Locked in

I couldn’t shut my eyes.

My mind screams with thought and activity, my body a dead corpse, my mouth transfixed together unable to open or project that voice I once had. My eyes flicker and blink in unprecedented ways, trying so desperately to communicate words my voice is incapable of speaking. One moment I am a normal, functioning human being and the next all control over my body is taken away from me without warning and without notice. My limbs hang loosely by my paralysed sides, a heavy weight of numbness containing space. I try to feel and move around the objects surrounding me telepathically with a piercing gaze which infiltrates each particle of air before me. My mind screams with thought and emotion as I repeat the endless moments of freedom and movement within my mind. My eyes ache with pain as I visualise the way it felt to connect my feet with the ground and extend my legs in a natural and fluid action without any doubt in my mind that this would be my last experience of walking. I close my eyes and imagine the way it felt to speak freely as the sensation of the voice I once had rippled through my throat and extended through my mouth and into the air before me. The tickle of a laugh, the relief of a sigh and the fulfilment of conversation no longer existed. I have nothing to hold onto and nothing to grasp. I can only capture the sight of what is before me and hold onto that vision and memory. I may not have anything else, but at least I have been left with the beauty of sight.

My eyes wandered around my room, the clock holding my gaze for a prolonged moment. A cool breeze infiltrated my hair and swiftly rushed across the surface of my skin, a cold, numbing sensation. It was as if the messages in which my brain sent to my limbs were disregarded, diverted in their course and somehow snatched. My eyes were the only parts of my body which were enabled movement in the most restrictive of ways. A heavy weight overcame and compressed my being in a painful manner. I struggled to free myself from this weight and find an empty aspect of space whereby this weight could not compress me any further. As I struggled with this invisible force, movement jolted through every atom of my body and I stood hurriedly trying to understand what had just happened. I couldn’t comprehend it, and the confusion which infiltrated through was immense. I progressed through as if nothing had happened.

It was time.

As I gaze at my clock, minute by minute, day after day my eyes grow weak and tired of trying to telepathically touch and simulate the feeling of ordinary objects which surround me. As I close my eyes, my mind begins to wonder and drifts into an immense sea of memories, thoughts, images and sensations I once had control over. A selection of memories cry out as I stumble over glimpses of my childhood, glimpses of people I don’t remember and recollections of specific days I don’t recall whatsoever. As I continue to explore the images and memories, they suddenly organise themselves in an orderly and
chronological manner. Dates, days and times appear almost as quickly in correspondence with a scene selection of images and memories for every day and every moment of my life.

I open my eyes, unable to comprehend the visual gallery which has presented itself within my mind, I have always been a forgetful person and never have I had the ability to remember every moment of everyday. As soon as I close my eyes, I feel at peace as I watch the ever-ending film of my life that was yet as I pause and open my eyes, sharp opaque strands of light overcome my sight. I closed my eyes and selected the memories I treasure and hold dearest. Walking, talking, ding things functioning humans of normality progress through. I watched every moment of every second of my life whereby I was free, where I had endless and immense control over my body. I felt happy, complete, knowing I could simulate and somehow progress knowing that I could select and almost live through the life which escape me.

As I continued to watch these images and memories repeatedly, the clarity and colour began to fade away. The completeness I had once felt in watching such memories transformed into darkness, I wanted to escape these images, yet my eyes would not open. I was too weak; I had lost all strength even with the one function I was left with being the beauty of sight. The images and memories grew smaller, smaller and fainter in their clarity and interest.

I felt my mind closing, shrivelling up like a parched seed. I felt like a watch glass as the mass of sand had levelled itself toward the bottom of the jar. Yet one particle of sand remained, I wither towards the ground gasping for air, as an overwhelming sensation overcomes my mind. Pins and needles stagger within my skull, circling around my temples, as the sensation frantically cascades to my eyelids. It feels as if dense thorns are being driven into my mind viciously. I tire, losing might, optimism and serenity. Every emotion possible rises inside of me, fighting against each other, raging forcefully. The images within my mind crack and split into nothing more than tenderness and misery. I sink, oppressed, stiff and rigid, even though the chilling wind is blowing. I descend insensibly. My horrendous silhouette hovers beneath me, forcing me to suffer neglect and fear, as my heart is drained. This whirlpool of emotions suddenly transferred into sharp accents of anger.

The fire within me set alight, the trembling transformed into incontrollable vibrations of weight and turbulence. The motion echoed within my mind, travelling beyond the capacity to travel at the speed of light. I was unfamiliar with such strength and allowed it to persist beyond my control, not caring of what it could possibly do to my deteriorating mind. The tears which had welled within my eyes rose to immense levels and overpowered the surrounding barriers of my eyes, flooding the surface of my skin with colossal masses of water. A sigh of relief left the openings of my lips and revolved rapidly with a cyclonic force tearing apart the last of the vivid memories within my mind. I couldn't control my fury or the throbbing which intensified within me, I continued to cry and roar in an unpredictable
rage as my life and memories were taken away from me once again. I grew weaker and enervated as the images were dismembered and wounded my ability to see little by little.

I tried to open my eyes, I struggled over this weight which compressed my mind, a sudden image of that clock appeared in my mind. I knew what was coming and I was saddened. The last grain of sand passed to the bottom of the watch glass and all faint images and memories of colour vanished. I was in complete darkness and silence. Yet what horrified me and what set me in a tense mode of panic....

I couldn’t open my eyes.