

The Enchanted Soul

I have been walking for days upon days. They all blur together, and I can't tell whether it has been a week, or a year. My backpack feels heavier with each step. I lug myself through the Arizona desert, and just think about getting to where I need to be. I need to be at the end of the earth; maybe then I can find peace with myself.

I know Columbus proved the world was round, but I believe there is an end out there. Where the earth meets the rest of the universe, the rest of what we have not discovered. I have been trekking the desert, to find this place. I could not deal with any of the other people anymore, any of the people who would look over me, because I seemed just like any other. I talked to no one, looked at no one, and communicated with no one, unless it was absolutely necessary. I believe that if I could find that middle-of-nowhere place, I could let out the things that I would have said to a real human being, and maybe, someone will hear me. And if I come back, knowing all I might know, the world would be a little kinder towards me.

I stop to get a piece of jerky from my sack, and suddenly, reality comes back. I am running out of food, and if I don't find the opposite of real life soon, I must be swallowed back into the midst of all the "regular" people. I have spent too long here, and I could die if I continue on.

I continue on.

I know that I am an imbecile for risking my very existence. If I do not come back there is no one that would even wonder where I have gone. THIS is my very existence though, what makes me different. I am different because I walk through the barren desert, vetoing scenes because it seems to me that the cactus needles will catch my thoughts, like a spider web will catch an unsuspecting gnat. Finally, after another day of doing exactly this, I set up so-called "camp." I take four stakes, set them up in a square, and tie a blanket over them, so at least I can sleep in the shade. Then I put a mosquito net over that, so nothing will come in and bite me, as rattlesnakes and scorpions roam the vast, empty desert at night. Then I go to sleep, hoping that I can find the enchanted place tomorrow, because if I don't I will either die out here or turn back. Neither alternative is good.

I wake up just before the elf owls nestle back into their nests. Getting an early start is important, to get as much time out of the sun as possible. But when I start to pack up my makeshift tent, the landscape on the horizon looks different from the night before. Two little cacti stand perfectly in line, with approximately five feet between them. The hard rocky ground lays uncracked, and nothing dare seems to be touching it. I start running towards it.

I sit cross-legged between the cacti, melting into nothingness as the sun rises over the earth. I am one with the universe, one with everything that is beyond me. I release all my thoughts, all my words, all of myself, into the open sky. Everything that I have ever felt is pouring out of my soul. I imagine that only two of my thoughts will catch, one on each cactus, and

instead of being held there like innocent insects caught in a spider web, they will be woven into beautiful tapestries. Then, they will be blown away by the wind, and form a shining star in the sky.