

Enjoying The Surprise

By Ignace Saenen
©23.08.2002

Enslaved to binary, trapped in electricity, his mind wanders restlessly through the complex entanglement of huge virtual caves and endless hallways and dorm rooms, looking for a way to survive, for a doorway into the outdoors, an opening where he can feel the sunrays warming his skin, where he can hear birds during their exquisite musical performance. He's looking for some sort of solution that wouldn't cut him loose entirely, no, he likes to be binary indoors, but just enough to enjoy the future of the world that is outside. His solitary body is decaying already, and his hopes seem ridiculously high, his mental state could be described as close to insanity. What is this far too obvious stupidity based upon? Why does he want to be outside when he's inside, yet, doesn't want to lose the cosiness of being inside when outside? Why is this twilight zone such a wonderful dream to believe in, such a distant unattainable utopia, too good to be true?

This fellow's mind is still wandering, and for years on end he has wandered, looking to find an exit. The worlds have been patient with him, and he has been patient with the worlds. Then, suddenly, unexpectedly, and before he realised it he accidentally found that divine vicinity, that special sacred place where his dreams can come to life. The joy and pureness, the pleasure of living is indescribably fantastic! His levels of happiness are rising high above normal. He truly becomes the perfect duality.

For a brief instant in time. Almost immeasurably brief, in fact, no one knows exactly how long it took. Such a wonderful feeling, healing all and everything. Then, in the very next instant of time, the grand fantastic universe that sheltered his hopes and dreams collapses. Suddenly, there is no more inside and outside. There is simply void and desolation. And confusion. His state of mind still descending from the climax, his body tormented from the blast, his eyes peeling through a frightening darkness.. Trying to understand what cannot be understood, already searching to find a new quest that feeds new hope and illumination in the years to come.

Oddly, he does not expect to find it, neither sooner nor later. No, he expects to be surprised by it. Like it happened all those many, many times before. And he will go this exact same way, until finally he runs out of time, and his flesh can't keep up with his ferocious hunting no more. But it's far too soon for that yet.