Nothing

a novella

Nothing.

More.

No no no.

Ad lib.

Let it all flow out. Only. Except it's hard and getting harder.

It jerks out, it won't flow.

Positively negative. Yes. No.

So uncomfortable. Really. Make it make sense. It's over now.

There there there.

And here and now, and why? And try to and, and understand. Yes try. This absolute, complete nothing. Complete. Conclusive. Unoriginal. Destructive. Absolutely, yes an and the ultimate absolute. Force it through. Find expression. Try try try. Yes and no.

It's neither.

It doesn't work. It's not working.

We're just waiting, wanting, staying. Put. On. And on, yes.

What and where is the meaning? How and why? Questions, pointless questions. Pointless asking. Quite pointless. Quite. So.

And then. Really.

Just varying variations of isolation. All the time and always. That's the totality, that's where it all leads, and purpose recedes. And leaves nothing. Isolation and nothing.

Unclear.

Work it out, work something out. There is nothing. To be worked out.

Well.

You know.

It goes on. It continues. Not much sense coming through, just a hope of sense. Senseless. Uselessness.

Why nothing rather than something?

Still obscure. Obscured.

So so uncertain right wrong right now. Other kinds of nothing, combinations of isolation. Some kinds of nothing, of senselessness, beyond. Misery.

Beyond misery, self-pity, beyond depression. There's just nothing. Always coming through and through and on and on to nothing. At all. To say. Except to write about nothing, try to describe nothing. Or write about isolation. Try to describe isolation. They're both the same. They're all we have, and they're both meaningless. There is no meaning at all. Just this. Ultimate nothingness. Ultimate isolation. Which we can and we do and we try to forget.

Less. Important things. Getting in the way. Obscuring the meaning no meaning of nothing. Meaning nothing. All about nothing. Nothing matters.

Everything ends. Leaving nothing. Just nothing. Isolated nothing. Nothing has no meaning. Nothing. Meaning nothing. No meaning.

Trying to. Gain some distance from nothing. To isolate nothing from our isolation. It's not working. Even this doesn't won't can't work. Nothing works. Out.

In. Time. It might. Perhaps.

Why hope? Why?

Nothing coming through. Nothing flowing out. Nothing matters. Read into it whatever you want. Nothing cares.

Oh yes oh no or something in between. Meaning meaning what?

Nothing has meaning. Nothing has no meaning.

Everything. Everything going towards. Nothing nothing nothing.

Nothing left.

Or nothing coming out.

Just this and that. Complete and utter. Isolation.

Not pessimism, not optimism, not love, not hate, not good nor bad, nor ecstatic. No. Yes isolation and nothing.

Nothing. Isolation. Nothing and isolation.

Nothing.

And it get worse.

How can things get worse than rock bottom?

They're worse now.

Another level of nothing, way below the other levels, the depression dragging down down down.

Alone. Just one solitary, isolated depression.

And. The coming to terms with reality, the reality of nothing, and the attempts to evade that reality.

But. It all comes back to the same thing, to that same nothing.

Nothing else.

Trying to grope for other subjects. Nothing coming, nothing happening.

Nothing more, nothing less.

Starting. In the stomach. Grinding round and round, no no, yes yes. An agonising depression, there in the pit of the belly, this empty nothingness, emptiness, mixing itself round and round. Around which the depressed body shakes and quivers.

And then. Rising to the head. It all spins in and around the head. Nothingness inside, and nothingness outside. And they're both spinning round.

A resigned shaking body. This is reality. This is real. This is. Just this. Nothing else. Nothing other than nothing.

Nothing to change to but another dream. Dreams: evasions of the reality of the isolation, of the nothingness.

Must keep with reality. Mustn't enter more unreal real life situations.

More dreams.

Keep with nothing. Try to come to terms with nothing. All we have is nothing. We have nothing.

Really.

And so. On. And so on.

Continually sinking through nothing. With nothing. For nothing. Matters. Misery and self-pity have been left behind. This is now taking courage. This is courageous. Trying to come to terms with this nothingness.

Entering another dream is not courage.

The dream was pleasant? But it was a dream: this is reality. This is real. This is what is happening, this is all that happens, this is all that matters, if anything matters.

It can't be changed. Nothing can be changed.

You can't change nothing.

It's not that confused. Really. It's just worse than sadness, and worse than tears. It's this or dream. This or evasion.

Dreams leading to nothing, or nothing.

Not willing to fight it out again. To be knocked down, and out of a dream again. Not prepared to.

Dream.

Dreams only lead you back to the reality of nothing.

Almost nothing left.

To say. To do.

But. And. Except. It still throbs and jerks its way out. More words, out of this isolated nothingness. This descent.

Again.

The same.

Below rock bottom. Only believe reality. Reality is nothing. Believe nothing.

Energy and willpower go, leave.

It's not ending. It's not changing. It's just there.

Desperation desperation desperation desperation.

It's just there. Nothing there.

So.

Doing nothing.

Nothing else worth doing. All hope lost. All hope gone. Hopeless.

The cruelty of it all. The cruelty of all this isolation. This total, appalling terrible loneliness, desolation, separation. This terrible cruel state. This.

And now.

Just left with memories. And they'll end too.

Life is nothing but a desperate struggle out and away from this desperation.

We can't get away from it. We can't get away. We can't.

This separation. Just one person. It always will come down to it. It always will come. There is no way out. There is no way. Isolation and isolation of one person. From all other persons.

And then and there again.

Any few glimpses of happiness. Were just dreams. Illusory. Deceit.

And we hold onto them, and cherish them, until we're gone, they're gone – nothing lasts.

Lasting nothingness.

The dreams. The dreams, they have no meaning, they're not real, they don't exist. Only isolation exists.

It's helplessness and hopelessness.

Nothing lasts.

Even this isolation could end. Will end. Must end.

What is the need, and why? Why do we ever try to break out of this isolation? Why pretend communication? Why dream?

Still. Floating around in nothingness.

That's it. That's all.

Memories are nothing.

Why this desperate desire to permanence? Only nothing is permanent.

It's continuing still.

Worse than fear, worse than the most terrifying fright. Frightful. Real. Here and now. Shaking, shaking. Nothing matters. Isolation. Limited future. The past is over. Gone and finished.

Not much future.

