

There Is a Crack in the Fabric of Time

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Psychosis is a strange phenomenon. It is a kind of “otherness” that sometimes takes over the mind and body of an individual with schizophrenia. During my time with schizophrenia, I have experienced several incidents of psychosis; some have resulted in hospitalization. Unfortunately, I cannot recollect these episodes because of memory loss and blackouts. Other incidents I have experienced at home and have been able to recall. The reason, I think, is the severity of the psychosis. When hospitalized, I have been 100% in the “other world.” In the episodes at home, I have been able to have one leg, in reality. This reality has made me regain my memory after incidents; when I encounter a psychosis, I have often been bedridden because all my mental powers are absorbed. Reality fades, and muscular apathy sets in. I cannot move. The following account depicts my experience with a psychosis that I remember vividly. The following was a singular event. What I often sense is that time and space dissolve and days blur. I cannot keep track of time. I experience strange phenomena, and reality distorts.

There are ghostly shades and intolerable ravens. There are busy bees and black bats in the air. My perception of the day is distorted. I feel every second, minute passing slowly through my system. It is painstakingly hard. Thoughts mess up in one big melting pot and mix with the meaninglessness of the day. Paralysis has absorbed me. I wish the time would go faster and that my being would disappear into the air like dust reflecting in the light, but instead, I am in bed seeing white ghosts on the wall. Skeleton fish moves on the ceiling. Water is rising fast from below the bed, and drowning is imminent. My inner core is shaking like an earthquake. I am not sure what is up and what is down. I feel nausea, dizziness, and my heart is pounding. Is this the end, or is it just the start of something else I do not know what is?

Time and space dissolve; all is distorted. It seems as objects in the external world freeze and is devoid of meaning. People are atomized entities that move on a blurry surface of being. My inner world constitutes its

reality. Thoughts sped through; they are sucked backward while voices go forward. The internal noise feels like air pressing through a narrow hole. The force of the condensed air creates an extra layer. The world manifests itself like a window with double blinds. The light cannot find a crack. I feel like I have a flock of sparrows chirping with intense force in the corner of my mind. Their flickering wings create a ripple effect that echoes through the vertebra. The body feels deformed and odd, like it is misplaced. It belongs to the surface of the earth. Nerve fibers grow out of the skin and connect to the air that is polluted and stale. From within, I destabilize. I perceive the world through an optical lens. Everything is twisted and hazy, and the weight of the air is on my shoulders. All seems bewildering. My airway is blocked. I am afraid to swallow because my spleen and lungs are in my glottis, and the shear movement would make them shrink and send out a poisonous fume that would contaminate my inner being.

I have the duvet pulled tightly under my chin. It is as if an elephant is standing on my chest. The skeleton fish on the ceiling seems to sneer at me with sharp teeth, and I can feel the water reaching my body. I close my eyes and begin to take deep breaths, trying to control the angst and the sensory input that comes to my brain that has nothing to do with reality but feels so real. Slowly breathing becomes normal. I am scared but dare to open one eye. As long as the duvet is under my chin, everything must be in order, I convince myself. I cannot feel the water anymore, which is a good sign, but a hole in the air appears; I can see a bright light through it. It seems like there is a crack in the fabric of time. I can hear a clock ticking. Seconds, minutes pass by. The ticking becomes louder and louder till it is almost unbearable. The air is thick and stale, and I do not know what to do.

I dare to open my right eye. It feels like I contain the world in my eyeball, and it hurts my eye. A ticking sound fills the room. Every limb is heavy; moving is impossible. The room is closing in on me like a deflated balloon. My

hands cling to the duvet, and I am breathing at a snail's pace. I am shaking inside, and time seems stretched like bubble gum. I want to disappear. The blinds are down. It is summer outside, but I do not care; it could have been winter, it would not have affected me. I want to retract into my shield like a snail. The world seems frightening and intruding, and the feeling seeps through my veins and into my restless heart. For the last half-year, my bedroom has been my only solace. It is the only place in the apartment that I can breathe. Time materializes in slow motion. I have to do something. I put my headphones on and listen to Agnes Obel; her airy voice and the soothing music relax me. The soul-searching part abandons me and floats up under the ceiling. The fishes with sharp teeth are ready. They slap me with their fins; the scale leaves red stripes. I retract to a corner of the ceiling and observe the ravens, bats, and bees in the air. My soul-searching entity examines the supposed world through the optical illusion of a kaleidoscope.

Colors and the thick air divide into tiny atoms that go forth and back in the room at incredible speed. I feel exposed and vulnerable. The room is no longer the place I sleep but an airless space separated from reality. I have entered an antiworld, and the hole is now encompassing the entire room. A hissing sound sucks out the air. The bats and ravens struggle to stay afloat, but the hole is

relentless, and soon they are sucked in. From afar, I observe my corpselike body in the bed. I see tiny black flies; they cover the room and every surface till everything is black. There is no light, no air. I disappear, and nothingness covers all. A whispering appears. There are ghostly shades and intolerable ravens. There are busy bees and black bats. Everything repeats. The room appears before me. Time has retracted, so we are back at the beginning of the day. A tiny beam appears and becomes bigger every second. The room absorbs the light, and I am back under the duvet. My white hands with the blue veins are grasping the lined. My inner landscape is changing; someone is redecorating the space, an owl has taken refuge in my left arm, and the spleen has relocated to my carve muscle. Every nerve fiber is vibrating. The skin is radiant, sensitive, and feels like it could burst at any moment. Nausea and dizziness come back, and my head is spinning and buzzing. I am out of breath, and I feel like I have a fever. I am a mental vegetable, and my mind is deteriorating. Everything feels displaced. It is as glass shatters continually again and again, and brainstems are cut to pieces. My heartbeat becomes irregular. Spasms penetrate me, and a whispering voice is mumbling in my brain. It repeats the same sentence: There are ghostly shades and intolerable ravens. There are busy bees and black bats.