

Keep going...

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By : **Ryan Christopher Olson**

This here is very short story of someone or something that feels the need to get out of whatever state he/she/it currently is.

Published on
Booksie

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Crawling, clinging to whatever I can grab. Trying to get just one inch closer, it seems close but it is so far. Keep going. Grab, heave, pull! Keep going. Just think how different it will be when I get there. How much lighter, greener, fresher it will be. It has to be, it just has to. If it's not then... Well, no I cannot think about that. I won't think about that. It will be better.

With every grab and pull I get that much more hazy. I am starting to worry that when I get there, I won't be able to see or feel it. But I heard this is what the journey was like. You must feel as though you are not going to make it. That you are almost dead halfway through the journey. Had I known this, I might not have started. But I am here now, I cannot go back. There is nothing for me there, the only place I can get to at this time is one inch closer. Even that seems impossible, but I must keep going.

Every little obstacle seems a big one, and there is no way around it. I must endure it, I must take it. No matter how painful, just soak it in. Every pile of shit I crawl over I must let it smear my face and body, welcome it with open arms. Every shard of broken glass, I must let it cut me open bigger and wider. Every little pool of diseased water, I must soak it up and let it run through my body. Let its disease fill me, and think not of what I leave behind for whatever is behind me. I must welcome, embrace, and take it all in. But most importantly, keep going.

Time does not exist anymore, ever since I started it has been non-existent. That is fine, I would rather this be a small fragment of my existence. Something I can think of as a speck in time. Unless this is now what I am, a creature, a thing. A lump of living excrement that others can step on, and wipe off later. If that is the case, I will take this shit and blood and glass and smear it over and around my eyes, and fill my ears and mouth. So I cannot see nor hear, nor speak. In fact, stop moving, just stop here...

Take this shit, take this blood, leave the glass it hurts too much. This mix is good enough, I don't need to see what others think of me. Smear it! Nicely over the eyes, smooth, thick. Take another scoop and glob it inside of my ears. Yes, nice. Now gather what is in front of me, as much as I possibly can. I want to get this right the first time, open wide. Fill my mouth nice and full. Now relax, this is where I need to be. This right here, is perfect. It is not so different than where I used to be. Except now I literally have shit and blood filling my eyes and ears, and mouth. Rather than just gazing on it, and hearing it. Now I can feel and taste it. Yes, right here is exactly the place I need to be.

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Generated: 2015-03-05 05:43:25