

# To be or not to be

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I feel blood dynamically throbbing, screaming and shattering against the veins and arteries of my anemically constructed body, as I helplessly clutch and release the harsh fabric below me. I gasp for air with every breath I take as I feel my lungs expanding and pain stroking me in every possible part of my stressed and gritted body. I have to be balanced, I have to be strategic, I have to be controlled, yet it is so hard since the emotions and memories I have been storing in the depths of my mind are now flooding and slicing up my brain. The speed my heart beat is racing at became abnormal a few hours ago and once again I cannot breathe. I feel rush, I feel adrenaline, I feel agony and I feel an extreme form of fear. I'm still.

Like anyone, I had days when I felt severe physical sourness and cramping, and I had days when the ache was coming from the centre of my core and my being. But as I keep running out of breath and pulling all my muscles apart, I feel a different kind of pain. I feel the pain of a boy expecting a toy car under the Christmas tree, but then getting a pair of knitted socks. But a lot more intense than that. The tension is constantly building up not only within my red blood cells, but within my eye sockets unable to produce tears which would relieve me off a piece of this harrowing pain. All I can think about is release. I need freedom and I need infinite space and I need light in the depths of darkness. I need to get out of the mess my body is flooded with. I breathe and breathe out, slowly yet irregularly, trying to balance out the two contradictory energies.

I lay there, as evened and fixed as I can, yet it is as if there was someone inside of me, someone fighting for their way out of the cage my body is functioning as. As my soul weakens, my body does too and I feel like drifting. I fall into a third dimension of abnormal unity as a sort of balance and harmony surrounds me. Where is the blood throbbing through my veins, where is the feverish flame in between my ribs and where is the inability to scream. I scream into the vacuum and I scream into the field of air and darkness. I am levitating, unable to focus and unable to think, I am just there, an overseer, a bystander. My head is spinning and I fall into certain intervals of unconsciousness, my organs snatching and clasping, yet I cannot physically feel them, it's as if my mind triggers them, but not my own being.

After a while, I force myself to focus, step by step, slowly yet steadily. I feel peace in this form of environment, there is nothing surrounding me, no consequences, no words, no sentences, no screams, no people, nothing. My focus smooths out and as I get closer to inner conscience, panic strikes me. I realize my vision is clouded, yet I see a figure and it does not seem to be moving. I float towards it, as if a force was pulling me closer for a better view and examination. I spectate the details. The grim skin, the bitten nails, the silky hair reflect a person so broken down and so rotten, someone so feared yet so weak. It reminds me of a person I once used to know, someone aside of this parallel universe my soul is drifting upon. The shock hits me again as I spot a gleam of a bright cobalt colour and I recognize it. It reminds me of the eyes I observe in the mirror every now and then, which I brutally despise. Chaos besieges me and I drown deeply into my thoughts as I realize that I am hovering above my own, defenseless and arduous body.

What am I? A soul, some matter drifting in air, a particle in space? Physically I am nothing, yet I am so full of emotion, so full of overwhelming joy, so full of freedom, yet the thought of my body ties me down. I crossed the border of

my body, of my rough skin to drift somewhere between life and death. I crumble like a piece of paper, yet I do not feel ready to be thrown into the trash. I try to cross the border shedding my crumbled body once more, yet I can't. It's ironic that I am trapped in an infinite space. Do I want to be trapped in a forlorn vacuum or in a closet of flesh and aching?

I ask myself now, where am I? According to Christians, after death I am supposed to go to heaven. Is this dark, cool zone anywhere near the comfort heaven promises? Is this really what death feels like? Pure emptiness? According to the Buddhists, death is inevitable and it serves as a break from the materialistic world, yet am I ready for a break from all I have and all I have accomplished. Does the fact that I am levitating breathlessly and needlessly provide me with any delusions about my entire past? What have I been, what am I yet to be? So far, it seems like my life has been a disappointment, full of regrets, misunderstandings and dreadful sadness. Do I want to go back? Do I want my life to be yet again, clutched in my filthy hands? I fear oblivion and I learned to respect loneliness. I learned to accept denial, yet I drown in disbelief. What have I done to myself and what is yet to be done to others if I live on? I might as well soak up in loneliness even after death. According to Hindus, I might be reincarnated, live again, maybe get to start over. Am I ready for a new beginning, though I haven't reached the end? Or have I?

My head is buzzing with questions and claustrophobia overflows me. I am in an infinite space and again I feel extremely small. I feel that all I have been doing in the past few hours is trying to calm myself and my body down. I am clueless about time, I just remember the pale doctor injecting me pain killers. I need those pain killers. I need to kill the pain being punched into my chaotic soul. I need some relief.

After a few minutes of senseless wondering, a thought strikes me. I assume what I am thinking is nonsense at first, but it might be the only hope I have

got left. I must choose. I must make one of the hardest choices, to end up either alive or some place else. Maybe heaven, maybe hell, maybe another body. I must choose to live as me, the crumbled up soul or as something else or somewhere else. I need to get out of this zone, yet how do I make the choice? It needs to come from me, from my inside, from my central origin. I need to weigh out the facts, strategically. I need to logically find my way out. I need to settle down and think. Maybe this fabricated world I lived in before the car crash, can be adjusted according to me. Maybe I can find a way to consciously accept the fact that mistakes can be redone and solved. But I do not spiritually and physically feel that I have the strength to build up again, to build it all up again. Maybe the car crash was meant to be, maybe it was animated, just like most of my life anyway. I need to be stabilized, I need moral and physical support, though I have given up on people a long time ago. My doctors say my way of living is pessimistic and downhearted, though I fear they haven't understood me fully.

Now I am crying once again, I am screaming and I am collapsing. I need to go back, I need to uncrumble and I need to heal. I know that if I kill myself, I won't kill my decaying self. My bruises and wounds will alleviate, just like my soul and personality will. I believe in myself and I believe in the change I will create.

And all of a sudden, it is if all the different sorts of flowers - roses, asters, sunflowers, buttercups and daises - began repairing the wounds in my heart and the scent and fragrance of blood felt more fresh, more alive. I see the contrasting hues and the glows unifying and becoming stable. I realise I no longer see darkness and I no longer feel the claustrophobic nabbing feeling in my gut. I am conscious and aware, no longer dubious and doubtful. And I realize I feel pain again, yet this time, the pain is sweet.