

Metamorphosis of Madness
by Margaret Christian

In recalling one of my many life changing experiences I am reminded of Gregor; the tragic character in Frantz Kafka's Metamorphosis , who was transformed into a giant insect. My transformation was not visible and yet we were both victims of a villainous circumstance. My circumstance began with an insignificant sleepless night; a night that would begin my initiation to the hellish odysseys of insomniacs.

Oh sleep, oh gentle sleep . poetic promises of slumber prolonged indefinitely. Halos from chain smoking and sips of wine increased as nights were filled with mental flights through a haze of flash backs. Haunting memories of an aborted innocence of childhood, agonies of retribution and the predictions of death. The amorphous night invader had slowly siphoned away my very being,

Sleepless night had taken their toll. The death of nights, brought new horrors to the day. Daily occurrences that once were familiar became foreign and fearful.

The catastrophic effect of daily panic attacks had drove me to "desperate resolves"

In seeking medical attention I had joined the other victims who are life's wreckage
They are housed and treated behind citadels and are ruled by the mind collectors.
Each visit to the citadel I was handed a container filled with the psychotropic promise
of bliss. Their bliss was betrayal to the natural forces of human emotion. I was a modern
zombie, living in a synthetic existence. The drama of emotions were intellectually
and physically controlled. You no longer have the ability to emotionally express your
feelings.

Gregor's tragic circumstance ended with his demise. The tragedy of my unpredicted
circumstance is the in saving myself I had to lose myself. As I flushed the toilet and
watched the Thorazine pills disappear in the swirling waster; I knew whoever I was
before was gone forever