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Calvino, you are my hero: Flares

Close your eyes, shut out the light, and wait: before long dancing shades of spritely colours form across the inner walls of your mind. I often do this, trying to reacquaint myself with simplicity. When all else seems dense; to defy penetration – when a ringing persists in my eyes, ears, hands and chest; a frustration with the order of things that engulf me – it is in these spires that I confide.

Until one day I could no longer summon them. Not that I ever had command over them in the first place; it was precisely this fact that allowed the ringing to cease. Instead, when I close my eyes, a great expanse of porridge-like-beige lodges itself like quicksand, undulating around my mind's eye, enticing me forward to part its opaque culture, so that I may melt into its perpetual uncertainty. Like a lover lost in a misty void, unsure of their direction or even that which they (I?) seek. The outside world has penetrated within. And gone is my solitude. Looking up – or at least what I think up is – I imagine myself transcending the nebula, imagine, with what imagination I am afforded, that I may gaze down upon the beige sea, and have just one single clear thought. Just one. One tiny dancing colourful sprite to disseminate the mixture and let us (me?) start again.

But I can't. My feet are thoroughly grounded, lead weights made heavier still by the swirling mists that gather around my legs, and upwards, so I can't even make out the shadow of my feet, or which direction they might be facing.

Where did I lose myself? When I open my eyes the mists reform in shape: Trafalgar square swirls with people passing through the space of my thought – the dull precipice threatening to strike with its suffocating humidity, and the ambling murmur of a porridge-like city, sluggishly circulating with a Sun that cannot even be seen.

Is it still there? Perhaps it disappeared with the sprites; recalled then from our world, a lost cause doomed to a slow and agonizing deterioration.