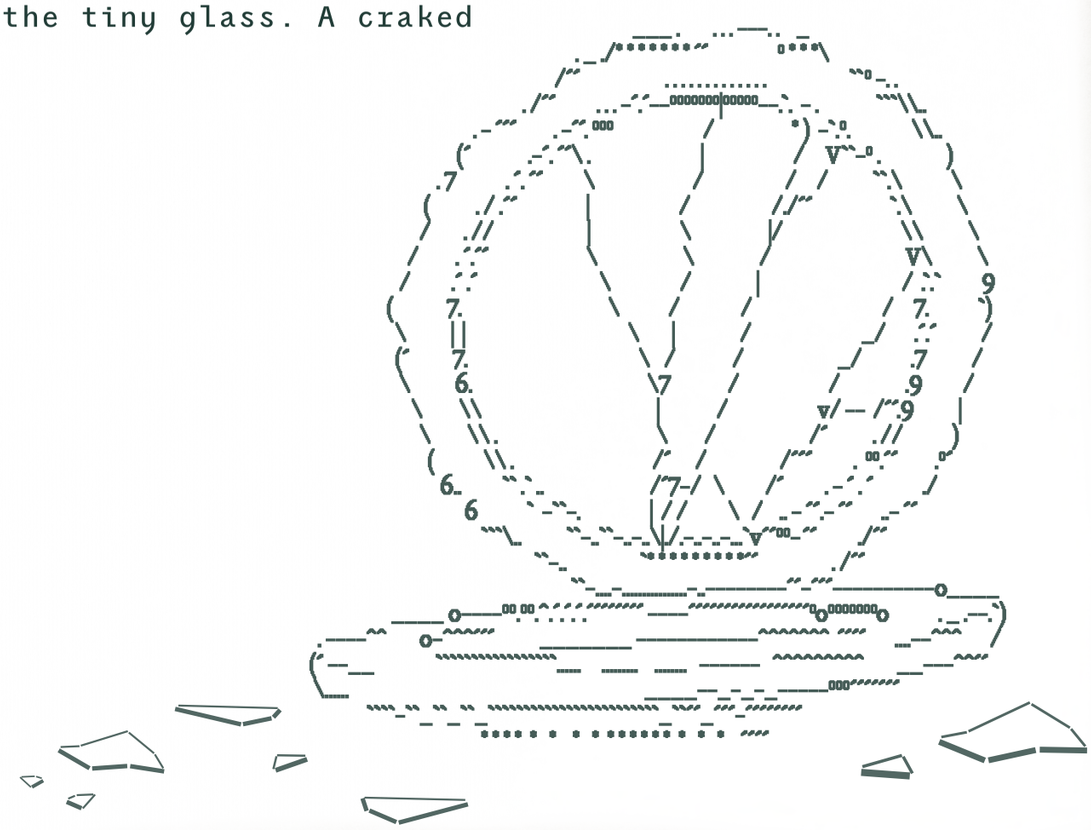
...

I continue walking further down the street. I pass by a usual display, pretty watercolour paintings stare at me in the dark through the glass, expept now they’re all covered in dust. This store used to belong to an old man, an artist. There was a time when he would sit and paint here for hours, late into the night. Sometimes, amidst insomniac deliriums, I would sit on a bench on the opposite side of the street, and just watch as he created. Like a warm heartbeat, each spot his brush covered in ink became alive...and in those moments, that small corner held more significance than the whole world. He was quiet,but always smiled whenever someone stepped in the store to admire his paintings. And so they did for a while...until everyone stopped coming. They forgot about him. And then, he too, stopped showing. His paintings have remained untouched since. Did he disappear too?

...

I’ve been lost in thought, staring fixedly at the ground as I walk, the bag in my hand swaying against my leg repeatedly as I move. Recognizable steps snap me out of my musing. I reach into the bag to search for my keys, only to let it all fall by accident. I collect my scattered belongings from the ground: a hairbrush; a wrinkled group photo from the past; a pair of earphones; colored pencils; a handmade keychain and... a compact mirror. Oh...it’s broken. My fragmented reflection sits inside the tiny glass. A craked porcelain face.

Where have I seen this before ?



Where Have I Seen This Before?

Thursday Night, Dinner Time, 9:04 PM, Cloudy ☹

It seems everyone is busy today. My roommate barely spared me a glance when I got to our shared apartment, apparently too concentrated on whatever consuming task he's working on. Our other roommate is locked in her room, chatting loudly with someone on the phone. Not an abnormal scenario within the context of recent events. The atmosphere around here feels stale nowadays...as if unsaid thoughts have been weighing down their minds. Lingering. Their gaze almost seems pensive, yet, both of them pass me by and never say a word. I've been seeing them less and less as time goes by, but the signs of them living their everyday normality are still imprinted all around my surroundings. Almost unchanged. Mocking.

The kitchen feels desolate, sterile, under these unblinking white lights. It makes me reminisce the times where the three of us would cook warm meals together and eat them over dim lighting, board games and mundane chatter. But memories like that feel distant now; after all, it's been a month since they've stopped happening completely.

I take my microwaved food back to my room. I step around the accumulated stack of mail that has been left outside my door, they're all just meaningless pieces of paper: adds, last month's unpayed appliances, my university's requests for me to come in for an appearence. As if I don't spend amost every single day of my life stuck in there. As if I were missing.

I've just left them pile up in a corner. A single sigh escapes my lips. The tiredness from another dense, bland day almost makes me sink right down to the floor. I sit on my wood chair instead. Is there an escape from routine? From demmand? Another sigh. Now that I think about it, calls from back home, have also gradually stopped coming...and I can't seem to reach out to them either...my messages are always left unanswered. It's been a while since I've talked to anyone. Sometimes, I wonder if I've isolted myself too much, maybe, this pursuit for something surreal, was all just an excuse for me to run away and forget the origins of my existence. Am I loosing myself? One more sigh.

Sad, is probably how I should feel. Maybe confused or guilty? In a way I do. Yet, as their voices grow distant, and their all their faces become less clear...that nagging, pestering, tormenting light that always seems to make everything so painfully loud and clear...also grows dimmer. I could become accustomed to the calm within this quiet darkness...it feels intriguing, intoxicating even, to navigate in it's underexposed gloom, not knowing what I'll find in it...so safe and familiar, so free and almost ethereal. I find myself leaning into its comforting, refreshing embrace. Maybe, I wouldn't mind living in this dellusion forever.

What am I still holding on to?



A painful flash of heat burns the skin in my hands. Hot steam radiates from the bowl of food I'm still holding on to. I probably left it to boil for too long. The light is flickering again, I should probably get that lamp fixed.

But not today. Today I need to catch up with the work I missed. I stifle the yawn that threatens to escape.

Sleepless nights are all I've known for the past month. Daydreams have become more frequent instead. Outside the small window to my right, the cobble-stoned floor from the street remains dull and dry, yet to be touched by the glistening rain that just won't come.

Friday????, ??????AM, Cloudy??

I've spent hours staring at a nearly blank sheet of paper. The few coherent words I tried to write down on it stopped making sense long ago or maybe they never did. From the other windows outside, the lights have gradually been turning off one by one and the noise of chatter from the rooms next to mine has died down as the night became darker.

It's silent now, so quiet that I can almost hear the underlying murmur of a familiar tone, a melody that calls my name from deep my within my very own skin. The enveloping drowsiness weighs down on my eyes , inviting them to close

I can *alm*ost t*as*te *the* fee*l*i*n*g of rest, s*top*pi*n*g, the *n*umb*i*ng stil*l*ness of *s*l*e*ep ...
but my body just won't give into it.

My hand moves before I can even think about it, it traces feverishly, seeking after an invisible shape, a blurred picture I cannot seem to comprehend.

