



"Death Of The Mad Man": Design by Delora D. Klugh. Artwork by Tammy J. Mair. © 1994

BEYOND THE FORTRESS

DEATH OF THE MAD MAN (PART 6)

By Timothy S. Klugh

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Sometimes, I wonder, when I am low in depression, if there was another calling for me that I had missed somewhere along the choices that have come across and passed in my life. Perhaps, if I had chosen another route, might I be more successful and content today? If this is true, why did I not see it? I feel as if I have always chose the correct paths. I never faltered from my own policies and moral beliefs. When others around me had, I stood strong and was not influenced by them. One would think that, with such diligent effort, my life would be more satisfying then it is.

It's like I have blindly over-looked a right choice somewhere in my life, and now I am being punished for it. And, it is an infliction that is more cruel than any that can be cursed upon me. For, I am punished with a lack of self-love and a lack of love from others. I keep trying to believe that, perhaps, there is a more divine reason why I suffer. I try to believe that something greater is waiting for me and it is only a short distance away. However, I have waited patiently for years, and nothing has come to relax the pain. My patience is fading now. It isn't that I've become impatient, it is more that the spirit that kept my patience alive is dying. Gradually, I feel a darkness coming over me. It is unavoidable now. Soon, it will completely take me and I will not look upon the world again.

Many do not understand my feelings. They think that it is just something that will disappear if not thought about. I have tried with all my power to avoid it, but it stays with me. I wake in my sleep and it is with me and tears have flooded my eyes before I even realize that they are there. It is strong, it is painful and it is unfair. I have looked to every alternative, but none have helped.

There was a time when she did come. She, the love that satisfied my pain, became a companion to me. For one time in my life, the misery vanished, and I was truly happy. She was beauty, compassion and security. She was all these feelings that my soul had been longing for. I was at peace. Nonetheless, my heart was weak and I relied on her to keep me strong. However, she was unable to remain what she was to me. Her love altered to follow other pursuits. Why not? She had to find her own happiness. Unfortunately, she also took the last hope I ever had in finding my own. But, I am fortunate in experiencing love once.

Still, that love was not all that I needed. I wanted the love that I had seen in others. I wanted a committed love where every moment free would be spent with her and she would want and do the same for me. I have never been worth that to anyone. I am not worth that to myself. I am worth so little to myself that I only look for death now. My strength is gone. I have waited for God to give me peace. If He does not want me to have peace, then give me reason why I should not. I would be content with either. And yet, no answer has come. I am not sure what He wants for me, but I am unable to withstand anymore.

I am truly sorry to those who don't understand me. They may never know why I took my own life, for they can't comprehend the deep depression that stays in me. I am also truly sorry to those who have tried to help me. In them, I see satisfying life. I do not see this in myself. I cannot share in their happiness. I guess I am a mad man after all.

I once had a great fortress where I was alone protected from all that would hurt me. I destroyed it for one who had been afflicted by others and was in need of love. I was in need of love, as well. I didn't stop at destroying my fortress for her. I continued to give until I had nothing left. Yet, my heart was not at ease, and I could not understand why. I tried to find comfort in my lover but found she had none to give. My distress became stronger over time and eventually her love faded away because of it. I only discovered after she'd gone why I suffered. She, like myself, was starving from a lack of love. She welcomed all the tokens of my affection that I had to give. These helped to build the confidence she had lost through her agonies. Yet, she could not afford to give anything back, not even the sympathy that I needed in my distress. For, she had been hurt for so long that her heart had died to others. She could do nothing more than take. Finally, when confronted with emotion, all she could do was leave.

I am now beyond the fortress with nothing left to protect me. The love lost has burned in my soul for so long now that I feel a hardening where caring once resided. I am becoming more callous because there is nothing more to hope for.

At one time in my life, I had a decision between opening my heart to another or staying inside the walls of my great fortress. I guess I chose unwisely. I've nothing left to give but a message to those who suffer as I do:

There is so much beyond our fortresses that will hurt us that the few of us, who really have the emotions of true love and believe in others, are better off staying in our fortresses no matter what we find at the gate. For, we are all mad and all that we see, all that we believe, is only a dream--it is not real, and, like a dream, it will fade away until all that is left is the cold darkness of our loneliness and vanquished hopes. The mad ones will always be shunned by others. It is better that we terminate our search for love before we begin the pursuit or suffer the rest of our lives in failing to find the deceptions of true love that our hearts lead us to believe.