It all ends.

Yes no.

And.

The frightful swirling in this abyss of nothing.

In focus out of focus.

Eyes down.

Down. Sink. Go. Agonised, only worse.

It makes no sense. Nothing makes any sense. Senseless nothing.

Senselessness nothingness.

All these trivial life dreams. All these trivial evasions of reality.

But. We're all enclosed. Really. All separate, really. All this isolation. All this. No way out.

Shaking.

Aching.

No relief, no release. Never.

Again.

On our own, by ourselves, always.

Continually, absolutely. In entirety.

Beyond help, beyond hope.

Nothing was really shared, nothing really had any meaning.

It was always just and only futile attempts to break out and away from this isolation. It never worked. It can't work.

There is no way out of our individual isolation.

No way. There is not. Any way.

Anyway. Head down. Sink. Isolation reality. The only reality.

Only isolated and only nothing.

It was so eerie to go outside again today.

I went to buy some food.

It was raining. Grey.

Some children were playing, shouting. Strange, eerie cries. Poor mites. I felt sorry for them. They've got it all to come. They don't' know.

Isolation. Nothingness. They don't know.

They've yet to realise it all. Dream and then leave those dreams.

The grey houses, the grey pavement, the grey road. It's the people who are never born who are the lucky ones. Who are nothing, without knowing nothing. Or knowing about nothing.

They don't know anything. They don't have the agony of living.

Those youngsters there at play were more unfortunate.

I was going out to buy some food. It was habit, not reason. I have no need of food, no desire to eat.

I was going out to buy some food just because I had hardly eaten for a few days.

Food and existence, and what perverse instinct is it, that makes us want to survive? Prolong the agony.

Damp.

Getting wet.

Grey day. Why be out?

Drizzle.

The slow, lethargic footsteps. After life's million dreams have all been shattered, leaving nothing. After all. That.

Meaning nothing.

Head down.

Once there were tears, another dream. Now I feel way beyond misery.

My isolation, everyone's isolation.

I walked back home. I had no need of food. I've no desire to eat. All those grey dreams to side-track me from nothing.

Seeing other grey, isolated people. There's no way we can break out of it. There's no way we can keep this nothingness away.

It's here and it's coming on fast. Quickly approaching.

And there's no way to stop it.

Enclose me room, out of this grey rain. Enclose me while I think some more about nothing. Keep the greyness outside, while I sink with this nothingness inside. Me.

The room. The same room. All the same. Just the same. Memories of happiness, not helping, just morbid, or worse. It didn't and couldn't last.

Last.

Nothing lasts.

Nothing.

It really is just habit that pulls us along. Habit and instincts.

And so today I answered the letters.

Automatically.

Written words out of my isolation.

It was stupid, useless, senseless. Just habit, through years of dreaming.

All those words, all those letters, written for no real reason.

Really.

And so. For the second day I had to go outside.

It still seemed strange, rather deadly, a different kind of deadly, an unreal deadly dream world, that everyone is in.

And I'm in the worse world, the real world, the depressed world, the world of nothing.

It wasn't raining this time, just windy, making their stupid dreams seems even vaguer. Somehow.

I won't sleep like them again. Never, never, never again.

It's just too painful waking up. Realising reality.

I realise.

I had to go into the post office. Just habit.

Money passing from my isolation to someone else's. And words.

All this pointlessness. All this. And worse and more.

Worse than meaningless. Absolute isolation. Absolute realisation.

Absolutely.

Those stupid isolated dreamers. Separated from me by a cage. Selling stamps. How pointless, so pointless.

Absolutely. Never. Nothing.

Rubbish.

I. And. Only I. Seem awake.

Here.

I would rather perpetuate, continually, this encounter with nothingness, than ever again have the moment when the dream ends.

Never again.

Mind.

Could or couldn't.

Care less. Don't mind.

Yes no.

Absolutely.

Letters posted, I walked home again. Not far.

I will have to work out what kind of contact I'm going to keep with this world of dreams.

How far my survival instincts control me.

Feel them fighting it out with nothingness.

Hopeless. Yes no hope.

Unjust. Just.

Let me try to tell you about this depression.

This wicked depression. This awful state, out of which I don't dare to emerge.

There is no point.

Absolute pointlessness.

Absolutely. And. So what?

These yes these emotions of desperate despair, yes no, rushing around, up down, inside outside. Absolute.

Absolutely terrifying. But also. Worse. No. Yes worse.

After everything it remains, keeps coming, keeps remaining, rushing.

Desperations.

And worse.

Death is the goal, and nothing the purpose.

And isolation, depression. Now always. No purpose. Yes purposeless.

Absolutely.

If you're dreaming, never wake up, never wake up, never wake up, never wake up, never wake up, never never never. Don't.

Dream of it.

The shock. Never never suffer. That.

Or. What the hell does it matter anyway?

That's you. I'm isolated from you. It doesn't matter.

It will end, but there's no way out. It'll just merge into nothing.

That's all. That there is.

To it. All nothing.

These just these few words evaporating out of my depression. Just hinting.

Four walls mocking.

Two windows. Walls ceiling floor, my depression. Enclosed. Cut off.

Lonely, lonely, lonely.

Absolutely. But I must be. It has to be. That's it. That's all it is. That's everything. And that's nothing.

And. All the silly people doing silly things.

I should scream. I should do something.

Desperation that's worse than that. Even. Worse.

I should tear off my limbs. I should hurl away everything. Roll around on knives. Jump into broken glass. Anything nothing.

But now, this depression, it grips, it saps, takes away all. My energy.

Gone.

Done.

In. Stuck in.

Helpless hopeless.

Absolute helplessness and hopelessness.

Don't mention the past. There is no future. I can't stand the present.

It's just too awful. And worse and worse and worse.

No. Yes.

Can’t get out. There is nothing.

There here.

So so so.

It can’t be explained. It can’t be shared. It can’t be known. Or understood.

It’s just my depression.

Just me, just me.

Just my depression.

Born. Just to come to this. Just this.

No relief, no release, no way in or out. No way. Just nothing.

Just no way.

Yes. No way.

It screams around in me still.

It ends. It's ended. All I lived for.

I try to be objective. I try.

Life does go on, I do eat now, I do sleep now, but it gets no better.

No better.

No.