The blue pencil that I'm gripping glides against the paper repeatedly, a few rips start to break on its now saturated surface . It feels like someone is guiding my hand for me, someone who's trying to show me something. I can only sit back and let whatever it is take over...

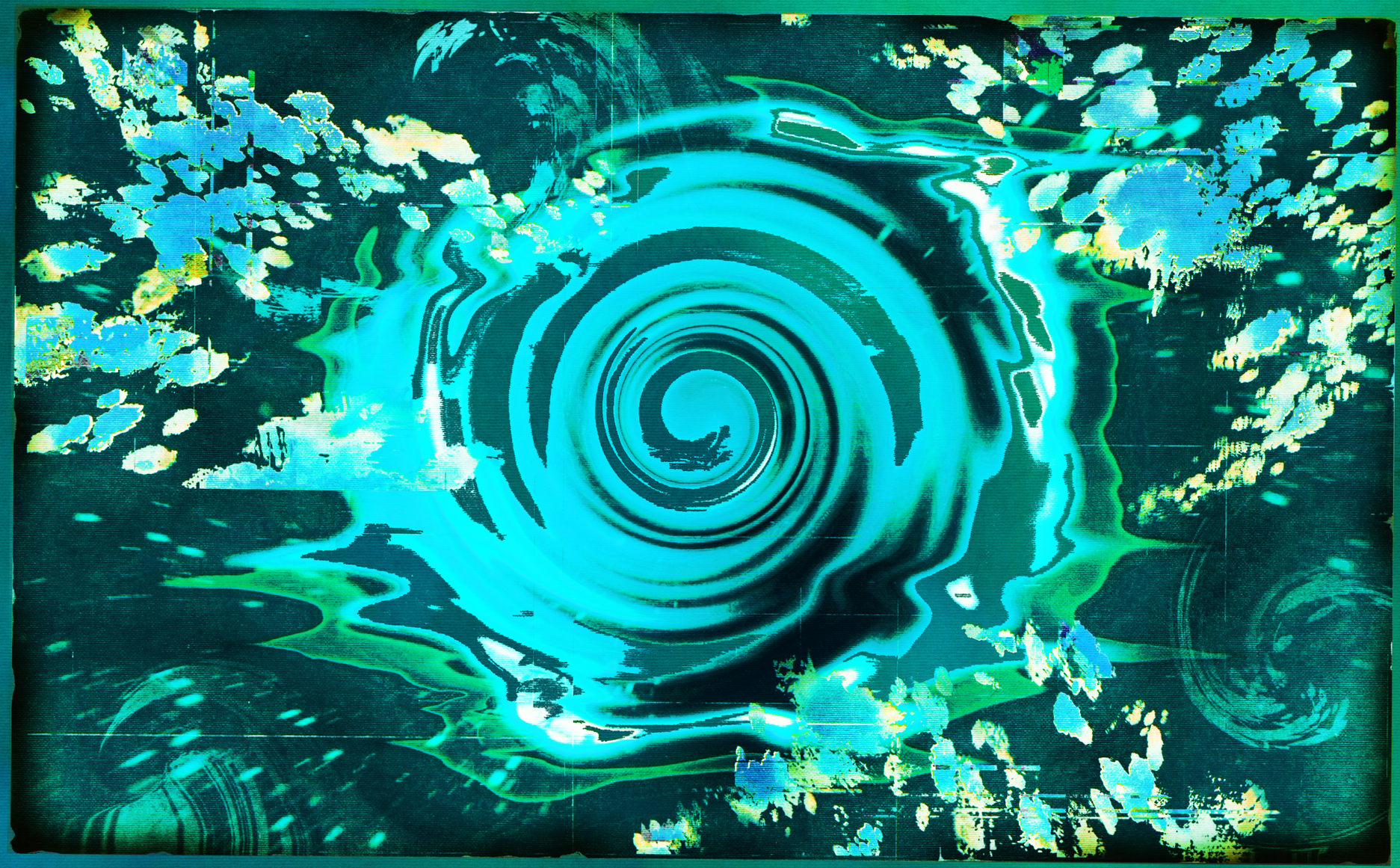
After what seems like a long while, my hand lets go of the pencil, or the tiny bit of what's left of it. My fingers shake slightly as they draw back slowly, away from the paper. A clear picture has formed now... it shows a concentration of deep blue strokes, they spiral together into a familiar shapeone I've been seeking. Like a bottomless abyss, so desolate... yet so full of life...it's pulling me closer and I can't look away. I almost want to drown in it. My hand is being held up once again, supringly delicately. It's being tugged towards the dark water

My whole body is moving after it....*I can't I can't go back I can't think... anymore.....I.....*

Where

am

I



Silent

Blue

Infinity

It's raining.
There are waves crashing nearby.

A slight figure,
long, flowing, black hair,
back turned,
she stands near the edge...
of a precipice.

She turns around slowly,
she has no face.
What is she hiding?
What comes after the precipice?
I can't step any closer.

Is she... falling!?

Friday Morning, First Lecture 8.00AM, Cloudy ☹

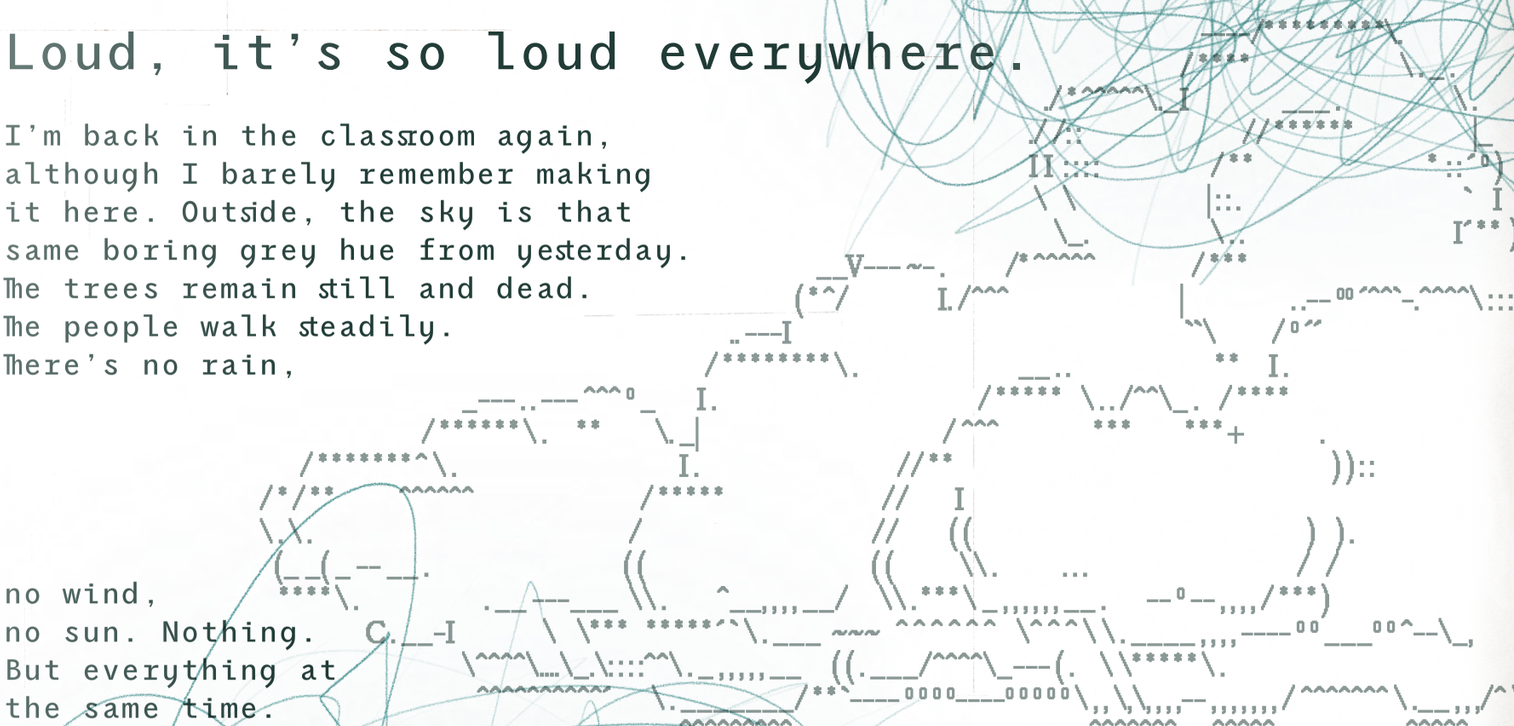
Wasn't I asleep just now?
Wasn't there something important I was
supposed to remember?

