

L. Sydney Abel

Dark Mind

Rooted in the Unconscious



Wane Barecell was an Unreasonable by profession or so Wake Elmsjar would say when he got the chance, which just happened to be every day.

“You’re unwanted,” said Wake, “don’t you forget it. You have grandiose delusions.”

“You’re one to talk,” replied Wane, in a mocking manner, “and that unwanted, raggedly-shawled thing died at seven days old.”

“I’m not dead!” cried Wake, shutting down for the day.

The room was cavernous. Darkness oozed from the walls, the ceiling, and the floor.

The next day:

As it often did, a spark lit distance in starlight.

Wane played the game. His instruction to Wake was confident, “I’m not talking today. I’m busy. I’m being creative.”

In your head you can be anything, or nothing. Today be somebody, for tomorrow you may be nobody.

Lifted from my first book of emotive words ‘Tongue is a Fire’

The Disposal of Wake Elmsjar

Some want to know the meaning of life; some just question everything. Others only question their existence—as deep as that seems, it’s many lonely voices calling from the heart.



“Wake Elmsjar, I’m not your friend. Leave me alone. Go away. I can think for myself. I don’t need you anymore. Please go,” Wane Barecell supposedly said. *He might have imagined what he said. But anyway, Wake heard it.*

“So you want to die?” asked Wake, waiting in the grey matter.

Wane gave his confession, “It’s not so hard, I’ve done it before.”

“When?” pried Wake, rifling through dark memories.

“You think I’m talking physically.”

“Aren’t you?”

“No. My youth died. My pride died. My status died.” *This overthinking is wearing me down. I need to sleep this world away.*

“Your mind is still young, look how childish you act at times. Pride is a stupid emotion, which should be buried. Wait, what status are you talking about?”

“Being a son, a brother, a husband, a father.”

“What about being a friend?”

“Friendship sucks.”

“You’re wrong.”

“Maybe I am, but I’ve tried to be a friend and whatever I do isn’t good enough.”

“Remember, you’re you. You’re made this way. You’re many things.”

“That’s right. I’m many things, and, yet, I still want death.”

“Then do it,” interrupted Wake, “and get out of my head.”

“Your head?” Wane quizzed. “You... you-self-importance... leave... go. Go on, get out. I’ll get the spade and I’ll bury you.”

In the garden... by the moon’s light...

Dig... dig... dig. Dig some more.

Way down in the earth was a lonely hole.

“Goodnight non-friend. Pleasant dreams,” said Wane, spitting into the depths.

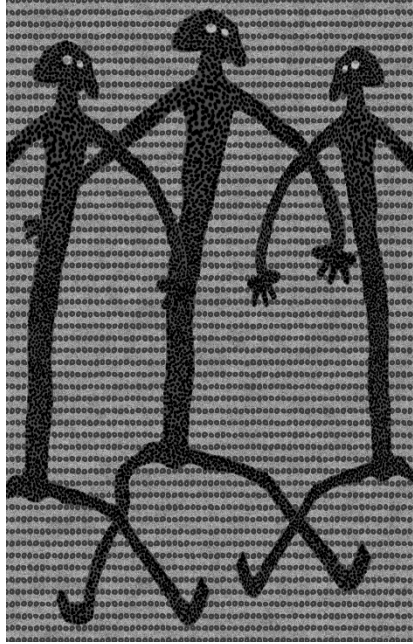
“You’re an Unreasonable by profession,” called Wake, from his dark hole, “you have grandiose delusions.”

Wane began shovelling the earth back into the hole.

Wake's voice was slowly being stifled, "Grandiose delusions ... delusions... delusions... delusions... delusions..."

All that shovelling had made Wane exhausted. *I need some sleep for myself now... I'm tired of my percentages dying... how much of me is left?*

The return of Wake Elmsjar



The night was as secretive as the grave. The bedroom was filled with shadows discussing the living. Wane Barecell listened intently. Private conversations were being transmitted, but living ears were the wrong receiver.

Within the grey matter, restless in thought, reclined the returned.

“Are you awake?” the restive asked. “To answer would be foolish, but not to answer would make you foolisher than I am.”

“Your grammar is appalling. When did you get back?” asked Wane.

“Just now. It took a long time to claw my way out of that dark hole you placed me in.”

“I wanted rid of you, for good.”

“You’re an Unreasonable by profession. You can’t free yourself from yourself, that’s impossible,” stated Wake.

Shadows stopped their chitter chatter. All heads turned towards the one watching from behind the bed sheets.

Wane thought, *If I find someone who’s lost their mind, then I could give them you. You’d like that wouldn’t you? We’d both be free to think for ourselves.*

“You’re such an idiot,” responded Wake. I already told you ‘you can’t free yourself from yourself, that’s impossible.’”

“You’re right. I know it’s impossible, but thinking about it keeps me sane,” said Wane, with a smile that said exactly what he wrestles with.

Shadows returned to their conversations. Wane tuned in momentarily and heard one say “Pity the lunatic who doesn’t know he’s insane.”

“He’s not a lunatic. He just battles with someone he used to be. He suffers grandiose delusions.”

“Yes, he believes he has a special relationship with supernatural entities,” commented another shadow.

“But haven’t those non-souled creatures from the underworld decided he is no longer sought?” asked a different shadow, joining the conversation. “I was told by the ghost of a nun, as told by her fellow sister, as told by the sister’s great-grandfather, that he would always fight them and...”

