

Gouki

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What happens when you do not see When you can not hear. When there is no understanding, all you know is "Something else is with you, all the time." What is real? Psychological? Maybe not!



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*"Oni hunt for the souls of those who did evil things in their lives."*

Sleeping is not an option, darkness follows wherever I go. Some see the good, the compassion, the heart I pretend to have. I refuse to give into possession, I like the Oni's attempt. It makes my mouth water, my heart pound, when I lay down at night I sense it in the darkness. I wait, I listen, I feel when it touches me. I don't mind seeing what it shows me, but I do object when it grabs a hold of me, my body levitating now, moving slowly to all four corners of the room.

The sensation of floating, in the dark, cradled in the Oni's arms, HmMMM!

"Why are you doing this"

"Who are you talking to?"

"You scare me!"

"What are you talking about"

"Why do you think I tend to speak languages I am not familiar with?"

"Your scaring me!"

"Pass me my drink." I say in a calm manner.

"What are you speaking of" I am asked again.

"I am not talking to you." I respond.

"You are talking to yourself now" I am asked.

"No one ever talks to themselves, there is always something listening and responding!" I correct.

Even as a little girl I knew I was different. No one could see what I saw, or hear what I heard. I could see where there was no sight, and hear when there was no sound. A dark mist Never! Just because we can not see it doesn't mean it is not there, or does not exist. My dreams were no dreams at all.

"Your grandmother was a witch." I am told.

"Does this make me one?" I ask out of curiosity.

This may explain what I don't see, and what the silence tells me.

"What does the silence say"

"I am here."

"Who is here?"

"It is here, what don't you understand" I shout.

"Wakarimasen!"

"It is not for you to understand, nor is it for you to see." I am upset now.

"I think you are drunk."

"You have to ingest the poison first."

"You drank two bottles."

"I haven't sipped it yet."

"I am watching you!"

"You are not watching me." I say with a smile.

"What does the symbol on your necklace mean"

"Death."

"That is not the character for death."

"It is no character you would know." I informed.

"How can you be sure it is death"

"Destruction, chaos, fear, and legions." I respond.

I can see what others can't. I can feel what others do not. They come to me because I am neutral. I am neither dead nor alive.

"I think I need to see a priest."

"You are not Catholic."

"Religion isn't a factor anymore."

"What about Father John"

"I saw him before, I can not be helped by a man I want to corrupt."

"I don't understand?"

"My first instinct was to fuck him."

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"Excuse me"

Turning my head to meet the eye's of the curious one, I stared into their soul, so innocent, so pure, it made me want to...

"You want to sleep with a priest"

"I want to fuck that preist! There is a difference." I smiled.

"Sometimes you are different."

"I am always different, I am always new." I said with a smile.

"Always new?"

"Always different!" I responded.

My glass is soon empty again. I pour another, and take a deep breath in to get the aroma in my nose.

"You drank that fast, I didn't even see you drink it! Did you just drink it all at once"

"Maybe my lips are quicker than your eye's." I smile.

"I was looking at you the entire time."

"Maybe you blinked." I continued to smile.

"So the priest, why him"

"He asked me to write down my dreams."

"And did you?"

"I did, The first one, I was in a war, there were many creature's. They all took flight, the battle was in the air."

"A fight in the sky?"

"They all had wings, I looked in my left hand and I possessed a blade. When I turned to look at the land I noticed something behind me."

"What was behind you?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean nothing? You just said something was behind you!"

"There was nothing there, except my wings."

"So you were an angel?"

"I took flight, and slayed anything that hit my blade. Good or evil, it didn't matter. I took no ones side."

"Did you tell the priest"

"No! I told him about the choking."

"Choking?"

"I am choked when I close my eye's, that is why I don't sleep."

"What did he say about that?"

"It was hard to say anything with me all over him."

"All over him how?"

"He was weak, and he knew he was weak."

"I have no use for him besides help. He wants him."

"What wants him?"

"Me." I saay as I smile.

"You just said you don't want him, you are not making sense."

"I am making perfect sense. You are not listening!" I screamed.

"I am listening!"

"Your listening with your ears."

"How else will someone listen"

"You listen, yet you hear nothing." I smile.

"I don't believe your crazy."

"I am not crazy."

"Some think you are."

"That's because, like you, they don't listen."

"Then explain it to me."

"Ask him to explain it to you."

"Who the priest?"

"No me."

"You said have him explain it, who is him?"

"I'm him."

"No you are you!"

"How closed can you be?"

"Where is he?"

"Here."

"Where?"

"Within."

Winthin what?"

"Right here."

The silent pause goes on to long.

"Why the hell are you looking around the room!" I shout.

"I am looking for him."

"Have you found him?"

"I see nothing."

The smile on my face gets bigger. I love when we share these moments. I too am sarcastic so the game is a pleasant one. Back and forth we go, to the four corners of the room. The tightness around me neck, I can't breath, I am being choked.

"Why do you pray?"

"Sometimes I am afraid."

"But you are not religious."

"When I am afraid I recite the Roman Ritual."

"That is for exorcism."

"God speaks through me sometimes."

"Why do you say that?"

"Maybe that is why I am a target."

"Have you considered a psychiatrist to talk to?"

"I am the psychiatrist."

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"No I mean a real one."

"If you run every test, and every result is normal, but, the disease is still within, how do you diagnose it?"

"There is always a way of finding a disease."

"But yet you haven't found me?"

"I know where you are, I am looking for him, like you said."

"Have you found him"

"There is no him."

"He is right here."

"Where?"

"Looking back at you."

Watashi to issho ni kite kudasai!

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