Yes. Different. Just this desperate screaming around, inside.

I don't move much. I sit and shake.

Ache. Pain. Again.

Everything shattered into nothing.

And or but nothing.

Stuck at the base of emotional stress.

No will. Hopeless helpless.

Still and always just nothing.

It won’t be anything else. It won’t. It can’t.

No problems to grapple with. Just nothing to confront.

And that’s just about all. Just about nothing.

And.

I relied on another person. I relied on a dream. On something that ends.

We must rely on nothing.

And just a thousand times worse than being able to cry. Tears mean hope and relief. But or and. There is neither. Tears nor relief.

There’s nothing.

And.

Or but. All the time I believed in something. Really. There was nothing.

There was. Really. Only isolation. Always.

Past isolation, future isolation.

The chair. The carpet. This isolated body, the isolated screaming desperation.

Desperately screaming desperately.

Inside.

More or less. Neither. Just this encounter with myself, my own separate, individual, purposelessness, nothingness, unhappiness, isolation.

All in a dream.

Nothing left.

Nothing and no help. Just helplessness.

I'm sitting helplessly in this chair, on the carpet, on the floor.

Total depression.

Perhaps I'm adapting to it. Getting used to it. Getting used to this desperation.

Perhaps I am.

Perhaps.

I am alone.

Through and through.

Beat and spent.

Only I don’t get used to it. I stay. Put.

On and off. Yes and no.

I don’t enter another dream.

I stay.

Days follow days.

Yes, I know I go out now, eat now, sleep now. But that is just habit.

Just me continuing to exist.

Something rather than nothing. Why?

Bother.

And. Last night. In my sleep. And.

I dreamed about you. And there you were. And. You were alive. There. And. Yet, just a dream. Within a dream.

And nothing more.

Or but. What a thing.

And. A dream of a past dream.

And it's just too cruel. And it never happened. And you weren't real. And you have died. Yes and no.

And so. This dream and memory. Fighting and fighting with the reality of my present real isolated nothingness.

And. It goes on. Gets worse. And worse.

And the sheer cruelty of the dream. And the way it seemed so real. And yet it wasn't. And.

And the absolute cruelty of memory.

And of everything.

And of nothing.

No not now yes now and always.

And helplessness. Utter.

Despair.

And this nothingness. And the pointlessness. And the hopelessness. And just. Those just terrifying memories of the past. And no and yes. And just that dream. And. Or but to go through it all again. And. Or but all that shock again.

And all the realisation of all the unreality.

And just everything to nothing.

And nothing and nothing and nothing.

Matters.

And or but. Out. Of nothing.

And the death, and the nothing, and the isolation, and the dream, and dreams and nothing.

And hope lost and energy lost and unable to move much at all. Anyway.

And anyway. Nothing matters.

And so. On. And.

Dear dead.

Days follow days, to a meaningless total.

I live, survive. And change. In my rush towards nothing.

Left.

Alone.

And or but that is just me. And is just my isolation.

My isolation.

It's not self-pity, it's just that I wish I believe in the past. Believe that the past had some meaning. Some kind of meaning. Meant something.

It means nothing.

Anymore.

Even this now. Has no meaning, not even to me: no meaning to me or to anyone else. Even this now is meaningless. Absolutely. No but yes: the absolute meaninglessness of this, of everything that has ever come to pass, and everything that will come to pass.

Pass on.

Gone on.

To nothing.

Living illusions.

The pattern on the rug.

It means nothing. It is nothing. It's all nothing.

Yes no.

The room is cold. I am cold. I feel cold. I don't move.

Coldness hitting my body warmth.

And nothingness hitting my body and mind.

And. Still I survive.

Anyway. Getting almost nothing done. But there again. Nothing much now really seems to need doing. At all.

It just really absolutely does not matter.

And so I sit and fight these wars.

By myself. Isolated and alone.

But.

But what?

But nothing.

I hadn’t realised until today just how full of memories this room, this house, is.

All these useless memories, crowding in on me, surrounding me, attacking me.

All the things that happened right here. All these reminders. It's all here, all just here, all just depressing. Me.

More.

All these symbols, all these dreams, past dreams, past happiness.

Past.

All. This depression.

No way. Out.

All that happened, really happened, right here, all that time, all those moments, all those dreams, all those memories.

All coming and going.

Everything nothing.

This room, these things, meaning so many things.

No meaning.

To see these things, these objects, and, to feel my isolation.

They seem to have some meaning, to mean something. And. And but. And yet, the meaning is nothing, they mean only memory: I had to wake up in the end.

I had to.

Nothing to think about but nothing.

With all these reminders of nothing.

But. And if I were to go somewhere else, I would only be escaping this reality.

Morbid nothing.

Life is nothing. Morbid nothing.

I still get up, go to the kitchen, make myself tea. Habit.

Uselessness. Pointlessness.

The window which I've looked through a million times. But. Only I haven't ever really looked through the window in just quite the way I just have, that is my own, solitary experience, there is no way, yes no way, that it could be shared, really shared, that anyone could ever really break through the ramparts of my continual and absolute isolation, my total separation, loneliness, inevitably inevitable.

Really desperate and desperately real.

We are lonely and isolated right until the end.

Nobody else can really understand, nobody else could ever really understand how I feel. Feel how I feel.

This is the total isolation, this fear, this helplessness, this desperation attacking and fighting me, making me feel so weak, shaking, shivering, depressed, alone and always alone.

And so. Alone I walk back, with memories, past past memories, back with my tea, back into the room, which mocks me and haunts me, all these ugly reminders of my dream and how. It was shattered.

Leaving me.

Alone.

Frightened.

Shattered.

But and and. The fight goes on.

And nothing wins, yes no always wins.

And we. Always lose.

Out.

These various moods of depression. These wars. This realisation.

All this nothingness.

All just nothingness.

All alone.

An aeroplane is passing overhead.

Its noise attacking me.

Sometimes it's all quiet and the stillness attacks me, the silence comes crashing unheard at my isolation.

But now. The aggressive noise of the plane.

What, just what, is it that makes us fight on? Fight on when all point, all hope, everything is lost. Just what is it? Why is it?

My head pointed down, my eyes looking down. Just all this hopelessness, helplessness.

All this.

No way. Out. Of.

