

Sanity

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His sanity slowly crumbles



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Tick â Tock goes the clock hanging on the wall. Its rhythmic, almost like the beating of a heart. The lights are off but I still see everything in vivid detail, the colors, textures, shapes. I smell the smells. I like the solitude of my residence. The only thing to keep me company is the ticking of the clock. Minutes turn to hours, hours turn to days, days to weeks. I've lost track of time and the noises, sights, and smells overload my senses. The ticks and tocks are no longer rhythmic, they sound as if bombs are being dropped, the colors are neon streaks across my vision, the texture of my clothes rubs my skin raw, and the smells are a dreadful mixture of death and darkness. I sit in the corner rocking back and forth....there's a man walking towards me, reaching for me...i close my eyes and scream. I open them again to face the stranger and he's gone. I get up tick-tock, tick-tock i can't take the horrible ticking. I rip the clock off the wall and destroy it. Silence once more, i throw the remnants of the broken clock under my bed, and sleep. I'm woken by a high pitched chuckling. I spring from bed and am stopped dead in my tracks by a dog. the dog has a human head, and its red eyes are glowing with hate and fury. the dog lunges for my throat, and i feel its teeth gash thru the soft tissues that were my neck. i welcome death now. The darkness is familiar, this can't be death, i can feel the sores on my skin, see the neon gashes of color that distort my vision, and i can hear the tick-tock of the clock. The clock! Its again hanging on the wall. i run for the door to find nothing, there's no exit. I frantically search the four walls that surround me. My attempts are futile and in vain. The darkness is too bright, my eyes are burning in my head, my clothes are a billion nails burrowing into my flesh. I rip my clothes off and close my eyes, The momentary peace is interrupted by the ticks and tocks of the clock. tick tock. tick tock. I tear the clock from the wall and dismantle it piece by piece. i worked my fingers raw. The blood covers fragments of the clock are strewn across my room. Its quiet, i lay down and sleep. Light, Light that burns my corneas, and pierces my eyelids wake me. My dark cell is alight with color, that bleeds from every surface. In unavailing attempts i can't escape the light, i cover my eyes to meet only harsher lights. In a desperate attempt i run my fingers along my eye sockets and plunge my fingers into the mangled mess that let me see. i rip and dig until i can no longer see the colors and light. I feel the warmth of my blood run down my face. its almost comforting, not to see. I welcomed the new found darkness. Thump-Thump, thump-thump...the sound evades my harmonious refuge. I grope to find the source of the noise, i recognize this rhythmic beating. Its been with me all along. It soon starts to quiet and fade. it heard my desperate cry for quiet. I feel relaxed and comfort for the first time for as long as i remember. Now there's no more noise, sights, textures. I leave with a smile knowing i'll never hear, see, or feel again.

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