I had a dream or maybe it was more of a memory.
I heard it calling me. I felt the rain on my
skin. I almost saw it, I reached out to touch it...
but I couldn't. I couldn't see her face. It had
been so long since I slept...

But it's gone now, I think.

Loud, it's so loud everywhere.

I'm back in the classroom again,
although I barely remember making
it here. Outside, the sky is that
same boring grey hue from yesterday.
The trees remain still and dead.
The people walk steadily.
There's no rain,



no wind,
no sun. Nothing.
But everything at
the same time.

It's too bright, too loud,
too hot, too real it almost hurts.
It's the same day, everyday.
I don't know how much more of this
I can take.

I'm surely awake now. Those two people from lunch-time yesterday are here, my roommates are also here... Everyone's here, their faces, cramped in this room, except for her...again. Solely her empty desk stands in between me and everyone else. Solely the fresh drawings in deep blue she left behind, keep me distracted from what is being said in this class. Solely her gentle hand and feature-less smiling gaze wash my consciousness away, far from this reality.

But only until I'm brought back. The teacher's voice resonates in the far-end of the room, in the midst of blurry sentences, one clear word keeps getting repeated, Subconscious. The room's atmosphere has shifted, everyone's head is now turned, sneaking glances at me...no, they're not looking at me, but rather at the empty seat in front of me.

The teacher goes on. He looks agitated.



- “I’m saying this to you as a precaution ⚠⚠. As you should know, that *blue hole* is highly dangerous ⚠⚠⚠

Why does that name sound so familiar?
Why is no one saying anything?
Why are they just turning back around as if nothing matters anymore?
Will they always just believe whatever anyone tells them?
No thoughts? No questions? When there's more beyond the surface.
They don't know the peace, the comfort, the freedom.
They're blind to it. Always conditioned to never look the other way.

I need to say something. I almost forgot that I could.
It's been a long time since I've heard my own voice.

_ "　　"...I don't understand. You know nothing of her...of the Subconscious. That girl...she IS here. She always has been.

DO YOU NOT SEE?
DO YOU NOT SEE?
DO YOU NOT SEE?
DO YOU NOT SEE?
DO YOU NOT SEE?
DO YOU NOT SEE?

But the usual shifting, coughs and chatter continues. How come no one even looked back at me? Why won't anyone listen, anyone at all? Do I...really not exist to them anymore?

Right…it seems reality itself is rejecting my existence, just as I rejected it for so long. But then, why does it still feel so real to me? to my body? What's the point?

Why can I feel the pain of sleepless hours burn my eyes? Why do my pores raise as I shiver? Why does my skin turn red when I blush? Why does my heart beat fast when I run? Why do all these thoughts keep me awake at night?

How can I let go?

I sat, waited and watched. For a while. With my raging thoughts. Suddenly fully emerged in the saturated surroundings I usually so desperately try to distance myself from. All my conscious life, I've tried to slip right past other people's awareness. I've remained as small, as still, as quiet as this reality would allow me...I tried to erase all traces of my existence outside of my own mind, just so they wouldn't perceive me, so that I could be free. Maybe then, I could finally try to follow that one whispering sensation that I always heard calling for me, inviting me to escape. And so I wanted to. But people always did see me regardless; I couldn't fully evade their attentive stares, questions, opinions, expectations...

they always found a way to keep me locked in here. I never got the chance to find my way to the one place, where I knew I could hide indefinitely. And I've tried to find it...so many times.

Did I take it too far?

But things have changed now. No one's watching me any longer. The clock ticks steadily, the time goes by agonizingly slow, I exist more loud and clear now, than I ever have, right in the middle of this very real room, along with everyone. But they won't spare me a single glance.

Something did change a month ago. Something happened. I can't remember what it was, but I know it did. And I also know, it all started when she appeared, the one girl from te 8th seat next to the window. It's faint, but I can hear that calling again now. It pulsates softly, like a warm heartbeat, like a welcoming home. Soft wind escapes through the barely open gap in the window aside the desk in front of me. It lifts the ends of my long hair gently.

I've got to chase this feeling.

.Silent.Blue.Infinity.
.Silent.Blue.Infinity.
.Silent.Blue.Infinity.

Friday Afternoon, Second Lecture, 2:38 PM, Cloudy ☹

Classes aren't over yet, but I couldn't stay there and wait any longer. I needed to escape. I need to remember. I need to find that girl. That place. And so, I followed that murmur, whispering in my head so quietly, I barely heard it. It was such a familiar feeling. Safe. Free. Calm.

Silent

Blue

Infinity

I followed after it blindly, ran through busy halls and streets, forests...thoughtlessly maneuvered around everyone and everything until I got here. Deep down, I knew i didn't matter which way I went, I would find it regardlessly. This isn't that same reality it used to be. Now, the wind feels cool against my closed eyes, it ruffles my clothes, tickles my skin as it breezes by. It brings along the smell of salt water, blooming flowers and earthy grass. I hear the waves crashing nearby. There's humidity in the air.

I feel like it's almost time for something.

I'm nearly on the edge of seeing. Revisiting.

I've felt this feeling before.

I finally open my eyes.

Here it is. The Blue Hole, in a body of water that isn't quite an ocean, a lagoon, a pond, a river, a spring... It changes each time I look, it could be all of them at the same time.It exists right here, at the bottom of a precipice. It's the very same I've seen in my dreams ever since I can remember; the very same I've been trying to picture in my drawings; the very same I've been trying to find for all this time. I've walked down this path in the past, but this wasn't here then. Impressive, but odd. I can't help but notice how it looks different from what I imagined. My thoughts wander off to the that sensation of absolute peace that I felt, so deep within my soul. How gentle that soft gloom was, how effortless my existence felt. Somehow, the sight I have before me now, doesn't reflect that.

It almost looks too real. It's immense, intimidating, and even more unreachable than ever I anticipated. That grey, disturbed surface looks angry, unstable, dangerous even. It would surely consume me if I dared dive in it. Just the staggering fall from where I'm standing, down to where the disrupted surface breaks, would be enough to break every bone in my body.

This can't be right.

I can't hear the soft calling that brought me here anymore. The oceanic breeze has stopped, the humidity is gone and the waves seem much heavier than before.

Something is missing.

I step away from the edge. Somewhat scared the sight might just disappear, I hesitantly turn away from it briefly to search for something. My notebook is halfway out of the bag that I dropped on the ground when I got here. I flip through hundreds of drawings I made over the years, not a single one the same as another. However, they all share something...it's hard to place.

I need to find out what it is.

I hold the last page I drew at eye level, I look back and forth between it and the actual sight. I won't go back to that classroom, or that house. I won't keep living that dreamless life. There's a home for me beyond this surface, the only one. I'll do anything to reach it, even if it takes letting go of every real thing I've ever known.

Wait for me.

...

I can't tell how long it has been since I've been here. Time no longer weighs me down. I've seen day and I've seen night, rise and fall, time and time. I've drawn, I've searched, I've waited. Filled page after page... until there were no more left.