All this. All of this.

All of this isolation, of this hopelessness, of this helplessness, and, all of this, getting worse, sinking more.

The plane goes, the onslaught just survived. Just.

Help.

No way in, no way through.

No hope. Of any communication, of any penetration. Of my isolation. Of any understanding. Of anything being other than my own, isolated, helpless, hopeless feelings. Of helplessness and hopelessness.

Desperate despair.

No way.

Just no way.

Just the silence, surrounding, isolating, attacking.

And. Just my weakness.

It should stop. It must end.

But still. Instead. It still comes out, throbs out.

Just worse and worse. Than the most frightful and fearful desperation.

Never and nothing ever understood. All hopeless and pointless.

And nothing mattering, except this fight, this war, this battle, which I can't stop and can't help fighting. On and on.

Can't be helped. Helplessness.

Can't be reached. Just can't be.

Never never never again.

I should try to fight back. I should.

Gather more strength.

Just searching for meaning.

Just nothing.

Just silence.

Stillness still.

No way out, no way through. No way.

Melancholy. Still sinking, still existing still.

And still nothing. Just nothing.

Still just the same.

It’s all just for nothing.

Just for nothing.

And that’s it, and, that’s all.

All just nothing.

Just nothing.

All.

Just no way.

Just the silence, surrounding, isolating, attacking.

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Gather more strength.

Just searching for meaning. Just, yes, no meaning.

Just. My body heat, my heart beat. My unfortunate survival.

Unfortunate.

Still seeing nothing but nothing, day after day.

Just even now my continual and absolute isolation. Just the same.

Just. Now.

What, how, can I say anything?

About it.

Well.

I feel. Naturally. My heart beat.

All so pointless.

So stupid.

Just my misfortune. Shared only with myself.

Known only by me. And. Understood by nobody.

Yes no end to it.

It's ended. Nonsense and no sense. Not understood and yes, no understanding.

My absolutely personal distress.

One nothing after another.

So many of my memories, my experiences, I've already forgotten. And soon, in the end, they will all be forgotten, leaving just nothing.

Nothing: always returning.

To nothing.

From nothing.

The tragedy of tragedy.

The sentimental pity. The pity. Of sentiment.

The tragedy of nothing.

The feeling of nothing. The oppression of nothing. The conclusiveness final absolute victorious nothing.

Just why do we fight it? Why am I fighting it now?

Why why why?

Absolutely.

Nothing.

No hope.

For me.

And memories are the tombstone, the melancholy, the vague, vague remembrance of a dream, which when we're awake always seems quite and absolutely pointless. Anyway.

Miserable memories of nothing.

In the end forgotten too.

As time hurls them, thrusts them, into oblivion.

We wish we understood. It's best not to understand; best to understand nothing.

I just can't absolutely come to terms with nothing.

And. I survive right in the face of nothing.

And here I am and I'm quite isolated now, but it doesn't matter, really, it doesn't matter, because in the end just nothing does matter: you'll be forgotten, I'll be forgotten, everything will be forgotten.

Forgotten memories. Everything ending.

I would try. But. Really. There is no point, no purpose.

I'm sure. The only point is that there is no point, it always was, and always will be meaningless.

Meaningless nothing. Meaning nothing.

Just meaning nothing.

We just mean nothing.

It doesn't matter. Not at all. And. That's all. There is. To it.

No, yes, that's just all.

And.

My energy gone and any purpose gone.

Now.

I feel so weak, so helpless, so fragile.

It hardly comes out at all now. So. Little energy.

So weak.

It was always impossible to explain it, to describe it: now it's seeming hardly possible to try.

The lack of energy, the lack of anything.

To say. To try. To say it all again. To try different ways. It all becomes increasingly pointless.

Just me, limply storming around, with time and nothing.

Left.

Right off.

And. Perhaps the meaning is hidden so deeply no one finds it; more likely there is no meaning.

I'm becoming battle weary.

Such awful fatigue.

Memories going, time going, everything gone.

Going going gone. Everything nothing.

Yes, no.

This present pointless weakness.

Unknown.

Slowing down and slowing up.

My absolute weakness. My indulgent self-pity, my really real isolation.

My. Nothingness.

Ending.

All going or all gone. And nothing coming. No more energy.

Just look down, just forget.

I just can’t supress this depression. No way, No matter. No point.

Yes yes yes.

I can’t say much anymore: I haven’t the energy.

All these tragedies. Individual little tragedies. Just little parts of the whole tragedy, the all-enveloping tragedy of everything.

All these days go by, just ordinary days. Just ordinary tragedies.

All these tragedies.

All without meaning.

And sometimes it is getting better. This morning I went out, saw the sun, talked to people I know, it seemed to be getting better.

I don't understand anything anymore.

Anyway, I'm just a person, just here, and all these things just happen to me. Until I cease. To be. A person.

All these meaningless tragedies, events, occurrences.

They just come about.

And so now, here I am, and this afternoon I've been spring cleaning the house. Yes no reason. But I've been doing it, getting it done, dusting memories.

Time pulls me away from happiness, and then it pulls me away from unhappiness as well, pulls me away, to my present state, still unhappy, but different.

A new. Another kind of tragedy.

Life just has to be lived and life is tragedy.

Tragic.

The house is cleaner now.

Some thing, most things, just can't be described. Anyway.

We try. We live. Out.

These tragedies.

What I must do, what I keep trying to do, is understand how to make the most of what is over, to make the happiness that has come my way mean something, to understand it and to cherish it, as something that doesn't last, but nevertheless was nice while it happened, it lasted.

It didn't last. Nothing lasts.

I can't make the past mean anything. Except wish it were still the same now. It is no good just living in the past, and yet, I have nothing now. I had something once.

It is better not to know.

The less we know the better.

The less happiness we have, the less we want, and the less we miss it when it goes.

Comes, goes, tragedies coming, tragedies going, coming, going.

Everything.

Just. Comes and goes.

Come go, yes no, something nothing.

If only I knew nothing.

Somehow, somewhere, sometime, something, someone.

There must be some way out, some meaning. Something.

Sometime.

Some way off. Dream. Some way off dreams.

Somewhere.

Something else.

Well yes or no that I've no friends, not that I have no one. But just yes no way, yes no way that I can break through, break out of my isolation. All the time, every time, I'm quite isolated.

