

A Drowning Solipist
Joshua Haynes

A drop of water in an evaporating vial of water are you, a piano key that lays untouched and piled with dust. I touch a stone and I feel it's presence, but form altered and frayed.

If I close my eyes, does the world disappear or does it live in another realm completely? A phantom I might be, a shadow in something that never has existed in the first place. A hand on the dream of a clock, constantly being wound and turned.

Eternally ticking.

I see a million eyes, we look at each other for a moment but only a moment. We see what we want, and if we don't, we try to change the world to better our view of it. Our view is but a shallow thought. The loose ends of our subconscious, reaching, trying to branch out into a dream-like state.

I am never sure whether I truly wake up when my eyes open or close.

Gaunt faces are the same as lively ones. Smiles are the same as frowns. The ghosts tap their feet in rhythm to a slow beat. They dance into circles while the radio tells them what to do, what to say, how to feel. Projections on the side of the cave resonate in them and they follow. I follow...

I dance with them and I know that the dance will obliterate everything that might be real. I tap my feet.

Tomorrow was yesterday and today never happened. I am the man in the background of your thoughts, holding the mirror above his head. I am a thought, the mediocre absence of everything that we should have been. Close your eyes and you will see the void, you will see yourself. You exist to feel the void with half spoken words and broken promises.

A drop of water.

Time

Joshua Haynes

Where does forgotten time escape to? Does it seep away like heat after a heavy rain or does it hang around us all like a fog in the morning? The seconds fall and form wrinkles that stretch across us like scars from a time left behind, a feather that smelled of roses and rotting wood. The minutes feast on us like ravenous vultures waking from a slumber of eternal winter. Our reflections move in slow motion, unnerved and apathetic to the plight of its supposed doppelganger, while we, tangible we, circumnavigate the void of our thoughts and predetermined anarchy with a crazed sight of apprehension and fear. We come around to gaze upon our reflection still running in place, still chasing the forever mystery of right and wrong, love and hate, life and death. We shrug with pity and envy before moving along to circle the world of ourselves once more with the whips of time at our backs and the hounds of hell at our heels.