

Friday, January 11, 2013

### My Insane Voice

It sometimes is joking. Not much. It is deadly serious. It is always driven by my heartbeat. It wants to have and to maintain control. Rhythmic thinking. It goes up and down like a wave. Comes on in the morning, about 10:30, 11:00. Sometimes earlier. I can think with it for awhile. It's supposed to be my consciousness, whole and entire. Eventually, I have to interrupt it by talking to myself. I can't beat it. It sometimes takes over about 4:00 PM. It's not SZ. It's insanity. A host of voices, all talking at once, as if they were singing or yelling. One of the voices predominates. It's a voice--my voice. Sometimes, the thinking is clear enough for me to decipher and operate within it, sometimes not. It's like a torrent of consciousness. It's not loud. It just predominates, drowning out my own consciousness, my thinking. I shouldn't say "it". It's easily offended. When I start talking out loud, it withdraws and becomes incomprehensible. It wants to be in there, to be in control of my thinking entirely. It's like a bad love affair, or, maybe, my mother's love. After it's being in limbo in Maryland for 48 hours, it started again as soon as I crossed the NJ-Delaware state line in my stepfathers car. It has affected my handwriting. The handwriting becomes illegible. It plays with words, makes bad puns out of everything, makes up strange names for me. It is Finnegans Wake by Martin Hersey, although not as clever. It's been with me for ten years. It's always developing, from incomprehensibility to comprehensibility, from nonsense to sense.