Somehow, I just must, just have to come to terms with it, with my isolation, with myself. Being. Just one isolated individual.

Something. And everything. Wrong.

Everyone and everything wrong. Nothing right.

Somehow.

I talked to people, other people, friends today.

Just some hope and something to do.

Talking, some words. But somehow little else.

Words just can't take me out of my isolation.

Sometimes I try. Some hope.

And then. Sometimes, often, I find I feel more and more tired.

It's all tiring. It's all these battles, depressing battles, making me feel so tired. I sleep more and more and feel less and less like getting up each day.

Somehow, for some reason, something to do with survival, I get up. Another day of depression facing me. Attacking me. I hate day and I hate night and everything that exists and happens in them.

I hate everything and I hate nothing.

My eyes shut, seeing something blurred, red, sleep tugging. Sleep is something to do, some way out.

Some more dreams.

Help me somebody. Try to break through my isolation. Somehow.

Try something. Somebody, somewhere, something.

Nobody to. Know how. Yes no.

Nobody nowhere nothing.

All the lines of the paving stones making a ridiculous pattern: quite meaningless. Quite.

And. Then, this tree. Just pointlessly growing. Slowly growing. Changing. Season to season. Surviving. For yes. No reason.

The bark, just twisting. Clinging. Enclosing. So ridiculous.

Walking past. This one. Isolated tree.

All these meaningless sensations, telling me nothing, except that I'm isolated. Just reminders of my isolation.

Just meaningless.

Noises too. All outside of me. They're not experiences, they're just hints. Just agonisingly reminding. Me.

Just me. All.

Of these stupid things, all around, and just me, one thing, somehow, there, here, absurdly drifting around, painfully surviving, amongst all this stupid meaninglessness. And nothingness.

Meaningless stupidity.

Just meaningless.

All meaningless. And. None will survive, none will last, all will end.

What once seemed like communication was just exchanging words: it had no meaning or purpose. That was a delusion, an illusion.

And this is not the end, it's worse than the end: it goes on.

Absolutely.

Disillusioned. And worse.

And worse and worse and worse and worse and worse and worse and worse and worse, until words, everything and nothing become as now quite and absolutely meaningless.

Things.

Out of my solitary existence.

These buses run, come, here there, from nothing to nothing.

Meaningless travel. Meaningless survival. These meaningless rows of seats. These meaningless lives.

All this.

Meaningless.

My two hands and a meaningless number of fingers. Shrivelled skin. Two idiotic rings.

I get off the bus. I am somewhere else, another pointless journey, another pointless place and time about to merge into nothing. At all.

These shops, selling these things. All these things, other separate things, which we collect to protect us from nothingness.

It makes no sense. If it did it was a dream, if it does it isn't real.

This meaningless world, surrounded by all those meaningless worlds, all that meaningless and all that nothingness.

Physically and spiritually. Just nothingness.

It's beyond despair, beyond hope, beyond everything.

Nothing.

And still I survive.

Something here, surrounded by and approaching and fighting.

Nothing.

Yes nothing.

The weight of that huge expanse of sky above me. There.

So heavy.

Down.

Depressing, enclosing.

And. Then the weight inside me. So heavy, my footsteps so sluggish, so slow.

The weight becomes so much greater, huger, vaster when you're empty inside.

So heavy, every weighted footstep, all so heavy, every time.

Sluggish.

Selfish.

Necessarily indulgent. That is reality. I am my importance.

For what it matters.

For what. It matters.

Not. At all.

And so.

There is another heavy weight, pressure, more fighting.

The ground, pushing, crashing, pressure.

And my heaviness, unrelated.

Our total and absolute inability to relate. Really.

From nothing to nothing.

And. Then.

The weight of my bag, the weight of the things in the bag, dragging my arm down.

Down.

Ground.

And that stupid tree. Bare.

But. And symbolic of nothing, just there, from nothing to nothing.

The similar, almost same, meaningless sensations.

All this repetition.

More and more attempts to describe.

To try. To explain. To understand.

How I feel, how it feels.

To try to find something rather than nothing in that feeling.

It is just a feeling of nothing.

I can’t describe nothing with something.

It is impossible, meaningless. Nothing to describe.

But it goes on.

Still these words are coming out. Bit by bit.

No reason. No meaning.

Yes words. Yes words. Just words.

Meaning.

Nothing.

Feeling nothing.

Understanding.

There is no understanding. I have no understanding.

Yesterday yesterday. Past.

Meaning nothing.

People aren't really my friends. Anyone's friends. Just their own friends. Everything anyone ever does is really done for oneself.

People are being kind to me only to make themselves feel good, or not bad, or something, only just to do something for themselves.

That's all.

All kindness is just serving an individual, selfish need.

Just like hatred, or violence, or anything. All just selfish need.

And love, no, yes love too. It's just again, just serving a need, a desire, it's all just more, the same. Selfishness.

Just a need of someone, in a desperate, hopeless attempt to break out of this dismal, appalling reality of total and absolute isolation.

There is some physical contact, and physical frustration.

All physical contact is superficial. Anyway.

All physical contact is just meaningless, more meaninglessness.

And that is all it was: all love is.

Just selfishness, and, absolutely superficial.

Attempting to understand what cannot be. Understood.

Dreaming and self-deceit.

A false, synthetic happiness.

It can't, won't and never does last.

Never will.

I have no friends. We none of us have any friends. We're all just desperate and desperately selfish.

One can just only understood oneself. Know a little about oneself. And that doesn't matter.

Know about nothing. Think about nothing, fight nothing, and. Yet. In the end, become just nothing.

End with nothing. End in nothingness.

We end. And. Not just that. But. All of these meaningless things, all of them end. Just. Everything ends.

Everything ending in nothing.

And so, just everything we do, we will be nothing more than a totally selfish attempt to break out of this isolation.

Everything we do will be a totally selfish attempt to find something permanent in a world of absolute impermanence.

To find something lasting, in a world of nothing.

Or selfish dreams. Selfish attempts to escape that reality.

Our individual, absolute selfishness.

No yes.

Yes no there is nothing.

I know.

And just nothing lasts.

I have no friends. I never have, and never will.

Or love.

Only just superficial, desperate relationships, between selfish people.

