

Mind Your Head

Like a light switch being violently flicked on inside my brain, some semblance of coherent thought begins to form with the coughing sputter of a stubborn lawnmower. Holy shit this is the worst headache I've ever experienced. The pain is so intense I can't fully comprehend if I'm actually laying on what feels like a tile floor, or someone has done me the favor of strapping me to a table to use a power drill on my skull to turn me into a walking woodwind. Opening my eyes has never been so difficult. All I see is a blur, Jesus fucking Christ.

I use every ounce of strength in my being to push myself from the floor. The floor, which the still working part of my brain can vaguely make out through the smudged eyesight, seems to be covered in some kind of weird black bullshit.

Seriously, what the fuck is this stuff. It looks like tar. Then again, it could be blood. Doesn't blood get all dark and weird when it sits out awhile? Isn't that a thing? Fuck, my head. I can't handle this. Where the hell did all the color go? Am I colorblind?

The whole room is blindingly white, besides the black shit of course. I can't do more than squint without wanting to vomit. Everything just blurs into gray.

What is happening, man. How the hell did I get here? Where am I anyway? Fuck, I can't remember anything. Is this shit blood or what? I can't feel anything but this jackhammer headache.

FUCK THIS HURTS.

I don't even know how I'm thinking through this pain. It's like my brain is firing on more cylinders than there are in the known universe, but all those cylinders are crammed inside an Etch-a-Sketch. I can feel my molecules moving like synchronized swimmers in a pool of whiskey. That doesn't seem right. I'm simultaneously witnessing what's happening like I've watched it before, but also experiencing it in real time for the first time.

Is that what's happening? Hello? Have brains always worked like this? Shit, snap out of it. Focus. Fuck my head and focus. Ow, ow, ooowww. Okay. Let's get some sort of bearing here.

I have no idea what happened or where I am, but I'm not going to be able to work it out until I can at least function like a person that doesn't feel like Scarecrow after the flying monkeys had a food fight with his grainy guts.

Alright, let's get this black shit out of my eyes. I reach up and grab what feels like a counter. Through my squinty vision I can make out that I am, in fact, in a bathroom.

Thank fucking God.

I brace myself for the inevitable torture of having to lift myself to my feet to get to the sink.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, focus. Okay, on three. One...two...

I prepare for the pain to propel an Oscar-winning scream and expect a cartoon camera to zoom in on my open throat to see an up-close shot of that little dangly thing going crazy and sprouting its own little mouth and screaming too...

...three! FUUUU-!...oh shit, that wasn't bad at all. How was that not terrible? I was just- God dammit, it's back. Shit! Fuck miracles, right?? Breathe, just breathe. Water, that's right.

This bathroom is so spotless I almost can't even see the outline of the faucet handle. I manage to find it and give it the ol' twisteroo.

Splish splash I was takin' a bath. What the hell? How are thoughts like that popping up when I'm so miserable?

My first instinct is to say it's probably a survival mechanism to help ease the experience of feeling like you're dying by allowing your metaphorical inner child to use his sticky little kid fingers to flick paint at your pain from the bristles of the eternal paintbrush, laughing while he speckles your last bleak moments with a dash of cosmic color, but then again, it feels more like the left and right sides of my brain are having an American Gladiator balance battle over a lake of fire. Either way, the wheels are falling off.

Face looks fine. The parts of it I can see through the black goop at least. God dammit, this shit is everywhere. I can't even see my clothes. At least, it felt like I was wearing clothes. I think there's some underwear under this mess.

Whatever. Hold on, lemme just feel...okay cool...snot rocket and the booger boys are still alive and kickin'. Fuuuck, my head, man. And why won't this stupid shit wipe off my skin?! Okay, definitely not blood. I gotta get the hell outta here, where's the door...

I turn to walk towards the door I saw closed behind me when I was looking in the mirror, only now, standing in the frame of the doorway are two figures. Tall as fuck. Solid black from head to toe. So black it looks like I'm literally staring at two person-shaped holes in the universe. Like whoever these guys are, or were, they both seem to have come to the undebatable conclusion that this particular world sucks ass, turned to each other, said, "Fuck this shit." and b-lined it through space-time into another existence like a cartoon character making a perfect impact silhouette through the wall of reality.

They don't move. Neither do I, but I also don't feel like I physically can't. Something doesn't feel right. I can feel them talking to each other. Not talking, communicating. They're in my fucking head. I can feel it worse than ever. Holy shit it's unbearable. I can't understand what they're saying to each other. It feels like whatever it is, they aren't in agreement. This is not a pleasant conversation.

Oh, shit, I'm dizzy. I can't keep standing. They're presence is so oppressive I can't even think. I fall to the ground. The black muck splashes around me. Oh, fuck, my stomach. It's too overwhelming. I'm gonna fucking throw up.

And like a man preparing to turn himself inside out mouth first, I retch so hard you would have expected my toes to peak through my teeth. This little piggy hung himself at home.

Instead, to my utter surprise and stupification, I watched as some goo-covered, flailing, squirmy creature flops and flaps its way out of my mouth and into a black puddle. This thing looks like some kind

of anthropomorphized alien punctuation mark...with legs. I'm gonna puke again. And out comes another gallon of goo. My eyes are watering so bad I feel like they're melting out of my skull. I watch in a laughable horror as this slimy fucker splashes around in the same black bullshit it seems to be made out of. It's not necessarily squeaking so much as it's emitting a high pitch tone like a dog whistle. Makes sense that my head feels better now that that's out of me. Fuck that thing. Maybe now I can actually let my mind be sufficiently blown by what the hell is going on right now. I look back up to the two space gangsters, but they're fading away and I slowly see the doorway behind them again. Before they disappear entirely, the little gooey goblin and all the rest of the black substance melts into itself and gets sucked into the same blackness the figures were made of. In a few seconds it's all gone like it was all never there.

What the fuck?

I blink and the once stark white bathroom suddenly looks like my own bathroom always has. My lungs fill with a few breaths and I stand back up to look in the mirror. I'm having a really hard time not thinking that the Jenga tower of my mind has toppled completely and I should most likely not walk, but RUN, to the closest psyche ward. A few more breaths.

I turn the water on again and splash my face. As I'm drying my face I look back up. Right behind me is another silhouette, another perfect human hole, only this time it doesn't feel like a separate being. It feels like...me. Not me right here, but like... me back there. My eyes get wide and my brow furrows with the same concern of watching someone sitting next to you on a subway pick their nose and trying to stay calm at the terrifying prospects of them wiping it on a seat or eating it. I open my mouth to speak and say,

"Uumm...."

I get ripped backwards off my feet and sucked through the hole in space behind me.

In the split second there is before my arms and legs disappear into the void and I can begin to think about what I'm sure is going to be an indeterminable amount of potentially infinite time full of mortal anguish and despair, I can't help but think,

at least my headaches gone.