

## **Madness**

**Kyle Reduski**

Trying to process all that was happening to me, my brain began to pulse with thoughts and images of madness, meteors, and mediocrity—all mashed up in one giant mixing bowl, flashing in and out in no particular order or rhythm. I lived among the street performers, eating fire for supper. I swam with the sharks in the land of rediscovery; I became more than just a man. I sat atop a mountain and fell through the earth where I lived amongst the bottom dwellers, a kinder folk than once presumed. I drank from the fountain of pacification and led my army to complete and total annihilation. I sang the songs only gods could sing—I left before the coronation began. I returned home safely but nonetheless, returned home. It's a tough thing to swallow when you know you are alone. Just plain Jane madness. Perhaps, it was a combination of everything I was experiencing. Not the people that looked like mice or mice that were actually people trying to eat my head. Not the fact that I was hearing voices or rather voices hearing me. Not even, I don't think, the new found ability to pass my flesh and bone clear through a thick, sturdy object. But all of it together that I suddenly found myself in a very real world, untouched and unseen by any human being before me, and I realized I had absolutely no idea how to escape.