We're all just selfish.

Me too.

And so.

Still surviving.

Just.

No change, no help, no way out.

I don’t know.

Just. Surviving.

Yes, there is just no way anyone else can, could understand.

Just how I feel.

They can just understand how it feels for themselves.

But.

No chance of communicating these desperately depressed emotions, grinding over and over inside me.

No way.

Still.

Just no way.

No hope.

It's just their experience.

My own misery.

Only mine.

Just one lonely, solitary, isolated, depressed and forever depressed human.

Yes me.

Just my feelings. Just felt by me, yes.

Yes no way anyone else can be made to understand.

But, yes, it goes on, it does go on, yes.

Yes it does. It goes on.

And so.

On.

And so on.

Just on and on.

But I do know that it must, will end.

At least it ends.

So.

And nothing.

Yes. And there I was, again alone, but unware.

Yes, there I was, on the beach, by the sea, quite in my own world of sand.

Yes. I was building a town, a whole town, my town.

The sea was there to be heard, and the sun there to be felt. Incidental sensations.

And my world, my very own world, was this sand. The buildings I was building.

Nothing else even existed.

Just this town, my town, this sand, my fingers.

The grown-ups were reading, or talking, or doing things which seemed just dull, then.

This, then, was my private, isolated happiness.

It was everything.

The world seemed to resolve around me as a child.

Now it just passes me by.

The sun shines, in beams, through a world of moving dust, through the window, through this room.

Reflecting.

An ellipse, the dull, depressing shine, the greyness.

Four of them, together in a set. Matching.

Unpolished now, but still looking quite splendid.

The pattern.

They each have two handles. They all face the same way.

A set.

Here on this sideboard. They don't move.

Just so.

What you gave me on our Silver Wedding.

Now. Here and now. They remains. Still.

There they are, just there, just here, symbols of nothing.

But they do seem special, and they shouldn't.

I should hide them away. Get rid of them. Something, anything. But not have them there, here.

Yes I know. It means nothing. But.

It can be more depressing still. This is part of the reality. Part of my realisation. The dream has ended.

It is all over, all passed.

And or it shouldn't matter, it shouldn't matter, I shouldn't care, and I should and must come to terms with myself, with reality, with nothing, with my memories.

But I just haven't the energy. I couldn't care enough.

Energy goes with youth, and dreams and ideals and all the other futile past.

Without energy, without anything.

Just the frightening prospect of days and days and days and weeks and years of isolation, stretching out, on, ahead.

More, more.

And just the one comforting thought, that at least we die sometime, an end to this does come sometime. Only.

Except I don't even have that much courage, that much strength.

So I punish myself, and survive, on, on, more, more.

Isolation, depression.

The sun is shining here, and I'm just sitting here.

Here I am, surrounded by sad memories of past dreams, just sitting, here, waiting for more sad memories.

And a larger total of depression.

Ever and never.

Just go out sun. Stop shining, put us all out of our memories, don't let more and more to be born to suffer more and more.

Just end everything for us all.

End our dreams and end our reality. Just end everything, and leave us with nothing.

Just end.

Nothing doing.

Just more and more suffering.

People.

Suffering more and more.

And.

No yes.

More.

Nobody cares. They can’t. They don’t know.

They can’t know.

They can't.

And.

Really the past wasn't all. That wonderful.

If only I'd realised, known, understood.

If only I could understand now.

Enclosed.

They can read my shrieks. They can never know or understand what caused them.

They can see the smoke, but never feel these smouldering embers.

Burnt out. Worn out.

Inside.

Must get on, get going.

Put on my hat and coat, enclose myself further, before facing it.

Somehow, anyway, and all these colours.

Yes no.

Careful, slam the door shut, gently, and walk along outside.

See more variations on the same things.

It’s quite cold. Just.

Standing, watching, waiting for a bus. To come.

Somewhere. It’s coming, only I don’t know where.

Perhaps it’s just about to appear, perhaps it’s two or three miles away, still.

I just wait around.

It should come in the end.

Cold.

The ugly colours of the ugly cars, and their ugly noise.

And the ugliness of the new block of flats.

All this ugliness.

And so.

Just waiting for a bus, surrounded by ugliness.

And but it just doesn’t matter.

Waiting. So long.

As.

It comes, doesn’t come, doesn’t matter.

It is better for me to be outside.

To glimpse dreams.

It is a little better.

Quite and absolutely pointless.

But. Just a little better.

Or not worse.

Or something.

Else.

But.

And.

Don’t mock me. You can’t but try to understand.

I’m the only person who can understand. How it feels.

And so. I'm the only person who can feel sorry for myself. I have to have self-pity. It is the only real pity. This is my pitiful weak state. My weakness.

I know.

I don't care.

The bus will come.

It just doesn't matter.

Anymore, anyway.

No way. Yes.

Another pointless day of survival.

That's all.

Seclusion.

Just this. My seclusion.

No yes, this seclusion can be better, preferable than being with other people.

And.

Today in the (once) living room, to clean it.

Face it.

All the memories.

And your chair, there. I could never sit in it. Never.

Never.

But.

The room just had to be done. Over.

And now it's over, that's over.

Perhaps now it can, might get better.

I might get over it.

Something positive, something definite might just come from this seclusion.

It might.

But I doubt it.

I just doubt it.

Nothing will come.

Just this.

Just my. Own. Private, person, terrible, absolute.

Seclusion.

To try again.

After the wedding. We went down to Cornwall for the honeymoon.

It was late September.

It was a long journey down, but it all seemed worth it, and things, everything radiated meaning and purpose and happiness with us. And especially as we arrived at the hotel. A large, grand structure, there, on the cliffs, in its own grounds.

A Victorian building, but it seemed timeless. Yes.

And yes, such a special atmosphere, our excitement. And the room. Everything then, reflecting our seemingly shared, mutual happiness. Our room then, looking out, over the cliffs, towards the sea.

And it was warm, the wind was warm, the breeze, the atmosphere was warmth. The scenery. The sound of the sea, in the bay below: gushing, rolling, splashing, breaking. All this.

And then at dinner, that evening, flowers on our table, the band playing: a violin, a piano and a third member (who played several instruments). And the waiters in black tail coats, the head waiter so attentive, everything seemed to have purpose. And our table, right by the window, looking out onto the bay.

