



Thoughts of an Insane Man

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What is madness but the difference of opinion on the subject of Reality. A paradox really, with no right answer. For what I perceive as Reality you label delusion, and what you perceive as Reality, I call boringly simplistic and childishly naive. It's a fashion statement; in today, gone tomorrow. Last season's systematic slaughter based on religious and political justifications is this year's unholy holocaust. The natural instincts of a predator, though justifiable amongst the animals of the lower classes of the world order than ourselves, are deemed monstrous and insane when carried out by one of the "human" order. A man who cleanses the world of its parasites and weakest members so the strong may thrive unhindered is thrust into a cage to protect Society as a whole, and deemed insane.

Insanity has its benefits. It frees one from the collective conscience Society spoon-feeds us, and liberates our minds to understand the greater complexities of life and death. No longer must one bend one's thoughts to match the given standard of decency and correctness. When deemed insane, one can perceive the world as it truly is, and comprehend the true nature of death and the benefits it brings. We all have Insanity. Some of us embrace it more wholeheartedly, true, but we all have madness lurking within us, begging to be released. Because of our Insanity, we can appreciate the serial killings of those not living within the strict boundaries of Society. Only Society's Sanity demands that we cringe from the perpetrator in horror as if he were a disease. And only when he is locked behind guarded walls can we breath a collective sigh of relief that he was stopped before he infected anyone else, before he infected us.

Society dictates the roles we must play. We play them out, showing all the world who we are in their eyes, while we pray they do not see the Insanity in us that applauded the madman's acts. If Society knew we supported his cause, it would call us mad and incarcerate us within his cage where our Insanity could fester and bloom.

I played my role. I played it well. No one knew how deeply my Insanity ran. No one knew how clearly I saw the world and its inane rules of engagement. I blended in amongst the others, feeding on their stupidity, their moral judgement of their peers, and I carried out their sentence while allowing them only to see my actor's facade, the only form they could appreciate and rationalize. I cleaned up my share of the morass so that the dregs, as Society calls them, feared to venture forth amongst the good citizenry. The pimps, the prostitutes, the dopeheads, and would-be gangsters looked over their shoulders and jumped at every shadow. I erased their blight so Society could heal from the wounds those things inflicted. And they labeled me a monster, and hunted me down amongst the lowlife parasites I hunted. They did not hunt very hard, for if they had they would have realized a keener intellect had committed those acts they called crimes, and would not have wasted their time looking for me amongst the drugged-out, diseased leeches of Society. They wanted those animals to disappear, and I made it happen. Then they lumped me in amongst those I hunted and called me a danger to Society and insane. They acted horrified by my acts as Society and Sanity dictate, but in their hearts they embraced me as a brother and wished they had the strength to break free and adopt Insanity.

They claimed a sane man could not have done what I did because his conscience would not allow it. So I became unconscionable. They warned the good citizenry that I would strike out against them, but of course, I did not. They had nothing to fear from me. I was one of them, but better able to break away from the current policy of save all, weaken all. Survival of the fittest used to mean something. Wasn't it Darwin who said we must evolve to survive? Some of us evolve faster than others, but we are held back by their weakness. I tried to teach them the higher way, and they shunned my clearer vision. I tried to pull them up with me, and they locked me away for my trouble. They believe themselves safer now that I can't roam amongst them. Now I sit here in my drab pajamas in the drab padded walls of my room and write my thoughts in this journal to amuse and to justify my therapist's medical opinion of me. He has told his colleagues of me, and uses words like psychotic and paranoid schizophrenic with delusions of grandeur. They will call me insane, but I know the truth. I wait for the new order when Insanity will return to fashion, and beings such as myself will again be held in high esteem. For madness is merely a more evolved perception of the Reality within which we all exist.