

Serein

SEREIN

A Backhanded Eulogy.
An Epitaph To Fragility.
Humpty Dumpty.

A lovely engaging woman, a mother, a wife, and a sane presence in the community. That was my impression; I am impressionable.

"Stranded in the bush, on an island", one had speculated. "She got mixed up with some stuff that was goin' on in the Stone House", another conjectured.

The Stone House could be described as a dungeon above ground; it had been built by some occultist religious group; now standing abandoned most of the time; occupied periodically by floating entities, otherwise known as squatters. Whatever happens in dungeons could have happened there, without Edgar Allen Poe; however, not to build a prejudice, one went there of his own free will. And, unless draculas or venomous creatures inhabit all the dark places, it would have been only some other two-legged look-a-likes who frequented the place - in order to get out of the rain, perhaps.

No one could have lived there for very long ... without going 'bananas' or turning into some blanched red-eyed creature. Surely, a few skylights would have altered the whole character of the place.

Perhaps it was psilocybin along with some kaleidoscopic imagery, or psychedelic holographs, that tested the threshold of one's grip on reality.

That clear bright intelligence became fractured. One ascribes the mysteries of our fragilities, our vulnerabilities, to mystical interventions, to extraterrestrial agents. Our ordinary grip on reality, while it leads from pillar to post, may only represent a grasping; and perhaps we are more tethered to pillar and post than we realize.

Schizophrenia: a frightening label, to be sure. She, whose voice was always welcomed in its clarity, having spoken only necessarily, and in context, and as though assessing aright every issue. A sanity we could pray for, one that might possibly steer a path through our stalemate of man against man.

A bright light in the bush; mishandled? Within - a host of wayward emotions, flippant, thrill-seeking; an act of desperation from out boredom? Reality! TOO REAL? And unwise enough to frustrate this crystalline intellect.

We, of less perfect manufacture, hold together, our impurities perhaps lessening the strain within the lattices of our minds.

The diamond inside her had shattered. Little bright fragments without coherence. Inner lights that scarcely responded to the stark issue just beyond one's circumscribed envelope.

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I wonder ... The Stone House may have been only a symptom. Reality had been all too confining in its selfishness; one reached for nonsense to relieve the pressure, the strain of holding the world together.

And surely the M.D. converts a shambles into a windup toy that will smile and wipe its ass, and close the door; that will pay its bills and ambulate, a dullard with a question mark (crooked halo) hovering above. For a while.

The M.D. is some kind of curious way-station. In one's need, one submits to some kind of assistance; the helpless aiding the helpless.

Serein is Serein, not some case history. Her diamond does glitter, whole, and marooned, somewhere inside.

Her husband, who might have been more attentive at some crucial moment, now carries some heavy agony in his breast, a love bent upon itself, as she smiles distantly, as though through a veil. The children miss her when she visits the way-station. When she returns, they hang about her even though she is a rag-doll. They surely detect a strangeness, but are prone to skipping about; somehow the oddity of mother eludes them.

Her essence eludes me; this fragile personality whom I know not, but from this great distance. I have heard her speak, before it all happened, speak as clearly as any other, and more so, enough to take notice. A bright sparkle shone from her words.

Who will put Humpty Dumpty back together again?