

Sam Reeves

# Dial 3 for Insanity



**Q:**

**What was it like?**

## Dial 3 for Insanity (1)

It was like finally closing the door to life, watching neighbors and friends do the same, and realising now your world has become infinitely smaller, indefinitely.

It was like being alone for the foreseeable, getting now some time of unwanted reflection as opportunities like birds flew far away, to never return.

It was like watching the magnificent buzzard, how free and proud, watched by a thousand eyes through shuttered windows and as if in a dream disappear behind thick cloud.

It was like despising the clouds that blocked the sun and ate the birds, on its interior all innocence but outside a grotesque form that plagued our skies.

## Dial 3 for Insanity (2)

It was like awakening to a new day, a world of difference from the last but always the same as the next, embodied by insufferable boredom and idle vacancy.

It was like walking through a sleeping town, where life had ceased or fallen into eternal hibernation- murky reflections from shuttered shops scowling perpetually.

It was like remembering suddenly slow summer days spent with friends, an abyss filled with emptiness where once lay joy and pleasure.

It was like staring ceaselessly at the blank and meagre calendar, it meeting your gaze and holding firm, for its mission is corruption and ours is unification.

## Dial 3 for Insanity (3)

It was like seeing now what before could not be seen, photographs from the old world depicting freedom and friendship, which had now become chained.

It was like viewing passively the photographs of days forgotten and passivity would turn to love, the photos placeholders of the ancient concept, time.

It was like looking at the clock which read '15:43' and knowing there was time to look over once more at the shattered remnants of the past, to enjoy simple joyous frustration.

It was like looking towards the coffin where once the dead photos lay still, now celebrated, awake in frames of dreary shades of grey and seeing how quickly darkness befouled the world.

## Dial 3 for Insanity (4)

It was like lazing in the nature of a dog on a warm day, silently watching a seemingly far fetched film featuring apocalypse, as the same events captured the imaginations of newsreaders globally.

It was like every channel everywhere was jumping on the same trend, an inequitable reality echoed by every TV, radio and newspaper for months on end.

It was like being caught between two fishing nets in a vast uncertain ocean, on the one side the terrible boredom of life ,and on the other the grim reality and debilitating anxiety.

It was like being trapped between these choices and picking one, eyes shut, the horrendous truth surrounding us ,or the blissful ignorance towards the media, and wanting to choose the latter.

## Dial 3 for Insanity (5)

It was like reading the tragedy of Macbeth and feeling at one with the protagonist, as days and weeks and months melted into one another, and our doors remained closed.

It was like developing an infection in the ear, and calling remotely the flustered doctor, only to look up to the melancholy clock which read '13:79' as if in an unending nightmare.

It was like the clouds and the sun and the birds had paused, as if in purgatory , and the media made no sense, and the pictures on the walls seemed distant, forgotten like old friends.

It was like being awoken from the nightmare by the automated message of the clinic, the phones' speaker reading in an alien tongue many options, and wanting to dial 3 for insanity-