



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

DEATH OF THE MAD MAN

By Timothy S. Klugh

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I often ponder with great thought why I try to make every one appreciate me? I try to please them, but nothing ever becomes of it, and nothing ever returns to me. I can't argue with them, for I am always wrong. Is it always my fault?

Love has forever been a constant burden to me. I can accept the fact that I am never to have it, if it wasn't for the yearning-- like a constant lust for an emotion that I can never feel. Yet, everyone around me does. Some are even undeserving of it. Still, for them, love does exist. They enjoy the many benefits it brings in their selfish ways. No one can see love the way I see it. I observe many hearts of stone, and I fear that they will pound away at mine.

Have I been forgotten, or am I just a burden? I wake in the deep of night agonizing over what I am and what people think of me. Sometimes the pain is so great that I feel I'll go mad. Life seems to have taken its toll on my mind and soul. One can only do so much to change himself to please others. If I was to die, would it change anything?

I long for the many yesterdays that I enjoyed life and those I once knew. I remember my friends in school. I still play games with them in the sunny summer days of my memories. I awake and rediscover who I am and the world around me. It is always what was that is better than what is now.

The people are my critic. Even in my sorrow, they notice my flaws. They brand me as feeling self-pity. I guess that is a flaw. I would take their advice and come out of it, but, if I did, they still would not be there for me. So, I continue and await whatever is to come.

When I have finally closed my eyes for the last time and have taken my last breath, I shall soar up into the Heavens. I will finally be free of the limitations of the mortal world. I will not be concerned of my destination, I will just soar without care. I will not look back, not even when the Earth is but another speck of light behind me. Constantly moving into eternity I will ponder my surroundings and inquire into their substances and reasons.

Soon my memories will stop me from going any further from the Earth. I'll then have to decide whether to hold

onto the memories and stay anchored to the Earth and my past or let go and move into the limitless future that lies ahead. The decision will seem hard to resolve, so I will observe it carefully.

I will find that these memories that I hold to so dear were not as important to me as I thought. These memories were filled with pain, doubt and loneliness. Yet over the duration of my life, I have trimmed them in gold and ignored the blemishes that had remained but were hidden under the sparkle and glitter of the gold. I'll then see the gold turn a deep green and the memories will grow darker and darker until it finally fades into the void of space. These memories are deceptions that would show themselves to the lonely heart as a warm blanket. Yet, once the blanket is worn, it would smother the heart until all reality was gone and only fantasy remained. Blinded by the lies, I would discover that I looked at the world as a different place. The world I saw was distorted and the people I knew were not all that they seemed. I will, at that moment, wonder why I cared so much for the people who treated me so bad?

I will spare no more moments on this thought, for the past is gone. I will know then to let the memories go so I can finally be free to wonder the universe as I desire. Free from the Earth and my memories of it, I will venture off into further space. My destiny will be totally mine. No one can alter it. One can call me selfish, but it doesn't matter. I have left a place on Earth that anyone can have. I have left memories that anyone can cherish, alter or scourge. I'll have taken nothing with me. It will all be left behind. I'll no longer owe anything to any person living or dead. This is my new domain, my new kingdom to explore. All I want is to be left alone to float forever wherever I want. Why should it bother anyone? Is it that no one ever wanted to see me with this happiness? My response would be that they themselves are feeling selfishness, but it is too late for them now. I have obtained a treasure that they can never have. It will be at that moment that I will realize that no one can hurt me anymore.

They may then call me that mad man who felt the world owed him more than it owed anyone else. There is no way I can change their views of me whether I am dead or alive, but when I'm dead, it doesn't matter that they curse my name. It doesn't matter what they think of me.