

O

Perryman lies in bed, staring to the stars. He closes his eyes and opens them. He does it again, then again and then again. He rolls over to his belly and looks to the shining light held in his hand. *2 more hours.* He rolls back over onto his back. *I wonder what it'll be like? You know what it's going to be like. Yeah but you can never know... Just wait and see yeah just wait and see be present be in the moment no sense in thinking about it or imagining what could happen. It's a big place anything could happen and you'll be alone. I like being alone though. But you'll be really alone but for how long? It'll be okay you can handle this you can handle anything believe in your light believe in yourself.* He closes his eyes. *Hmm sleep. Sleep. Sleep... should I even sleep? I'll be there in less than 6 hours. I should probably get some rest. Maybe some on the flight? It's only like 2 hours though that's that weird in between time of good rest and half rest. Just rest your body let your muscles relax and you'll feel good. But my mind needs to quiet as well. Hmm.* He opens his eyes. *Those stars are far away. Stars? You mean projections of light? Yeah I know idiot.* He rolls over and puts his face in his pillow. *This is going to be fun. This is what you want remember? You wanted this. You wanted to get away. What else would you do? Really? What else is there to do? Die? Dying would be nice but is it worth it? I mean it's gotta feel the highest you ever felt. The most transcendental feeling you can imagine. That's it though it's just your imagination. Is dying just our imagination? Is life just our imagination? What is imagination though? That's just a word. Is my imagination reality? My reality? My own subjective reality? Or are we really all one? I mean we are one huge race but we're not all one. We can't be. We can't be one field of consciousness in bodies' right? I mean we might be but if we are why do we have so many differences in*

thoughts and opinions? He rolls over and lies on his side, staring to the wall. *What does paint think? Does it think? If consciousness is everywhere it must think right? Paint doesn't think you idiot its job is to please our eyes. Minds too. Yeah yeah outside sources affect us on a subconscious level. We know.* He rolls onto his back and stares at the fan spin around and around. He looks to the light in his hand. 20 minutes has passed. "Fuck I need to sleep." He rolls back over and closes his eyes....

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

On a beach he lies with his feet in the water. The water line brushes up his shins and he looks to an orange sky. He smiles, as birds chirp over and sunlight warms his pale breasts.
"Baby" a voice softly, says. He looks up and she stands above him. "Catch!" she drops water onto his face.

-
-
-

He comes to and grips his pillow. He presses the light *27 more minutes.* He rubs his eyes and stares out the window above his bed. *Dark. Looks cold too.* He turns and lies on his back. *No turning back after this. You must succeed. You must change the world. No I will change the world. No I*

am the world. I am the change. I am success. I am the power that shifts it all. I can do this...I wonder if mom's up... I'm going to miss her. I'm going to miss everyone. You're doing this for them though. You have to. No you're doing this for yourself. Doing this for you is doing it for everyone. We're a collective consciousness remember? Right. Okay. Wow I'm so excited, I can't believe I'm finally entering a new world. A new life. What's going to happen? What will I become? Who will I meet? How far will I go? He smiles. You're doing this. The universe is shifting for you. You can do this. He rubs his dry eyes and sits from the bed. I should just get up now. No...he lies back in bed. Just be patient. Patience is the key. Be present. Yeah. One moment at a time. Live in the moment. Be who you are. Be patient. He takes a deep breath in and exhales. He looks to the fan spinning above. Who else could do what I do? Probably a lot of people. Quiet that ego. You're an insignificant speck on an even more insignificant speck floating through a very large but in the grand scheme probably not that large insignificant speck of dark unknown space. Yeah that's a good mindset to have, that'll find you jobs and relationship and fame and fortune. Does it matter though? Does anything matter? Ah mind quiet just clear your mind clear your mind. All you do know is you're funny. To yourself. He laughs. Yeah I am. He looks to his bright light. 10 more minutes.

"Fuck it." He gets out of bed, flicks on a warm stone light, opens his door and walks down a dark cold hall.

"Mom," he whispers through a crack door into a dark abyss. "Mom, I'm up."

A figure moves. "Okay" they softly, say.

"I'm gonna shower."

"Okay. Don't be loud or he'll wake." Snoring comes from the floor and Perryman shuts the door, as he retreats down the hall.

○

○

○

○

○

○

○

○

Warm water runs down his face as he turns and moves. *I'll have some tea. Green tea good caffeine in that and it makes my tummy tight. He soaps up. I'm gonna miss her. You'll see her in a day. Yeah but this is such a leap. Who knows what's going to happen to me. Where I'll go... Who I'll meet. What if someone swoops me up? A soul mate. She is your soul mate. Is she? Dog yes. Present. Yes in the moment. He opens his mouth and lets water rinse onto his tongue. I'm present I'm here. He washes his face one more time and shuts off the water.*

—
·
—
·
—
·
—
·
—
·
—
·
—
·
—
·
—
·
—

In his room he finishes packing a sack. *Charger charger okay where's my other charger.* He scans and his mom walks in.

“Mom have you seen my charger?”
“Shh...”

“Ohh, never mind,” he whispers. “Forgot, it’s already downstairs.” She walks out of the room, across the hall and opens a door.

