

"Life comes..." he thinks, billions of red threads dangling around his head just like memories flashing through his mind.

They make him feel dizzy, resemble what he believes in as himself being trapped in his mind, or rather wrapped up in cosy but itchy thin red wool. It reminds him of the extraordinary baby blanket he used to lie in, colourful and warm, stricken with memories of carelessness.

"Start to count them! Start, now – recount", he keeps replying to the blank white walls, his undemanding audience. Even if they could answer, he would never expect them to. He doesn't want them to. He likes them to be silent spectators, bearing similarity to him as a youth.

"Get it done, boy!" he cheers to himself.

"One, and one, and one."

"Counting used to be less difficult," he gnarls, unable to focus among visibly infinite strings of conscience.

Wrapped up purposefully as seen when he first was confronted with what he might regard *not even now* as being a pleasure – birthday presents. His first encounter with these, in particular. Presents twice the size of his height poured down on him like Thin Lizzy's solos through a wall of speakers.

Dizzy? Yes, still dizzy.

Or thunderous rain on his skin like icicles colliding with his teeth.

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

He chews on his nails totally lost in remembrance.

He has been one of those kids distracted by the others' hopeless efforts in experiencing 'fun'; sucking on icicles instead, he stuck to himself during lunch breaks. Goose bumps intimidate him, still, in one way or the other.

Splish-splash it goes as the presents are put around him on the floor. The wrappings cause electric whispers to reach his sensitive ears: "These are yours," they say in whistling tones, "unwrap them!"

Lost somewhere in between *that* kind of dizziness, levelled alongside with the one he will occasionally explore later while he would examine the infinite horizon or slowly moving clouds, high above his head.

One candle shivers relentlessly in front of his eyes.

By now all eyes on him, pierced with expectations, so to speak. Thus he blows it, initiating his cowardice by rocking back and forth on his little baby throne, as if he tries to duck away from all demanding glances, until he lands face-forward in his first birthday cake.

"One. One. One."

That one candle, still, shivers relentlessly in front of his eyes, blank walls seem to stare and listen as he recounts. Though, the red threads keep dangling, he is moving on to grasp the second, mentally.

"Life comes, comes crashing sometimes," he writes in big bold letters with a black marker on the wall right beside him. The flickering light of the candle gives him a hard time in seeing what he is doing.

"Moments pass by, fatigued with memories. Not enabled to envision them for longer than a second, I hang onto fallacies as in my perception of life.

When I tried to move, I moved mountains in mind to see what's left behind cascades of snowy white. Even if there is no freshness to the sun or the aftermath unknown, I am about to press my ear to the earth as to the past. Like to a wall, forgotten and decayed. Just to get a glimpse of what, inside, has so long been strained.

So I bow down and make a vow, when defenselessly I am devoured by a wall of snow.

Blinding darkness fulfils my insecurities and pushes me forth into reality.

One candle shivering relentlessly in front of me, embodying all that I can see. Nothingness there is and used to be, running in circles, running in circles mentally."