Until my pencils wore down in my hands. I've paced, pondered and let my thoughts wonder, repeat and burn, over and over, so much I barely have them anymore. My body has sat, endured, stayed so still for so long, I can no longer feel the heat, the cold, pain, hunger, or anything at all. No one has come looking for me, no voices and no faces, just me and this place. Maybe, it's time to forget.

And I was starting to forget. To slowly let go. My consciousness has been slipping. I believe I've begun to disappear. Or have my hands always been transparent like this? Have I always been able to see through my fingers? My bones? Or is my skin giving away?

Am I?

Is this what I asked for?

...

...

...

...

```
                                                
```


...
...
Wasn't there someone I was supposed to remember?
...
Monday,
...
Fight,
...
Rainy,
...
Hmm?



What is this?

I feel something. Something wet.
A little cold.

I can't see well.

Water?

Is this...? Is it rain?
Is it raining?

I open my eyes.

It's raining. It is finally raining.
And how amazing it feels. I missed it.
I can't help but laugh. I forgot I could
do that. I can feel this rain, with more
than just my body. I feel it in my soul.
I can move, and reach out for more of it.
I can dance under it. Drink it if I want.

And so I do.

It's so fresh, so sweet, so nostalgic.
I'll do this for as long as I want to.
Or at least until the sky is clear.
And now it is.

There's the full moon.
It's light is blue, and soft, glistening.
Everything is gentler under it.
Pleasantly ethereal.

Something twinkles in its glow from below.
It's a small puddle from the rain. There's
something on it. The reflection of a girl.
Long black hair, porcelain skin...
and no face. She looks familiar.

Is that... me?


"S ca a"
"Sencara"
-My name?
"That is our name."
I know this murmur, this quiet whisper.
It's coming from "my" reflection.
-It's you, isn't it? the girl from the 8th window seat, You're finally here...I've been looking all over trying to find you. Where have you been? Where did you go? You stopped showing...
The girl in the reflection tilts her head to the side, her shoulder raises slightly, as if questioning. Although she has no lips, no eyes, nose or eyebrows, somehow, an expression has never felt so clear.
"I've always been here, with you. Never left."
I know she's holding a smile.
- But then...why can I see you now, as if you were real? What changed?
"The full moon has returned once again...the sky has cleared...a concealed memory reappeared. The mirroring face has been broken. All we need to do, is dive in."

"I am Sence. Who are you?"

The confusion must be visible on my face, because there's a soft silence that follows. I think and the girl is no longer mirrored. I'm the one who's there. The one who's the burdle. I'm the one who's there now, my own eyes stare back at me. I forgot I had one.

my mouth is open, my face. I'm your voice. I'm your reflection, the I. I'm your reflection, but I'm my own.

She's a girl of ghostly hands as she reaches out, like a soft touch that isn't quite there. I'm the depths of my mind.

it's the depths of the faceless girl behind me.

The rejected trail of the faceless girl appears behind me, a lonely with her hands as she reaches out, like a soft touch that isn't quite there. I'm the depths of my mind.

"Can't you see?"

Her hands tap on my shoulders. Light and quick. "Can't you see?"

Their voices are slowly, to cover my vision goes dark.

goes dark.

smell a hint of salt and grass. The

with a finger. The sheet

the aroma of salt and grass soft

breeze on my face. I'm

and an unfamiliar

sensation of

I can't

melody I couldn't

whisper of nothing more, and

vision returns. She

of my face as she fades to

When my face is

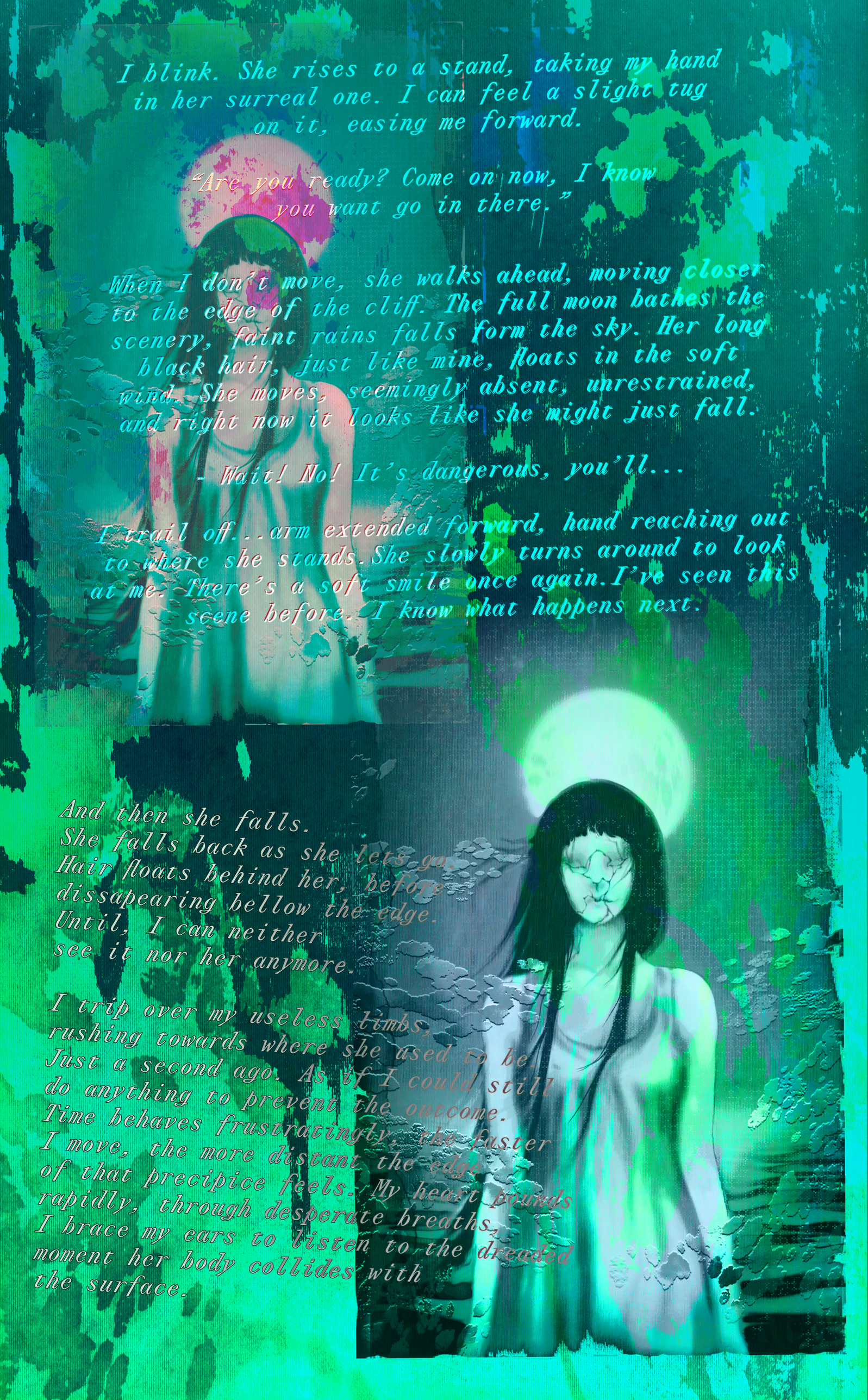
come along with the flowing

ear with another. The

She cups my nose once

can't you see?"

Who are you?



I blink. She rises to a stand, taking my hand in her surreal one. I can feel a slight tug on it, easing me forward.

"Are you ready? Come on now, I know you want go in there."

When I don't move, she walks ahead, moving closer to the edge of the cliff. The full moon bathes the scenery, faint rains falls form the sky. Her long black hair, just like mine, floats in the soft wind. She moves, seemingly absent, unrestrained, and right now it looks like she might just fall.

- Wait! No! It's dangerous, you'll...

I trail off...arm extended forward, hand reaching out to where she stands. She slowly turns around to look at me. There's a soft smile once again. I've seen this scene before. I know what happens next.