“Zerafang, are you up?”
“Yeah,” a half sleeping voice slides out.

“Okay, he’s in there, you can go in.” Perryman walks out into the hall by his mom who stands near the door. A sleepy Zerafang comes out from the darkness.

“Come here,” she says and wraps an arm around Perryman’s neck. “Good luck.”

“Thanks,” he smiles. “I’ll see you.” She squints and smiles and walks down the hall to the room.

Perryman and his mom walk down the stairs and into the kitchen.

“I’m just gonna make some tea and we can go,” Perryman says.

“Okay, I’ll start the car. You should eat something too.” Perryman looks around. *Hmm. Fruit skinny.* He grabs a banana and begins peeling it back as he lights a burner. Thumps come from the ceiling. He looks up and disregards it. His mom walks back in.

“How are you feeling?” She asks.
“Good, wired. I didn’t really sleep. Well, I did a bit, but not wholly. How about you?”
“Ohh, I slept like a rock.”

“Yeah, I might sleep on the flight, I’m not sure. It’s that weird in between time where I can get a little sleep but is it really worth it?”

"I'm sure you will," she says. Perryman walks around the kitchen, as his mom collects his things. "So, everything's here. Bags, tickets, wallet?" Perryman looks into a mirror.

"Yeah, just my backpack on my back here."

"Okay why don't you load up the car and we can go."

"Okay." He goes to walk, though is distracted by a loud ring. His mom grabs it. She looks to the screen closely and looks up.

"He's up." Perryman shakes his head.

"Do you want me to go get him?"

"If you would."

"Okay let me pack the car real fast and I'll let him out."

Perryman finishes loading up the car. He closes the trunk and warms his hands. *Cold one.* He looks to the stars in the sky. *Life.* He smiles.

He walks inside and heads up the stairs. He creaks open the door, Zerafang's in bed.

"Did he wake up?"

"He won't stop pacing," she says. Perryman laughs.

"Come here boy," he says and picks him up. He grunts, "Come on buddy." Perryman carries him by the gut down the hall and down the steps. "Come on boy, go outside." He opens the door and lets him out. Perryman stands on the porch with a grin. *It's only fitting you do this.* The creature mousse's around for a little and Perryman walks inside. He walks to his mom with a smile. "No surprise there," he says.

"Ohh, I wish he would just sleep. He's gonna be up in 3 hours when I get back."

Perryman walks back to the door where he now stands. He opens it.

"Come on buddy, let's go," he picks him up and walks up the stairs.

Perryman steps over a gate and knocks it over and sets him back into the room. He pets him.

"I love you boy. I love you." He gives him a kiss on the nose. "You be good. I want to see you again. Be good for them. I love you. You've been everything for me," Perryman rubs his ears and then stands up. "Alright Zerafang, I'll see you. Be good."

"Bye, good luck," she says, head buried in pillows.

Perryman enters the kitchen. "Alright ready to go?"

"Yeah, let's go."

"Oh, my tea," he says. He grabs it and drinks it very fast. *Oh god. HOT. There is no god.* He looks in the cup. *Little left just finish it.* He takes another sip and looks back in the cup. *Okay fuck it.* He dumps the rest out and turns to his mom. "Alright let's go." They walk out the door.

"Goodbye garage," he says. She laughs. "Goodbye car, I'll miss you," he says smiling to a silver car.

"Just think of it this way, it's like going away for school again."

"Yeah I know, I'm okay," he says, as they get into black car, fuming exhaust.

They back out the garage and head down the driveway. "It's going to be an adjustment for sure, but I'm excited."

"Good," his mom says. They drive down the light barren road. No headlights in sight but theirs. He looks out the window to only see the reflection from the light inside. He turns up the heat and warms his hands looking forward.

"I'm ju--" he's cut off as the car hits a little patch.

"Oh god, I hope it's not icy," his mom says, slowing down.

“Just try to go slow and it’ll be okay. Get in good tracks.” She drives cautiously, feeling out the road.

“Figures, of all mornings it has to be this one. Hasn’t been cold all month but now it wants to be icy.”

“Well you can’t fight nature,” he chuckles. *Can you?*

“It’s okay, you’ll have plenty of time. I usually have to take Dad at midnight, so it’s no rush, we’ll be okay.”

“I’m not worried.”

“Just lay back and try to sleep a little if you can.” *That’s not gonna happen.*

“I’ll try. I kind of wanna just stay awake.”

.
.
.
.
..
.
.
..
..
.
.
.
.....
.
..
..
.
.

Further along, they enter onto the highway. “And I think that’s the key to everything, positive thinking. Because, ya know, if you think positive, positive things will happen, right? You’ll attract more positive things, but if you think bad thoughts, it just kind of snowballs and more and more bad things keep happening. It like sets the tone for your day. *How come it’s so easy to think negatively though?*”

“I agree, I’m trying to do that more, and stick to that this year,” his mom says.

“And I was telling Dad last night, it’s just having a dream or a vision. And if you see that vision and want it so bad, this reality will bend to that.” *Because all reality is just atoms so my thoughts are powerful enough to paint reality. She won’t get that. But we’re just atoms. We’re atoms thoughts and emotions and if everything is made of atoms then we’re everything and anything is possible.*