And there, out there, while we ate, while the band played, the sunset out to sea. The most beautiful sunset.

And.

The food was perfect, everything was perfect.

Yes perfection. Yes all the signs were good signs.

Yes I wouldn’t be alone again.

Something special, something starting. To share lives, emotions, everything.

Yes everything.

The sun set and then it was dark. I think we went to the hotel’s ballroom and danced, before going to bed.

It was the end of the season, so the hotel wasn’t crowded: it seemed as if it all existed just for us.

And they knew, of course.

Somebody must have told them.

Yes.

That was the day after the marriage.

Yes. We were so together.

And yes, nothing else mattered, nothing at all.

Yes nothing.

Nearing the end of the two weeks.

We somehow knew the hotel so well. It was large, but it was the end of season, guests were leaving all the time, and nobody was arriving. The hotel was closing down, running down for winter.

Daily laying off more staff. Who would have to find new jobs.

Such a big hotel, so few people. Less.

Less.

Fewer. And fewer.

Yes it was depressing. All these holidays ending, a season ending, summer ending, jobs ending.

We would go to dinner. Such a large dining room. And.

All those bare empty tables, and, just this small area being used, just a few waiters remaining.

Even the flowers on our table wilting. Yes.

And the band would come in again, and play the same tunes yet again, we knew them all by now.

This great big hotel, laying itself to rest, like a grand, pre-historic monster.

And while the band played the same old tune (they had probably been playing for years) to an almost empty room, and while we ate, there would be these sunsets.

These dramatic sunsets.

And then just darkness.

Dinner over.

The same act only so few performers now.

Just the band and us in the ballroom, a great empty space, echoing back all their imperfections and duff notes.

We couldn't dance alone.

No.

Just left, with the feeling of darkness, this great hotel closing, the sun having set.

We needed each other so much then.

It was no yes stupid, but somehow we did both of us seem to need the other.

(Of course we were just dreaming.)

Of course.

The end is there. Right. From the start.

The end. Right there.

The ending.

Everything ending. And.

Everything nothing.

Perhaps it just can’t be expressed, described, communicated.

Perhaps I’m getting closer. Perhaps I’m not.

Perhaps.

Well. All of these things around me.

And, or left to me.

Increasingly seeming to me to be increasingly useless.

Two taps running. Water. Once more, again. Rushing aimlessly into the bathtub.

Filling.

Now, yes now.

Step in, lie down. My body, so stiff.

Clean again, the dirt off this weary, aching body.

The taps, the wet wall and crumbling ceiling.

Steam. The water enclosing my body.

This is what I am, all I am. Just this.

Naked body, crinkled skin. These aging limbs are the confines of my existence.

And.

So why do we collect all those useless, material things? All those things. Cluttering up our lives. All those useless possessions. They are not in any way a part of me: this is all I am. Just this. I don't need anything else.

Not to own. Anyway.

All these possessions are all just ways of evading reality.

We pretend that they are permanent when they're not.

We pretend that the important things in life are trivial, or sentimental, and that the trivial is profound.

All this deceit, all this self-deceit.

I won't, I can't.

Washing this weary body. This is all I am, all I need.

I know.

I'll have to move, have to go, leave. Get rid of these things.

Start something different.

End somehow different.

I have just no security, and I just won't try to pretend I have.

Me. Just me. Isolated, insecure, selfish me. All me. All alone. Just me.

All these similar days.

Just similar.

Still just seems like more and more misery, for me.

But I realise so clearly now just how useless and stupid all these things I'm doing are.

Like cleaning these rooms, day after day. Looking after all these useless objects, that surround me.

I know I must sell. Up. All these things. Get away.

I know.

Yes.

Just hearing the rain pouring. Down. Outside.

Just pouring down.

I keep trying to think of something that lasts.

Something, anything permanent.

Nothing known lasts. And in the end it just doesn't matter.

But.

It might become better when I leave. Get out.

Leave these things.

Really be on my own.

Really isolated.

All these similar thoughts. Day after day.

All these. All this. I know, yes.

And more.

And more.

Meaningless, similar days.

I think I’m in control. Now. Yes.

For the first time.

And so. In they come. All these removal men.

And I'll just go, slip out on my own.

All these other people who really care about all these things. All these dreamers.

Solitary.

Through this hallway. So. Important not to remember.

That same familiar pattern on the carpet.

The front door.

No, I will not change my mind now, I will not become sentimental now. I will not be dishonest anymore. This is reality. This is best.

The front door is open, anyway.

Out in the road, the removal van. Already two children watching.

I don't want to meet my neighbours, I don't want them to say goodbye. I know now that I always disliked them.

Yes. And our so-called friends. No. I don't want to see them ever again either.

I should have left earlier.

Yes I know.

And.

So. Outside. The brightness of the sky, the dullness of the ground. And I'm here, in between.

Walk straight ahead, look straight ahead.

I only have one shopping bag.

Just as usual, when I go out.

Up the road, all those Tudor style houses just there, just standing. All those stupid people who inhabit them.

So stupid.

These lampposts, these parked cars.

Why do we deceive ourselves? Why do we play these games? Why all this pretence?

And so.

The bus stop.

Still not being noticed. Don't think back, mustn't remember.

Hoping a bus will come soon.

Arrive.

Take me away from these memories.

For.

Ever, no hope.

Yes, none.

This waiting. Life is all about waiting. Always waiting. Around.

All this waiting around.

There, behind those cars, a bus, the bus, is coming.

Approaching.

I am always depressed, but I mustn't be sad about leaving here.

This same journey.

The start of my seclusion away from this past, these things.

So much past, so many things.

It only seems to matter at the time. Only just now.

It doesn’t last, it won’t last.

Nothing does.

Last.

Lost.

Out.

Memories.

Thinking back. Don’t think back, don’t look back.

Just realise that the past is over. It’s all over.

Yes, no. It’s all over.

More and more days, different days, different kinds of days with different kinds of unhappiness yet to come.

All yet to come.

All gone before.

All gone.

Looking out the window of the train. The monotony of the journey.

The other people in the compartment. All by themselves, lost in their own thoughts.

All that monotony out the window. All this and that monotony.

All of it, yes all of it.

The train, the noise of the train, attacking.