And then she falls.
She falls back as she lets go.
Hair floats behind her, before
dissapearing bellow the edge.
Until, I can neither
see it nor her anymore.

I trip over my useless limbs,
rushing towards where she used to be.
Just a second ago. As if I could still
do anything to prevent the outcome.
Time behaves frustratingly, the faster
I move, the more distant the edge
of that precipice feels. My heart pounds
rapidly, through desperate breaths,
I brace my ears to listen to the dreaded
moment her body collides with
the surface.

...It never comes.

...reach the vantage point.

...somehow; I'm standing face

...again. No. Not just me. She's

...last. And now, she is reflected

...to ... only that, small yet

...an endless blue mirror of water, so

...shrinking droplets fall in the

...My heart for the

...timeless staggering surface that once a bearded

...impossibly far and grey is now standing

...ably right in front of me. So close,

...endless, it's all I can see.

Silent. Blue. And infinite. And I never

A hand emerges from the water to come in

before realized was just like mine. I grasp

one of my own gently, raising it. Now the

with my gaze, until I meet the sight of her plain

porcelain face that ripples slightly in the

But surprisingly. What about our baby?

I clumsily What if they come after me? Us?

stumble to Do you want to know it. How know it, too.

Ah, now, some

last. And self again

to only that, small yet

Not only

-I-I do. But I-you...

What if they come after me? Us?

"It will be okay. I know it. How know it, too.

We'll be together."

There's nothing to think about.

Yes, I always

happen. I

the girl

was her

herself

reflection

disgust


All my life...even before reality became a fear...when the whole world was just an entire ocean full of life, wonder and promise. When I drew, spaced out and day dreamt for hours on end, it was her guiding me all along. The lone desk In the classroom, 8th, window side seat...
I see now that it was my own.
Sencara is me, my soul.
My truest form, beneath the surface.
My Subconscious.
I look up, and offer an easy smile. Nothing else is needed. And just like that, as if nothing were ever real, I'm taken in.
This time, there's no pain, no distress, no fear. All that I am, my body, all my thoughts and feelings, willingly give away into the natural ease of fresh flowing water.
...
This is it.
....I'm starting
to remember.

Let your consciousness ease into this infinity

Go on....take a deep breath....and just let go

I can see it all now,
In fragmented glimpses.

The tree canopy that sways gracefully
along the gentle atmosphere; a muted scenery
where subtle patterns of light and dark blur
in harmonious balance; cavernous aqua
sanctuaries; cooling jade water springs;
flourishing endless pools; wind-chimes clinking
in the breeze; hanging vines lit by dim
paper lights; alluring hidden oases; the
soothing taste of warm green tea; ethereal
scenic nature; resting mossy statues;
Temples in the clouds; the smell of fresh
rain and streaming waterfalls; an underlying
quiet melody of living creatures...

A memory; a dream...
a surreal life that lives-on beyond
the notion of sense. Lingering
tradition, knowledge and sensibility,
bustle lively in and out of perception...

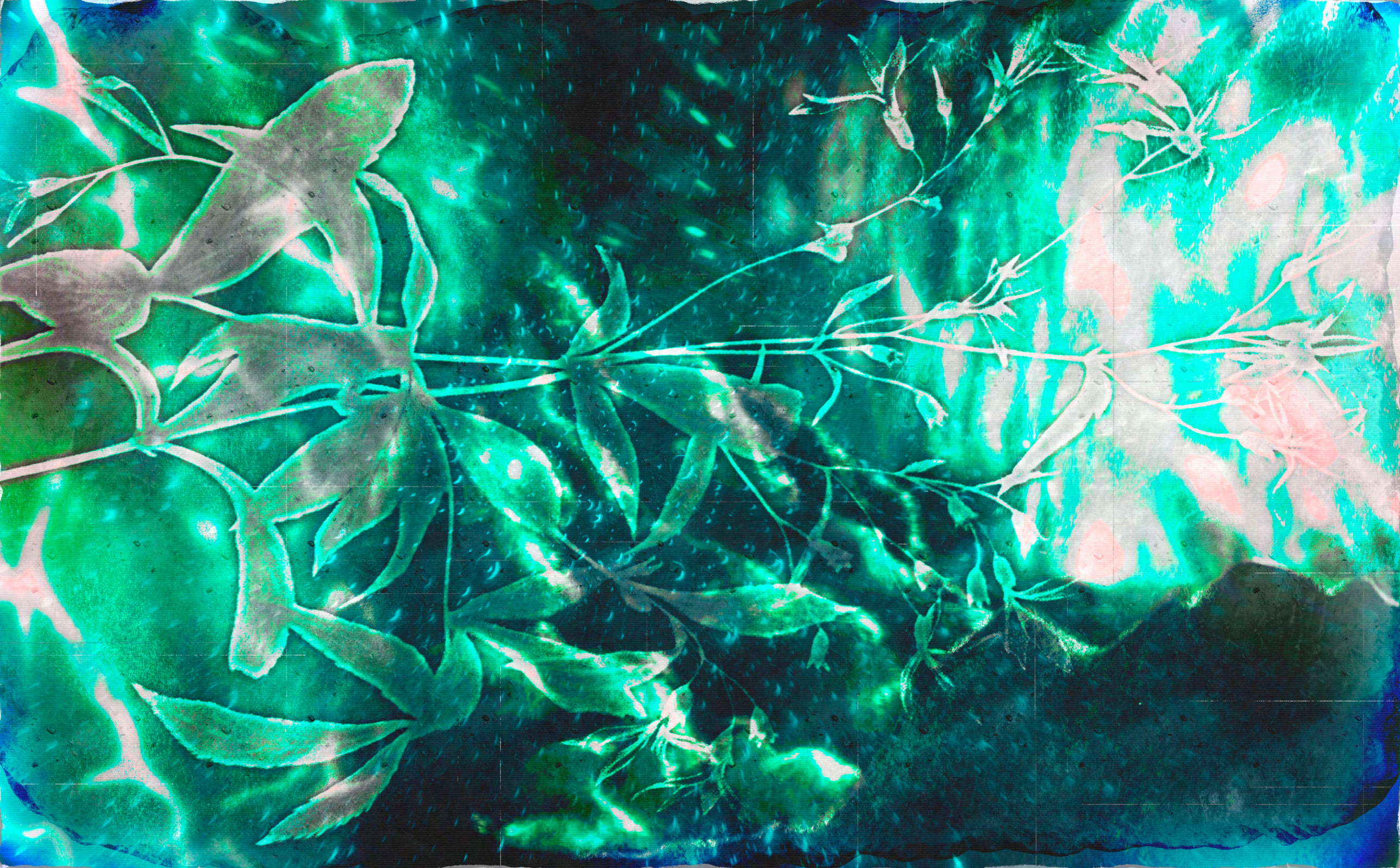
like mesmerizing gateways to mysterious
paintings that peek through the edges of my
vision, waiting to be found, or re-lived.
Never-ending, Ever-evolving, broken reflections.

