SOLILOQUY OF AN ESCAPIST

SARBAJIT SEN




WAIT
WE NEED TO TALK.
I'M ALREADY OUT OF FRAME
WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE TRYING TO ESCAPE ?
ES-CA-PE??
DONT CALL THAT 'ESCAPE', C'MON.. ESCAPE FROM WHAT?
IT'S HARD TO ESCAPE WHEN I MERGE INTO MYSELF. I'M SCARED!
WHEN I LOOK AT THIS HAND OF MINE I FEEL UTTERLY LOST.
SOB STUFF!
YA..
THIS IS AND THIS IS NOT A HAND. THOUGH IT GROPED FOR AN ENTIRE LIFE...
HUH!
GLEANED IMAGES.. LINES...
FORGET IT, YAAR!
PRECISELY, WE BOTH GOT DRAWN TO LINES
CLINK


DRAWN TO LINES? OR DRAWN BY LINES?
DRAWN THROUGH LINES... MAYBE...
WHO OR WHAT ARE THESE LINES?
AND WHAT ABOUT THAT ENORMOUS SPACE BETWEEN THE LINES?
WAIT! WAIT! I'M IN TWO MINDS. LINES=
VISUAL MEMORIES REMIXED?
MEMORIES.. MEMORIES DIAGRAMMA-TISED? A SENSE OF ASSOCIATION?
GO DEEPER. SHEER INSTINCT MAYBE?
AN INSTINCT TO GRAB THE TACTILE AND THE IMAGINED WORLD ALL TOGETHER?...
OOMPH!


YES. LINES ARE WORDS. I FEEL SO.
YOU SAID IT AT LAST! WORDS!
DONT KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS NIGHT. SUDDENLY ALL THE WORDS SAID OR SPENT COME BACK TO ME
IN SHADES OF MEDIOCRITY... LIKE EMPTINESS...
HEY!
I HATE TO SEE YOU GIVE UP SO EASILY! HEY!
TAKE IT EASY! IN FACT I WAS LOOKING FOR A CHANCE TO TALK TO YOU.
I HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR QUITE SOMETIME IN ALL YOUR WORD-LESSNESS.
DONT WE SHARE THE SAME WALK? HEY!
EH?


WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW IS A NATURAL CONTINUATION/ EXTENSION OF WHAT YOU MADE ME DO YEARS AGO. WALK.
IF THAT WALK BECOMES AN ENDLESS LOOP FOR SOMEONE...
..AND IF THAT SOMEONE WANTS TO COME OUT OF THAT BLOODY LOOP, YOU CAN'T CALL HIM AN ESCAPIST.
FED UP WITH THIS WALK I AM!.. IT'S A WALK ON THIN ICE... KEEPING A CONSTANT WATCH OVER MY OWN SHADOW... A GROTESQUE MIRROR...
"LIKE A SLITHERY SNAIL ALONG THE SHARP EDGE OF A RAZOR...
MEMORIES
MEANING
ONE FALSE STEP. AND YOU BLEED.
YOU CALL THAT A 'WALK?'
YES I DO. YOU CAN'T NEGATE THE SORT OF WALK YOU FIXED FOR ME, WHAT SHOULD I DO?


GO BACK TO YOUR FRAME AND BE STUCK THERE. STOP FOLLOWING ME WITH THAT DARNED BAGGAGE OF YOURS!
THIS IS YOUR BAGGAGE
BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT IT..
DONT STAND LIKE A ZOMBIE. GIVE ME A HAND. IT'S TOO HEAVY.
THUD
SOON
SO HERE IT GOES. HAPPY?
IT'S DEAD EMPTY. NO MORE OF YOUR SAID WORDS COMING BACK TO YOU IN SHADES OF MEDIOCRITY AND BLA BLA BLA
PLOP
NOW WHAT'S THAT?
BLALA


A CHARCOAL!!
THIS NAUGHTY LITTLE IMP REFUSED TO GO! MY FATE!! (SIGH)
WHY FATE?
BECAUSE IT HAS ITS OWN VORTEX.
WELL, I DID WHAT YOU WANTED ME TO DO. EMPTY THE SACK.
CUT THE CRAP! YOU COULD NOT EMPTY THE SACK. AND THIS EMPTINESS IS DEAFENING!
AND I KNOW THE PRANKS OF THIS CHARCOAL. IT'S TRYING TO DRAW ME TO LINES! AGAIN!
BLAU
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT. FATE! DONT KNOW WHAT IT IS.. BUT WHENEVER I TRIED TO ESCAPE LIKE YOU, THIS LITTLE DEVIL CAME IN BETWEEN.
Hi! I KNEW YOU GUYS WOULD COME BACK TO ME ANYWAY...
BUT FIRST OF ALL, I NEED THAT CHARCOAL
KNOW HIM?
YEP! THE TWO OF US. LONG AGO.
STRANGE THINGS WERE HAPPENING TH/
TAKE CARE, YOU DONT FALL IN THE SAME LOOP AGAIN..
I HOPE NOT. THIS TIME THE SACK IS EMPTY!


WOW! I'VE GOT IT AGAIN!
DAMN IT! I KNOW THAT HAND
HEY FOLKS! READY FOR SOME FRESH LINES?
CRAZY! HE IS TRYING TO DRAW ON THE SKY!
AND HERE IT GOES!
HE WHO GETS IN FIRST, OWNS THE HOUSE! READY? HEY...
IT'S MY VOICE CALLING TO ME !!
WHO IS GOING FIRST? YOU? OR ME? I KNOW THIS GAME.
SO DO I. BUT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT SOME LOOPS AND SOME MEDIOCRITY AND
I KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN. MY FATE!
I KNEW IT TOO!


CONGRATS! YOU COME FIRST.
PHEW! THAT WAS A BIG LEAP!
WHAT NEXT?
ALL YOURS. AGAIN.
SNIFF SNIFF! A BLANK SPACE!
SO LONG..
DESERVE YOUR DREAM.
NO END