



# *Wayward Mind*

*Sophie Schönfeld*

How long has it been now? I am awake, yet have not seen the sun rise in a century of lunacy. Who can prove to me it still does rise in the morning and go off to sleep in its invisible bed when we do? A bed as invisible as mine, I would imagine. Then again, what does the sun know of beds? If it still exists - my thoughts lead me too far astray; I must return to my skullprison.

I shall start anew: The lie is human nature, nothing more and nothing less. If I asked one of the wardens that haunt these hallways like malign spirits if the sun still existed, and if they answered, and if the answer was yes - what difference would it make? Lie is human and they are human and they are a lie. Or are they?

“It is for the better, for safety” - Whose?

Words, I have learned, are dangerous. It is the word that brought me here, the word has become my enemy. I strived to convince and was convinced. My friend, the word, has betrayed but not forsaken me. Maybe my friend wanted me all for himself. Himself? Herself. I fear the male gender creates wardens, physicians and apothecaries. Herself. She has reached her goal. Is the only company I have left. How could I be angry with her? She is no better than me. She too was deluded by false tongues, misunderstood, was twisted, used and raped by lips and teeth and charming smiles, and by hands that created more lies. But if the word and I are similar as sisters may be, becoming more similar each day— what will become of me when in the end we are the same? When I have become a word and no more? Maybe that day I shall be set free, to wander from mouth to mouth and brain to brain, all around the world, to be found in every book.

Do words have reflections? Do I? My hands have replaced the image behind the looking glass and yet allow to look deeper than just onto skin. They are bruised, they are old and lifeless, fingers like spiders, maimed, five-legged spiders, end in nails like claws, revealing my loss of humanity. I am no palmist.

Blinding silence, shining bright, wraps around me again. At dawn I shall ask if the sun has risen.

