



What would the world be if I were everyone in it? Every cruelty I enact would be a self-inflicted wound and every hate, self-loathing. Every unkind word I say would be a slap in my own face and every murder I commit would be a suicide. Every revenge I consider is a plot against myself and yet I would be the one to be defeated. I would be the one who plunges the knife into my own beating heart and the one to watch myself bleed away. I would be the one to panic at my deed and the one to walk in unexpectedly and scream. I would be the one who calls the law on me and the one who comes to cuff my evil hands. I would lead myself to trial and bring the accusations down. I would be the plaintiff who screams, "I murdered me!" and the lawyer defending me from my claims. I would be the judge who pounds the gavel and brings my verdict down on me, sentencing me to my own death once again. I would beg for mercy, for forgiveness, from myself that I would only deny and stand ashamed before my hostile eyes. I would be the one who binds my hands behind my back, the one who ties the noose around my neck, and the one who knocks me off my feet. I would watch myself writhe and die, feeling no pain and all there could be when life is once again dragged out of me. I would be the one to pick my dead body off the floor and bring it to the house of the dead. I would be the one to uncaringly clean my marred corpse and place it in a wooden box, doing a duty done a million times over. I would be the one to close my wide eyes and set a ribbon on my casket. I would talk to myself of all the events that have happened in my life and be the one to look in that wooden box again, and again, and again. I would cry in pity for my death and smile in triumph at its justice. I would be the pallbearers who carry the weight of my coffin heavy on my shoulders. I would dig my own grave and carve my own wish for peace on a polished rock to rest above my head. I would be the preacher to guide my soul away and my body into the ground. I would be the gravediggers burying myself under layers and layers of dirt. I would be all those who attended my funeral and the many more who didn't even know it happened. And I would be all the world who would one day forget I had ever lived.