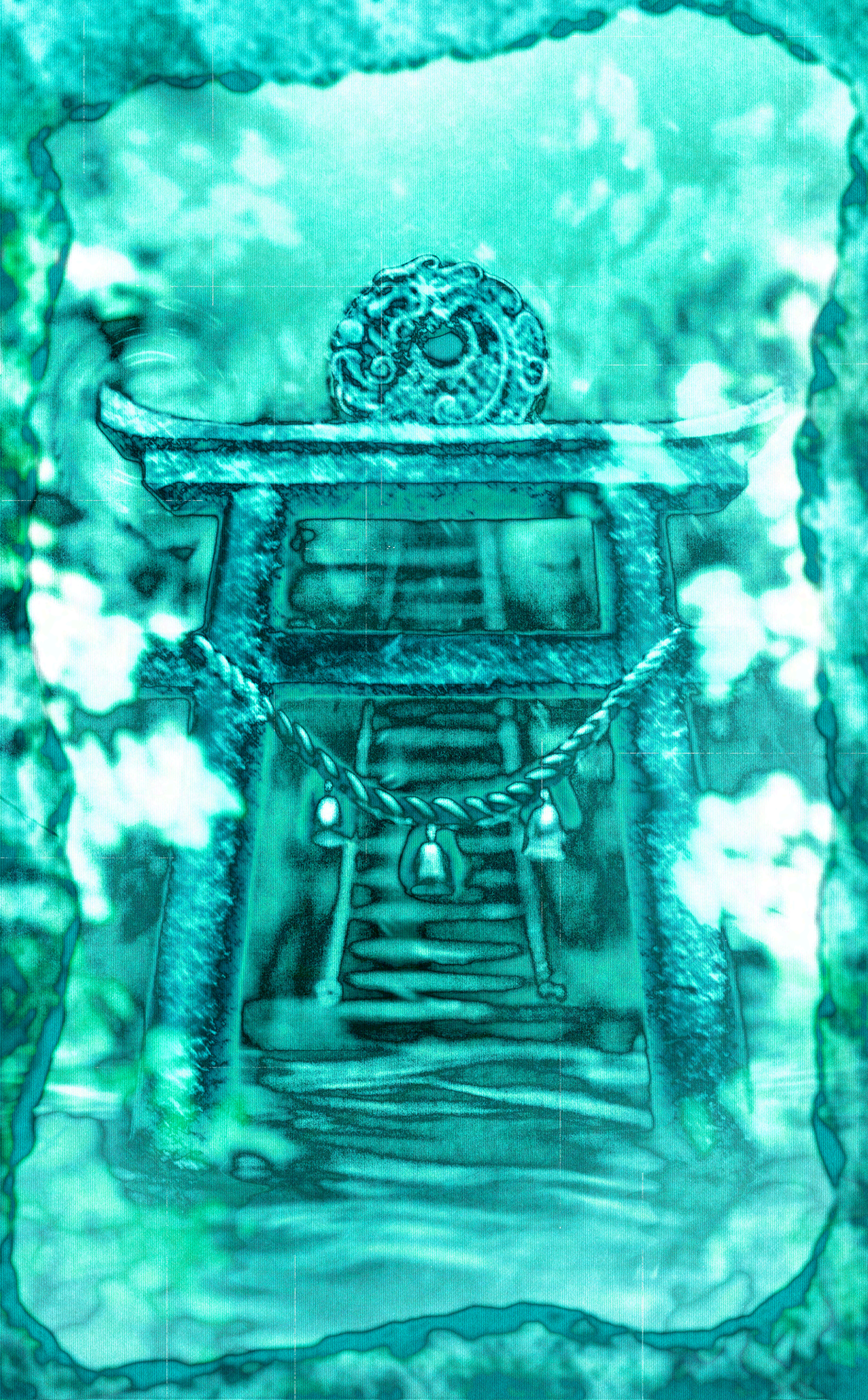
The picture as a whole is so detailed,
yet so pleasantly abstract; so alluring,
yet fleeting. It shifts and molds, according
to interpretation. I've stumbled upon a long
forgotten on-going existence, buried deep
within the depths of my spiraling mind, a place
where memory and dream live on intertwined.

Forever undisturbed.

To be so alive, to feel so vividly...to exist so
freely. I understand it, with my very own soul,
my truest essence, ultimate resonance...the one
that lives beyond that constant
mirroring surface.