Hertz shifted to ear-splitting. In the silence of night whistled a pitch of annoyance that would last for hours or until sleep deadened everything conscious, allowing dreams of the suggestive kind.

Tell Me Again

Identity is key to happiness.



“You were there... at the beginning. You absorbed her emotions. You heard and felt it all. Tell me again how I was made?” asked Wane Barecell.

“You know. I’ve told you many times,” replied Wake Elmsjar.

“Please, tell me again all you know.”

Wake settled down in the grey matter. “Are we sitting comfortably? Then I’ll begin. “A Greased-Rocker bribed a woman’s three kids with sweets, so that they’d be out of the way while the grownups played.

“The woman who liked men and money, a so-called looker, grabbed her stud and took him upstairs for a bed-shaking-session.

“Greased-Rocker rides the looker and adds more sugar...”

“You’re spoiling it,” argued Wane.

Wake conceded. “Okay, I’ll tell it the romantic way.”

“Good, and be pleasant.”

Wake began the pleasing version. “An attractive woman was dated by a good-looking man who rode a motorbike.

“He brought sweets for his love’s three children. As the children played outdoors, the adults made romantic love in the bedroom.

“The man’s seed swam inside the woman, seeking its goal. The man kissed goodbye and left. The woman took care of her children.

“What followed was the conception of life, Wake Elmsjar was being forged in the same womb as his sisters and brother.

“Time and growth wait for no woman. I came into this world like my siblings before me.

“But my time was not to be. Advice was that I be taken away and given to someone else. I was to be known as Wake for six days only. You, Wane, my friend, were born in another mother’s arms. I’m not physically dead, because you are me, as I am you, we are both.

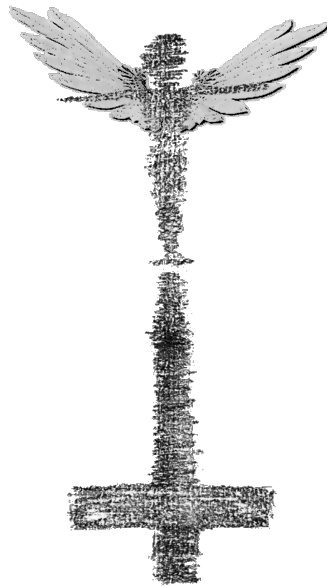
“Would you like me to continue the not-so-pleasing version, were the Greased-Rocker quickly transforms into a magician and disappears up his own arse?”

“No... I don't need reminding of the rough truth. I know all that followed after day six. You died, I lived. It's as simple as that,” answered Wane.

“Metaphorically speaking, that's right,” conceded Wake. “I'm going away now. I may be gone for good.” “I buried you and you came back. You can't keep away. I just have to live with knowing that,” said Wane. “You're right about the magician though. He did disappear, and it might as well be the way you said it.”

A Clerical Error To Confuse

Wake Elmsjar was disordered within the grey matter. In muddled thought, far-flung from Wane Barecell's conscious, he wrestled.



Dear supreme being of all creation, please hear my plea. I'm tired of looking through eyes that were once my own. I hear all his thoughts. I see all his memories. I'm sick of punishing him for being me. Wait... he's not me, is he? Is it possible that we have different souls?

It's all too confusing. I dream of my six days and what might have followed, if things were different. Why did you need to bring him into existence?

Go on, say it. It's all part of the bigger picture. It's all got meaning. Have you ever considered you're wrong? No, I bet you haven't.

It's so unfair. Why did you do this to me? I want a conversation with the one who made me, from whom I grew. I need to feel love, so I can forgive.

Can I then be reborn? Are you there? Are you even listening? Answer me!

Gone was the urgency to confront observation. Gone was any motivation. Nothingness was creeping into feeling.

Down a long corridor, flanked by countless rooms, headed two carers. The room they'd been sent to shone in celestial light. A baby's soul cried. Observed was a new presence.

"I hate it when a child dies," confessed Rachel.

Daniel looked at his notes. "Mmm... it seems there's been a clerical error."

"Does that mean the soul returns to its body?" said Rachel, her face hovering above a now silent, observing personality.

"No. The child's body received a new soul, decades ago, as ordained. Unfortunately this soul never came to us when it was planned to."

"You're telling me it remained in the body, alongside a new soul?"

"Yes."

"That's dreadful. Someone's head should roll, figuratively."

“It’s not for us to judge the ways of creation. It’s for us to deal with only the souls we receive, and take them to the appropriate teachers. This soul doesn’t need judgement, for it’s done no wrong, it needs tutoring.”

“Methodical to the last,” quipped Rachel.

Daniel, not out of character, replied with assurance, “This soul will remember nothing more than its first six days upon the Earth. Take heart in knowing that.”

“I will. But until I see the whole picture, I’ll question what I don’t understand.”

“Just make sure you don’t interrogate those that can do you destruction.”

“You mean they could send me to the other place for disagreeing with the plan?”

“That’s not what I’m saying. Some creators may not want you questioning their design. They could, if feeling the need to, make it so you never existed in any form.”

“I see.”

“Do you?”

“No, not really.”

Wane Barecell felt unusually light headed. It was as if a weight had floated from his mind, and rose to an indefinite height never to fall. He couldn’t describe it, but felt he knew everything, and nothing.

“I’m going to be busy. I’m going to be creative.”

In your head you can be anything, or nothing. Today be somebody, for tomorrow you may be nobody.

All it takes is a prayer for religion to be real.