

Redefined Normality

“I was both within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life.” -Nick, The Great Gatsby by F. Scott Fitzgerald

Nothing about the day was special. The sky was littered to the brim. People bustled about, in and out.

Beep...

.....beep...

.....beep...constant reminders to the people to have a good day. As if the mere suggestion will make a difference. Grand isles showcased nothing but ordinary trinkets, despite their admirable intentions to be anything more. Much like a computer program, everything was on its ordinary loop. Nothing more, nothing less. This only accentuated the dullness of my “normal” surroundings. A superficial coolness made the rounds, embracing anyone it passed, for that was its purpose. Hollow conversations between strangers weighed the air down with a mundane buzz. Their seemingly pointless conversations, all herding together in midair, began to slowly pierce my ears. The sights that demanded to be beholden were suddenly starting to scream for my attention. This is just another ordinary day, there’s nothing special about it...right? Beams of light lined the ceiling like soldiers in ranks. Slowly, they started to bleed into my vision, creating a uncontrollable vortex in my eyes. Something isn’t right. This is just another day, what the hell is happening? The floor, once a rigid marble wonder, began to flex about under

my soles, like melting rubber. Around me, ordinary figures turned to distorted mosaics. In a flash, my once “normal” surroundings melted and spun into a personal hellscape. In a snap, focus shifted from environmental to introspective. An earthquake set off, rattling my very core. Rivers of blood rush to keep up with the sudden chaos. My knees, buckling like an old belt, left me in freefall. Tears aplenty fought their way to my eyes. Air seemed thick as snow, as my lungs were left an empty chasm. Inhibitions were lowered, leaving me swooning like a drunken sailor, though not as pleasant. All the ordinary sounds, from the beeping to the casual conversations, all amalgamated into a single, sharp ringing that isolated me from the rest of the world. In the blink of an eye, I had been unplugged from the rest of reality, and left with nothing but internal chaos of my own creation. Laying on the now alien floor, I am engulfed by the periodic waves of panic. I was both within and without, in a horrifically literal sense. Simultaneously, I was both a resident in this “normal” world, while being seperated by the destruction of my own person. Unfortunately, this is now a “normal” day.