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I Don't Belong Here

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I DON'T BELONG HERE

Mark Szakony

Journal Entry 4#

July 22, 1996

Everybody should go crazy once in their life. Homemade spear in hand, soggy socks itching in worn Timberlands...this is it. Mosquito venom from bites and already bad brain chemicals react into something my therapist would call mental instability. Maybe the answers are in my own humming. Shaking notes help me from going insane or bring me to madness faster. Whatever works.

Most people wind up on a wilderness island for three days through some kind of a plane crash or boat sinking. No burning debris for me. My arrival on the island was a bit subtle. Ten weeks earlier I was finishing freshman year of high school and walking a Johnny Cash style line. The tightrope which all parents fear, the one where you are so close from going down that suburban dark road of complete anti-social behavior which as we all know only leads to drugs, violence and cheap sex. My parent has tried everything to stop me from being as they described a "little Nietzsche." Good solid depression is hard to respond to. The son is told on for drinking from whiskey plastic film containers on the bus. Situation handled by parents just telling him the dangers of alcohol and then lowering his curfew. Or when your kid just can't figure anything out in school then you hire him a tutor and give lots of strong encouragement. Catch is lowering curfews and tutors don't help when your kid asks "Why bother, this is so empty and pointless." Parent themselves begin to start wondering themselves in between the night reading and matrimonial permitted snoring.

Anti-apathy pills only worked so well so the next step was to send me to

a Christian boot camp up in northern Canada. This all led up to me being dropped off in a canoe on a remote island to test my wilderness survival skills for three days. But this is a test of more than just campfire starting and making snares. Behind all the Vietnam/Boy Scout elements was a test of my emotional state as if it hadn't taken enough attacks with the drill sergeant screaming and eight-hour workday filled with hard labor. When we were all tucked in there were no bedtime stories. Only chilling prayers to a vicious God that punishes his wicked children by sending them to the Dominican Republic school. If Canada was the outer ring of hell then the DR was the core.

It is all logical until the present up in the tree part. Well it creeps. That is the only way to explain the way the mind creeps out. Slithers like hunger, the remnants of two granola bars sit under a patch of leaves. You are told to eat your food immediately, once you get on the island. They are the only food you are given so absorb the nutrients, then let the stomach shrink. Your stomach doesn't really shrink it just twists especially with the burnt texture of cooked frog legs. Its not about taste, its about nutrients. The frog leaps no longer, with its legs in my stomach and its head being used as bait on the end of a homemade fishing pole.

Hunger can be forgotten but the loneliness doesn't stop. I tried to hum then sing then scream. The brain is creeping out with no technological distractions. Your computers, phones, and television keep you from thinking about those secret fears. Maybe I could pretend to have a phone. Is being intentionally delusional helpful in warding off craziness? Crazy thoughts are let loose once there is nothing to distract and cover them up. We all tell lies to ourselves, but there is no lying out here. Loneliness and hunger make beautiful serpent lovers, caressing, fondling my mind