



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

A CLEARER SUMMER

DEATH OF THE MAD MAN (PART 2)

By Timothy S. Klugh

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I won't turn away because it doesn't matter anymore. They can't stop me because they have no control.

I never felt the wind blow so cold. I think it is because I finally realized what I am about to do tonight. There is a storm coming in. I can see the dark clouds covering the starry sky. Even the moonlight cannot penetrate the massive clouds rolling in from the sea. I have a wonderful view from atop this cliff. It amazes me how the clouds (so close now that, with a good leap, I could land on it) can cause the sea below to go into such a frenzy and crash upon the rocks at the bottom of this cliff so many yards below.

This is my storm. I know it must be. It hasn't lashed out yet, but I feel its anger being held in. It will attack with mad wrath soon from all the frustrations and confusion that has lingered in its dark whirling clouds. But for now, all is calm except the growing wind.

The summer is over now. It was dark and gray most of the time. I knew it would never break. It couldn't. Nothing seems to be changing to break the monotony. The darkness just kept on increasing. I will not see the sun anymore.

I remember a clearer summer when times were much happier. Everyday brought new promise and hope. I loved and was loved by all who were around me. I was blessed with a paradise of love and warmth that would make any man... any god envious. I was in the prime of happiness. Everyone loved me. I loved everyone.

My deepest love, she was a light that shined my way through the dark corners of despair. The demons, who had always submerged me in the poisons of distrust and jealousy, could not stand the light of her love and would scurry away.

But the gods were resentful! They saw that I was in a bliss that not even Heaven could compare. I became an enemy to them. First, they infested the people's minds. They made the people bored of me. The people began to ignore me. Then, as if not completely satisfied with my suffering, the gods dimmed my love's light and let the

demons in. I felt her pulling away, yet I held on as much as possible. But, I was too weak to fight the power of the gods.

They changed it. The people who I trusted most of all turned on me and took my happiness, my paradise and my love. They took her away with them and left me behind. Even the sun began to fade ever so gradually until only the gray was left.

I said to myself, "I can make it all happen again! I can make the paradise! I can make my happiness!" And so I did. I made my own world. My happiness would be in the rocks, the trees and the sea. These things could never leave me. They had no minds to turn against me as the gods did with the people.

I built a castle of stone and wood on a cliff that overlooked the sea. My castle had no windows, so I did not have to look into the gray Heavens, and the gods could not look in on me. Winter and spring past with great happiness. That summer, I indulged my spirits in the pursuits of science and nature, for these things were unchanging.

Yet, loneliness began to build. Soon all the mindless elements that I had about me were no longer enough. I needed interaction of other minds. My world was too controlled. I knew everything and nothing changed. The mindless elements that I dedicated so much time to never returned anything. They were inanimate unless moved, unaltered unless acted upon. My world lacked spontaneous behavior. My castle became a tomb. My paradise became a prison. The gods had looked upon me through the windowless stone walls and wooden supports of my castle.

They saw that my new found happiness had overcome my sorrow. They then encouraged and gave strength to my melancholy thoughts. I began to think of that summer of love and light until the yearning for it was all that I knew.

My longing filled my heart with frustration. I had deceived myself. All that I had built around me was nothing. There were not voices but my own that echoed in the mighty halls of my castle. The rocks, trees and the sea did not care for me. None of them would change their ways to please me. The laws of nature and science change for no one, not even the gods! If I were to die among these elements, they would still remain the same. Centuries later, these elements would still be the same. They would be what they are whether I had been here or not.

In rage, I destroyed my castle. The summer had come to an end.

Tonight, I look upon the remains of my castle and the land where I once knew love. The ruins stand in silence, unmoved by the wind of the storm. The waves are bashing against the cliff side even more ravenous than before. The vicious thunder has started and is striking the land and sea with intense fury. The black clouds are swirling with great forceful motion. This is a madness that I have never seen before. The gods are angry because they know I have found a paradise that they cannot conquer or stop me from entering.

I can leave at any time now. One leap from the cliff side and all the pain and loneliness will be gone. Even the demons cannot follow where I am going. I have won! The gods themselves have no control. Their anger now shakes the land and attacks the sea, but it can't stop me.

Death itself has welcomed me. I feel her cold arms embracing me as she encourages me to come. The people I loved have long vanished, and the elements never changed. Only Death calls to me, and I will come.