

In Selfish Purgatory

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Originally published under a different name. It has been corrected. - Views one's overwhelm with life's triumphant ability to masterfully crush us.



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Often I wondered, sat alone, walked and drove alone, why others, man and woman, held hands while they formed unison in whatever task they fancied true. Many frowns and distastefulness soured my otherwise apathetic person, corrupted my indifference. Watching and watching and never was the wonderment of how unworldly profound the feeling may have been to simply hold the other's hand, arm around the other's waist in a half hug but always that of better time spent on more beneficially, financially constructive tasks. If I had analyzed my thoughts and hurtful, hateful feelings, realization would be exactly unworldly and profound. How desperate my inner human, my me, wanted that closeness of another caring person. If I had wondered that then my glorified fantasies would no doubt begin a fanciful scene of bright, mutual energy waving with illuminated consistency from points of contact. Energy flowing uninterrupted up their arms, without jitter or jolt, to their chests and into their filling hearts. Not a sound would be heard. Not sight seen, save for mine own. Gradually, with time - that terrible excuse for advice I will come to know so well - I did see the beautiful wonderment of such contact. In time that wonderment succeeded in becoming fact.

Factually the contact was beyond my wildest dreams and awakened fantasies. There we were, time and time again, hand in hand. Magical, majestic, extraordinary, no adjective or any form of description will aid the emotional feelings felt. With all I felt I found confidence and enjoyment with life. Life past was nothing but routine with nothing to entice the existence of my proverbial heart. Watching and watching her, my eyes, too, felt her contact. We were eyes to eyes, both matching an unfathomable depth within our beings. We were uniquely different however similar traits came rushing through to make even the awkward moments seem monumentally astounding, without fear of repercussion or rejection. With the facts the wonderment paled in comparison. Factually, no, in reality it was, I regress, to word it simply: a ton better. Even found contact within means never bothered, nor seen, to give ability to wonder about. Speech, voice, hers. Contact hung on her every word. Sadly blinded was I to her teasing and prying into my rock solid personality. She, myself perceived theory, aimed to cut my heart and unleash a fury of serrated jealousy. Why would one be so inclined to spew entangling desires for another right with and dearly close and touching the one claimed to be the one worth meeting over many? Better question: where was my logical being with this and the other times? Factually the emotion of possible infatuated love sees through different eyes. The true eyes, from logical mind, are, indeed during this time of highly felt states of emotion, blind.

My new found love for the one so close and far away should not have been allowed. She, I do not doubt, was not blind at all. Should have taken notice with words sent my way so long ago and before the emotions of the heart were allowed to blind logic and flow. For her, several a night I laid, before rest took me to an unconsciously darkened abyss, whispering these words: "she will be the end of me." Honestly these words rocketed into truth. With a crushing force still my love survived a bombing far worse than one of Russia's wickedly named Tsar Bombas would have done to a city of many. Not at all a wellbeing feeling. Chaotically the clawing began, climbing out from the deep shallows of wanting to be real and really real. She fired her rocket, fuelled by brutal honesty and a bitter cold. In so many words tossing the heart I gave her into a dark corner where I left it and leave it still. Truthfully my mentioning of feelings toward this special person could have tragically triggered the downfall of the empire within me. Regardless of such things unknown one should not leave a partner to hang without sight of their executioner. How dreadful the knowledge learned that she was willing to do just that. Out of some altruistic meaning I later learned in wake of the aftermath. I was supposed to understand this meaning without being told? A mind reader only exists in stories of fantasy and folklore. My love aside, my being hurt aside set it all aside, this one, me, I, this monstrosity am I deserved to be told without prying that it was over. Was she not so close to any other to learn from their example? Be considerate of the one still feeling something so they may find closure. Closure to why their love is to be dropped and forgotten. Or are we born, birthed into a worldly society that breeds inconsiderate and rude

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beings?

Here, I, The Monster now waits. Waits and waits for judgement to pass. Here I wait within and upon purgatory. The demons are laughing, hissing and drooling, leaving excrement of unquenchable sorrow. They roam horrendously around and around unable to touch or murder or destroy the beast they see through eyeless sockets. Waltzing and prancing and jumping over each other, mocking me, the poor sap who fell for love and failed to realize there was no ground to save him. Not alone are these wretched goblins, filthy and uncaring. Mingling in and around them are angels in form of close family and friends without a wink of notice to the putrid, diseased and dreadful creatures they inhabit my space with. Perhaps the ones who are close enough have enough to tell this one is in danger. Alas, no matter how powerful the angel, they, too, cannot touch the beastly monstrosity until it is judged.

I am beside myself, alone in this domain, perched upon a single grotesque stone idling with tears of fear, torment and the mightiest of all, heartbreak. I wait with all the shouting and wailing, my world crumbling above me and all the incessant helpless aid from the words *it takes time*. Everything all at once all the time, circles and circles, wanting advice only to have the answers reiterated, *it takes time*. From the demons, laughter, they know the angels' aid is pointless and useless to the Monster. Here I wait inside myself, my own selfish purgatory waiting to be judged. Will I follow with the damned on earth or rise above all and join my loved ones in heaven on earth? Why they would love me now, the Monstrous Monster of Monstrosity, me, is unsure. Certainly the judgment will come from the godly mind, body and soul. Judgment, it seems, does take time as well. I wait for the day I may say to another and know its truth, without a grudge to its now meaningless meaning, without spite that all advice to heartbreak is, "it takes time."

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