

Psychedelic War on Math

A piece of chalk strokes across the board
A furry hand in tow, cold, gripping the shredding, white column.
A stare just as cold as the outside as their brains churn.
Numbers racing, adding, subtracting, integrating,
formulas shrinking, expanding...like Space.
The equations, the signs,
what do they mean? What the hell is wrong with me?
The dark void of unanswered questions consume this very room I stand.
I step back, and investigate the scriptures.
They fly, distort, fade, and shimmer.
I feel weak. They were fighting back.
My memory has gone foul: has it been two weeks since I've started?
Why do I insist on this torture?
When did I start? When will I finish? Where did I even start?
Am I close? Am I too far from success? Out of reach, even?
I look down at my hands and I drop my utensil.
As it fell, I saw its movement path, its trajectory, its speed, and distance from the floor.
I looked up with a shaking and blurring vision; the chemical composition of the chalk
flew at my face, chemical bodies of the air leaving my quivering nose and mouth.
My breathing was painful.
My vision blurs and my stance felt unstable.
Unstable...like a particle's Potential Energy on an upward-facing slope...
Slope...the Derivative of...
The screaming...my head...
The darkness has consumed me.
I have lost the war.