

Factory 81 "Diary Of A Serial Killer"

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Written by Nate Wallace

Suddenly I stood in the hallway while the wind unleashed it's anger upon my back. the cold 20 shadows lay long on the slightly lit scene. As dusk turned to night the eyes peered at me through the darkness. I watched as time & logic mutated into laughter & colors. One stood berfore me. When it moved, it became seven, & when it stopped, it became one again. Pressed together in this tiny shack we melted across the floor & became moss & grass covering the floor in a think blanket. As we were visited by ants on their journey, as well as bees, butterflies, & grasshoppers who were on their way. We suddenly knew no light, no dark, no black, no white, & no wrong. Blinded by the high. Grippped by colors. Nothing was or wasn't. Everything was an illusion & reality. We were pure energy & light. Our words were music & sound, every sound you could think of & some you could never dream of. Before long, one star appeared revealing that after this long trip, side by foolish side, you were there. Immediately, the connection was shattered. Our eyes fell upon the floor as we dismissed one another & walked away into the silence.

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