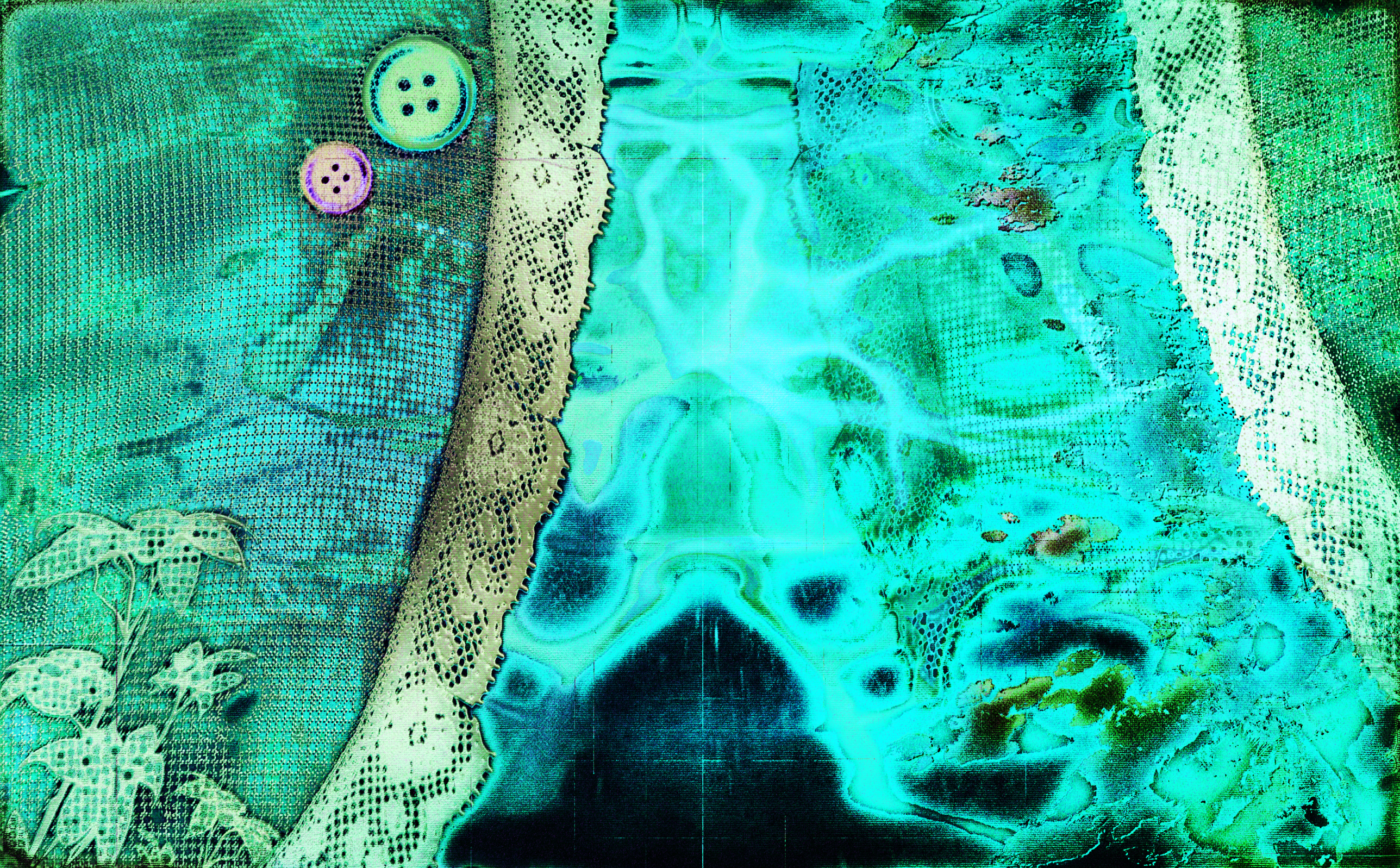


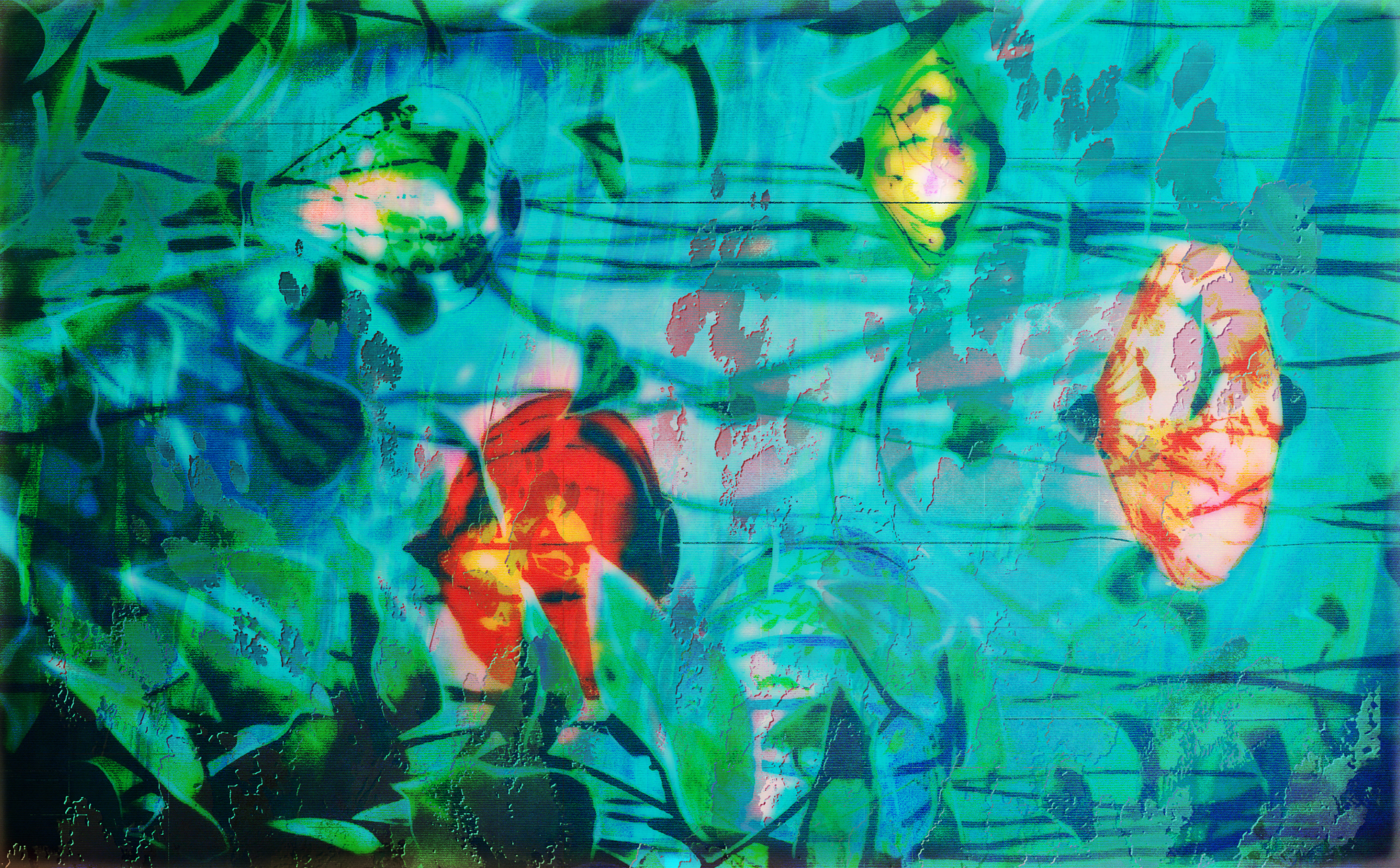




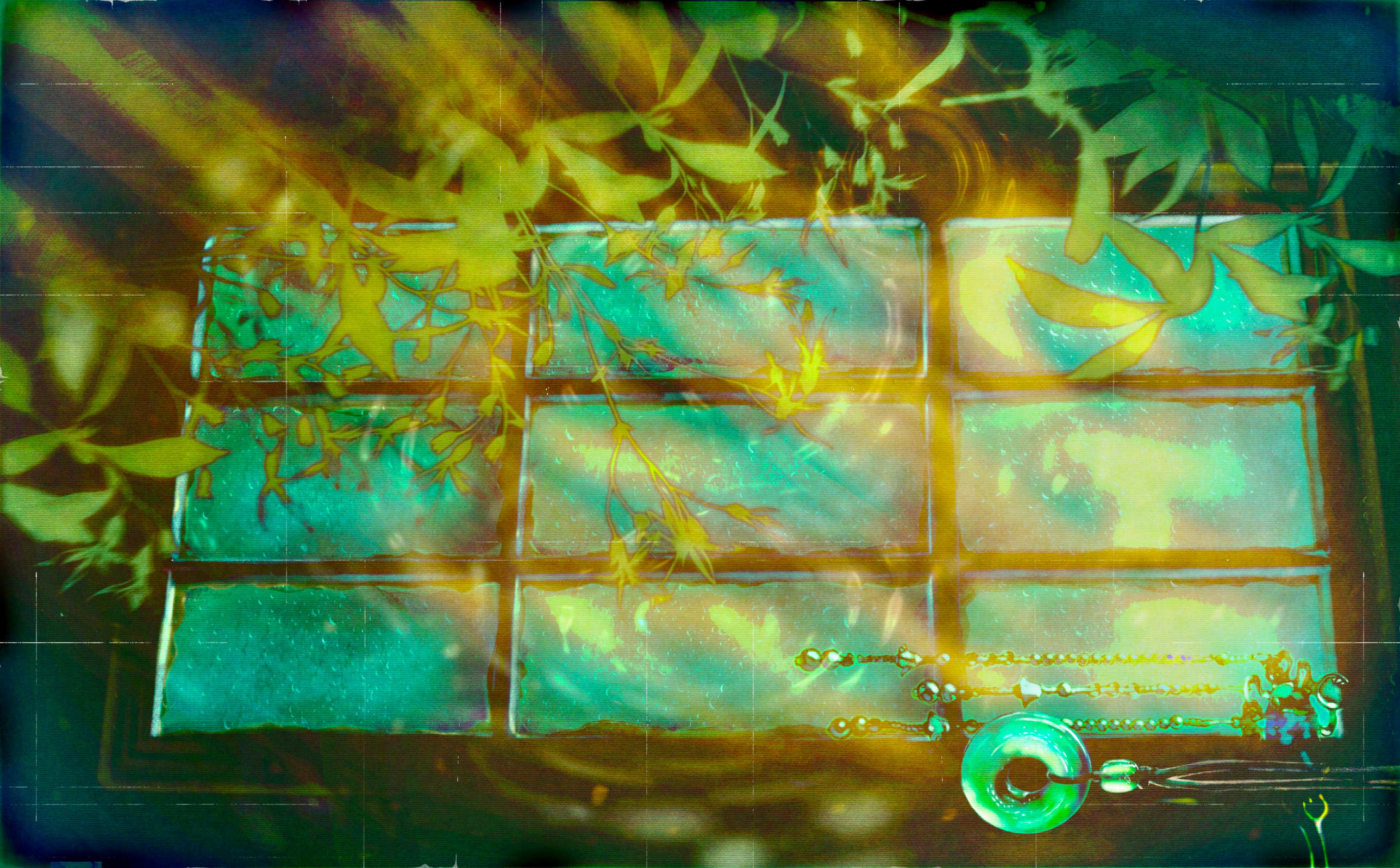




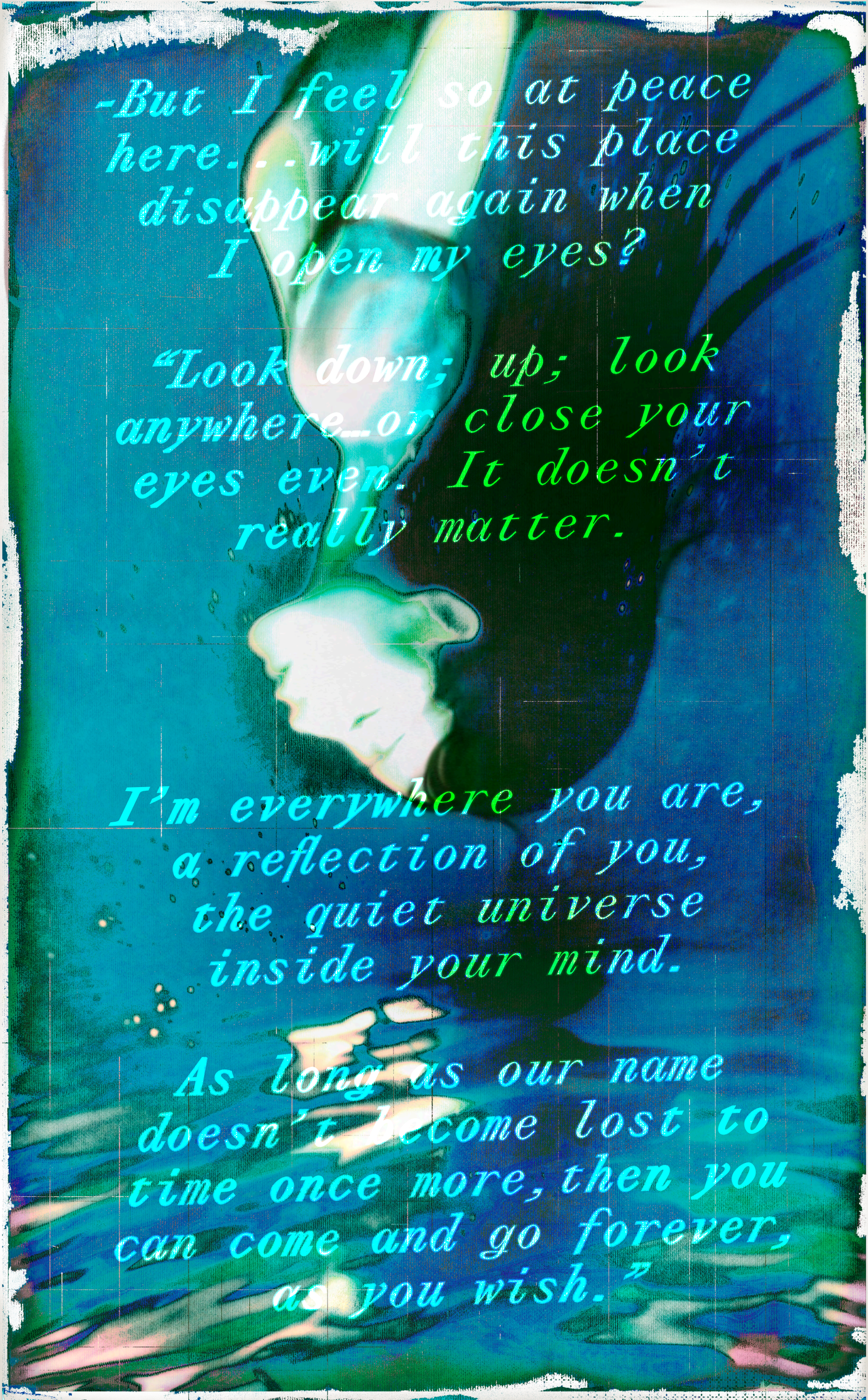


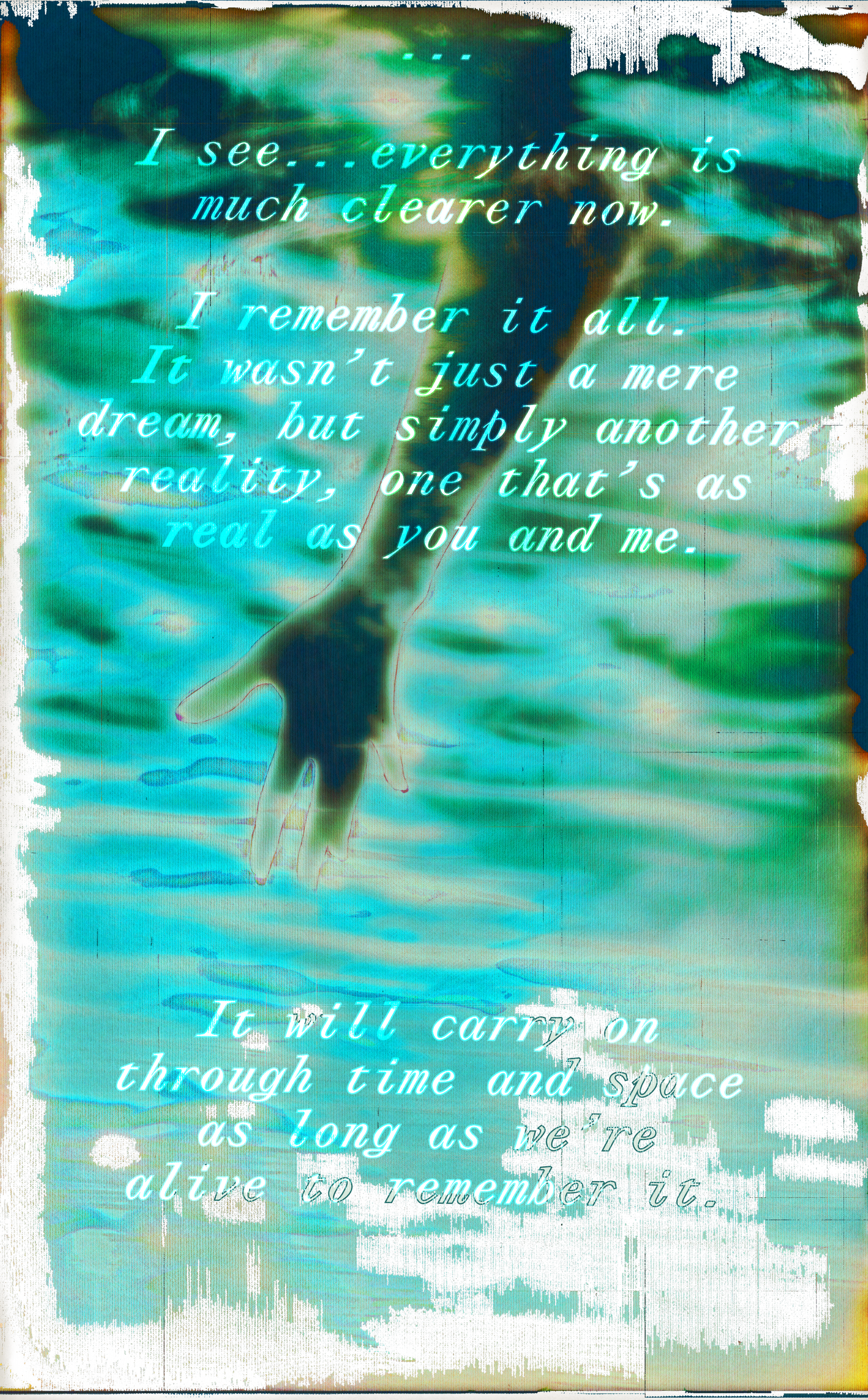







-I feel like
I'm going to
wake up soon...


-But I feel so at peace here...will this place disappear again when I open my eyes?
"Look down; up; look anywhere...or close your eyes even. It doesn't really matter.
I'm everywhere you are, a reflection of you, the quiet universe inside your mind.
As long as our name doesn't become lost to time once more, then you can come and go forever, as you wish."


...
I see...everything is much clearer now.
I remember it all. It wasn't just a mere dream, but simply another reality, one that's as real as you and me.
It will carry on through time and space as long as we're alive to remember it.

Subconscious...

You've been there now
been there too.
Will you remember

Body and Mind.

Just dive in
and let it all
rest in this...

Silent

Blue

Infinity