My headache.

My pain.

A train passing. In the other direction. Seeming so close.

These trains, then, going backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards.

Again and again.

The telegraph poles, flashing past with tedious monotony.

Repetition.

It's all just repetition.

Of just so few themes.

Just everything ending and how that feels, and how I feel, how I am.

Isolated.

Yes no.

Terrifying, just terrifying.

A life, almost gone.

Me.

Not that anybody knows. Nobody knows.

Me.

I've taken up courage though. Perhaps it'll become clearer, better, easier with this move. Perhaps.

I mustn't keep remembering things.

I wish I could obliterate memory from my brain. Just do away with it. Completely. Wipe the slate clean.

I can't.

The journey goes on. Just going on. More tedium.

People here in this compartment. Talking now.

I don't know.

I don’t know.

After the honeymoon. We returned. To our new home.

This was security, this was where we could really enjoy the reality of marriage.

Our home.

Our being married. Somehow everything, there again, seemed right.

In its place.

Everything fitted.

And I had been a child, and now I had grown up, and now I was married, and probably I would have a family, here, in this house, our home.

Yes, a family of our own.

Somehow we were one vital link in an eternal chain.

Yes, I know it was raining when we returned to our new home, with the wedding presents there. All those things were ours, this was our home, our own shared security. And the rain made it seem more secure, somehow: it was

our shelter against the hostile elements. I remember dashing inside, and then there we were. Out of the rain. Protected.

All that had happened in the past two weeks had been ritual.

Now. But now this was reality.

A real marriage was beginning.

Those rooms were our rooms, and those possessions our possessions.

And this necessity for this stability. It all seemed right.

Then.

Our own home, the way we wanted it. Our new life.

Together.

And.

It has been such a short time there, such a long time there.

It was.

And. But now I know. I was wrong. A home is not security.

I don't know if there is any real security, but if so, it resides within me.

I don't know.

Now, I must start my new life, my new, miserable life, somewhere else.

That chapter is over, soon it will all be over.

My new life.

Alone.

But well.

Really.

Yes no.

It doesn’t matter, At all.

Perhaps nothing does.

Just nothing.

At all.

Perhaps.

No more self-indulgent misery.

Anymore.

The other grave. Beside his. The little one. Jenny. Still-born. My only child.

Yes. No.

Our only one.

And I'd been so happy expecting her. So much at peace. So sure.

Others are sick and unwell. I felt radiant.

Others complain but have two, three, four.

I became infertile.

Others become a family.

We became more and more isolated.

And the guilt.

It came more from his mother than from him.

She knew it wasn't my fault, but she couldn't resist blaming me.

But.

And while he threw himself more and more into his work. He had that.

I did nothing. I had nothing.

Over.

All.

His life. Was his work.

Nothing wrong with that. At all. We need those props. Yes.

No matter.

Love me for what I am, he'd say when I told him how much I admired his work. How often we hear that. All the time. Love me for what I am. As if the baker isn't a baker, the stockbroker isn't a stockbroker.

And the more one does that job, the more the person becomes that job. There is no separation. The more you do it, the more you become it.

But. Yes. No. Even now. Especially now. Time gone. Passed. So much time gone. So hard to admit. So difficult to say, even to myself. Never to anyone else.

Never, no.

Yes, some women manged it. Perhaps. But. I was born too early. The wrong time, the wrong place. I was a housewife and listened to Housewife's Choice. But. I never thought I had any choice. Not like now. Most people never have

any real choice. Never take control of their lives. Never even consider the possibility that they can take control of their lives. Can do anything with their lives. I didn't, couldn't.

But now I have.

No, yes I have.

I've not been mourning his life. Yes. No.

Not his life.

Not even our joint conjugal life. No.

Yes. I know now. I've been mourning my own, wasted, meaningless existence.

So many people don't care. Nothing matters for them.

It matters to me. All these years of nothing, of death before death, of going through the motions, his motions, our motions, the motions of a marriage, the

motions of trying to be liked and win approval, from him, most of all from him and from his friends but also, yes, from everyone else.

All this action, isolation. Nothing. All this dreadful throwing away my life, tearing off each day, screwing it up and discarding it, like pages from a calendar.

And. But. Now.

The mind doesn't work like it used to, the body doesn't work like it used to. The world doesn't attract me like it used to.

No.

I had been asleep. I was asleep. Perhaps. I'm not sure. You know. How it is. That moment. Between being awake. And. Being asleep.

I was in that state. And. Suddenly I lost everything. That moment, that time. When you don't know. What you are. Where you are. Why you are. There. Before your eyes are open. You're lying there. And. Remembering nothing.

And so.

In that state, I had a glimpse of total nothingness. What it means. What it doesn't mean. Totally blank. It's not frightening, not profound. It's just nothing. But. It was a relief. I had discarded the burdens of life, of living, of being alive.

But.

I left nothing. I left that state. But. I didn't open my eyes. I didn't wake up. And. It all, everything, became clear.

Everything became clear. About life. About death. I know now.

Just this room. Just us. Just me. Just everything. Just ending.

When we're born it's the beginning of the end. We're on this earth to end. To cease to exist. Everything is. We're born to end our existence. To become nothing. And. All we should be, all anyone should do, is try to come to terms with no life, no existence, to just being nothing. In the end there is absolutely nothing. All our life should be about dying, all our living should be about nothing. We should keep trying to come to that mental state of just nothing.

Only in this life can we have any chance of understanding. Not living. That is why we're born. That is what we're here for.

To be caught in the trap of worrying about worldly things is so stupid. We must ignore them for what they are: distractions. We must take this life for what it is. Understand it. Understand nothing. Just. So. Just. Contemplating nothing.

Until we reach that state of mind. Of absolute nothingness. And. Then. This life has a purpose. And. Then this life has meaning. And. We become nothing. Knowing nothing. And. Understanding nothing.

Yes. Nothing.

And I’ll never rise again. Never sink again. Never dream again.

I’ll approach that state of absolute nothingness.

It all makes sense. Yes.

All making sense.

Yes.

But I’m in control now.

When you reach a state of complete nothingness, you're at peace.
And then you can become a part of everything.
Lose your isolation. Lose your misery.
Lose yourself.

Yes. Yes.

I’m in control now.

Written in Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1974