

1-1-2009

Climbing the Ethereal Ladder

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Recommended Citation

Murgas, Karysabell (2009) "Climbing the Ethereal Ladder," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 6 , Article 31.

Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol6/iss1/31>

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Climbing the Ethereal Ladder

Karysabell Murgas

On the Heart

With my lips, I kiss, I whisper, I enunciate. Every thought is processed directly from within, traveling through this minute opening on my face, and it should be enough. For what good is intelligence? All I have to offer is my heart, nothing else. However, before I leave, there is one note I would like to leave you:

*I walk outside to see him standing there,
by an oak tree, holding her by the hand;
where we once shared these chocolate éclairs,
these tasty treats I now hold in my hands.
He kisses the soft petals of her mouth,
and I, I cannot keep my eyes away;
in the second she looks up at the clouds,
he grabs her as she tries to pull astray.
That woman is now pleading for her life,
while his hands maintain a painful death grip,
as she coughs and chokes on her last sweet bite,
she claws him as his skin tears and rips.
The battle ends, and I feel paranoid;
this sickened love has left a sudden void.*

Look again, there you are, an empty shell. Your heart reflects these lyrics, but what of your mind?

A Self-Reflection: The Mind at Work

At times, I am deeply dissatisfied with my affections towards others. For now, it seems as though these affections are requited, yet set to diminish without any hope of revival. Since birth, love is nurtured and cared for without question, until it is neglected and fed to the famished flames that burn through every blood vessel of its existence. Oh! If there's any hope of the sudden mockery of the phoenix! Then do as I say and return from the ashes, my kindled heart! If only in dreams may I feel the aching muscle pumping beneath my small breast, alive...but no. Ah, Mr. Poe, sir, you are a devious one. The mind is independent of the world's frantic need to taste the flesh of one more victim's submissive nature. It is not a matter of night and day that determines one's motive to realize the truth of one's existence. The changing

shade of the hour is part of the circumstances of living in the system discovered by our dear friend, Copernicus. The mind is a sanctuary, a retreat, a safe haven, for those who have good use for it. One may separate the mind from the heart, but in many or all cases, they act as one. The trouble with this is that in any occasion or two, a reluctance for either muscle to function without the other is inevitable, for one who suffers a loss refuses to live wholly, appearing to be breathing, but without hope of a heart's beat; and if one has only a heart but not an independent mind, society enforces its evil obstruction of justice, as slowly, we all become the minions of authorities, with their need to protect the egotistic nature of political rule. But the human race will always be submissive to corrupt power, even that of love. However, if one lives without love, one may never know grief. If I can one day find the error in that, then when the time comes, I will rest in peace. Until then, today, I regret to relate my identity to those who possess my affections.

YES, UPWARD IS THE ONLY WAY...YOUR ONLY ESCAPE LIES IN MY PALACE IN THE SKIES...