



ords were my masters. Their colloquial voices chattered in my mind, enlivening an unconventional form of command. They had agendas and hate and disgust, all of which brought about a tumultuous ocean of demands within my head, so vast that I drifted upon it as weathered wreckage—for I was but an insignificant muse bent to the will of these illustriously literate germs of my thoughts. Their deeds were mischievous and wicked, and although their actions could be assigned to nothing but my ownership, I knew their origin was not native to my existence. They were foreign; they were toxic. And

in making tangible through writing their iniquitous flare, an intense, ravenous desire was conjured within me. I so desperately wished to banish their sinister saturation, but I was a slave to the feelings and erotica of their master-play.

These creatures of my mind coveted the writing of letters. With their incredible prowess of locution, they could bend circumstance—even life. Through my hand and the simple ink within a pen, they could sculpt diabolical imageries, demented emotions, and jarring, torturing revelations. To the reader they were just words, and to me they were just words, but to the universe of things visible and not, sensible and insane, these markings that traveled from the holes of realms to mind and mind to hand and hand to paper were—in their perfect collection—unimaginable hexes. And so as the mind's eyes of these letters' recipients placed the words together, recreating them in thought, the workings of a dark, dark magic were birthed.

When I wrote the letters, I knew not of their impending impacts; only later did I catch wind of the happenings in a news article or a bizarre tabloid. And so when I sent out the letters, I died to myself in knowing of the nightmares hidden and to whom they were addressed. Still, even amidst the torment of knowing what results my deeds established, I could not control the frothing wordsmith scratching upon my soul or abate the ecstasy of allowing its execution. Dozens of letters went out and enslaved their beholders within the deathscape of the unthinkable; each

signed not by my name, but by the name declared by the ceremonies of my mind. One letter was delivered to my very own nephew—at nine years of age. It—in its complete tragedy—was written as such:

Dearest Nephew,

The sky is flesh—gentle, soft, withered, worn. Inside it I make my home. With eyes as stars and body as mist, I become a world within a world and a life outside of life. In the reaches of my self develop the hives of distant children. I give my sweet innocence to the chimerical figures found through time so that they may sing their captious sounds.

*To uphold the lexis, a witness and a vessel,
Typheld Resilstin*

Within the fatigue of the morning following my nephew's receipt of the letter, my brother descended to the chambers of his son to find him sundered into pieces of humming, writhing grotesqueries—a morbid pile of intergalactic life. The outlands of what he saw contained no remedy or remaining visage of his beloved bloodline. From that day forth, he awoke only with the touch of his wife's kiss and her words of sincere prayer.

It was after this letter, under the worst of all reluctance, that I banished myself from society and retreated into

a prison of my own making upon the outskirts of the accessible. I was saddened by the terrible ability of my mind and had to force myself to refrain from its allure. With excruciating steps, I was successful in my removal.

Within this lair of my self-sentencing, I refused to supply myself with the utensils of my writing. It was my attempt to fully cease the unloving art ingrained within my ways. Maintaining this disposition was more than difficult. At the least, I yearned with animalistic cravings for the insects of language residing in my mind to play through my hand and enrich a parchment with their effulgent residues. But even with the immense pain of my withdrawal, I was able to hold my footing against their rampant temptations.

To my despair, the control and tension and restriction were what the luminaries of my vocabulary desired; they had a grand plan. So while I thought I was containing my evil from the world, I had done the very opposite, entering a scenario through which the most terrible of all hexes could be delivered.

It was upon the sixteenth day of the seventh month in my home away from the world that I wrote my final and most intoxicating letter.

The words had grown so vigorous amongst my thoughts that it felt as if they were chisels chipping away like tangible things against my skull to release themselves. It was then that I first feared for life without their embodiment. In a battle for salvation, I began to bash my head against the

wall, stifling only minutely the urges I felt. And even then, I longed to force my head so hard against the wall's surface so that it would crack open and let the innards run wild.

A moment came when my heart changed its beat—it expanded and pumped with much heavier contractions. My vision blurred and severe lightheadedness overtook me—so much so that I fell to the floor. The enraged thumping of my heart continued. Eventually, a threshold within my body was superseded and my blood began to seep from the complete collection of orifices on my body—my mouth, my nose, my eyes, my ears, and even those secluded openings. Every drop that did not soak within clothing or hair flowed out in labyrinthine patterns and wrote upon the floor the father of all incantations. In this picture, the blood dried and I died.

It was eleven months and five days later that the first observer stepped foot within my tomb, and there for eyes to read, undistracted—even amongst the wretched scent and the wretched scene—was the final testament of my sickness:

Dearest Custodian,

I call the tempests to stillness, to coat what is, under blackness; I beseech the moons to pool their light and burn an entrance. I reach into odium and define its shape; I reach into worlds and collect their filth. The scabs of myself I divide

*into egressing dust before the shadows of the in-between as
an inviolable offering to open the doorway set aside.*

*Legions come forth. Minions gather. I seek the patterns
beneath the fabric of time to pull forth from their stories the
names of the eternal wayfarers. Their voices and weeping
whispers call to us and give us new breath. Speak with me
the call of their release: Come through.*

*The final authority of the lexis, a witness and a vessel,
Typheld Resilstin*