

"THE QUIET ROOM OF WHITE"

By
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The stillness inside the white room is near to maddening. There's no sound that penetrates its padded dimensions. It's so utterly devoid of sound that I'm almost certain I can hear the air passing over my nasal hairs as I breath in through my nose. [THIS] is supposed to be therapeutic, but clearly those who propound its curative affectation have not personally subjected themselves to it... O, I cackle in derision.

There's only one window — too high to reach. Thus, I cannot see the view it [MAY] offer; no way to see out of it. The ceiling in the room is at least 14 feet high, and the window is only about a foot below the ceiling. Why? Why is there a window if no one can make use of its design? I am 30000000 deprived of sensory input that my imagination conjures up a beautiful and serene landscape outside the window.

How long have I been in here? I take note of a dimming period where the illumination through the window is only an eerie grayish emittance. Then, after awhile, the brighter illumination returns. This is the [ONLY] contrast I know. What does it mean? I do not have a way to tangify this.

OVER →

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I kind of like the eerie grayish emittance;
it seems to be calling to me, almost in a comforting
siren-like song...

...but, wait, that's not possible, is it?
There's no sound [IN] this quiet room of white! I
am now, seemingly, perplexed. Time? Time? What
is time? Is that even a word? A concept? How am
I to determine what's real / unreal? I know only
the quiet room of white. Is there no means whereby
I can distinguish something? Anything?

This existence is without form, [VOID]! Are
there other rooms like this? How does one get [IN]
a quiet room of white? Better, yet, how does one
get [OUT]?

There seems to be a vague memory coming
to the forefront of my mind. Yes, I recall some-
thing: I was forced into this quiet room of white
when I was 12 years old. How old am I now? O,
my God! I'm 60 years old! What happened? I
have known NOTHING beyond that door to that
quiet room of white, except insanity, for 48
years now.

A lifetime of despair. A journey beyond
reality, through vast visions of unknown time;
and now [I KNOW]: I know what it's like to exist
in a life bereft of any meaning.

The End