

Untitled



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UNTITLED

[painting by Alison Wells](#)

Alison Wells Fine Art Studio & Gallery

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story by Lisa Levi

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Published by



I

After a while I knew there was nothing I could do...

I wanted to get away. Of course I did...

I tried all the time. ...

You don't know how it was there.

It felt like banging my head against a wall. ...

You weren't there. You just can't know how it was....

Well, no. I don't have any scars, not physically, but that ...

If I tried ...

I tried! ...

It was open...

I don't know. ...

Of course... I should have tried the door,

but at the time

it seemed so pointless.

I had tried the windows and they were sealed. ...

Of course, I wanted to get out! I keep saying it and saying,

but you're not hearing.

...

Of course I missed here. But it wasn't as easy as you think.

And yes, I wanted to escape. I always wanted to.

I took a risk. They could be after me all now...

The ones who locked me in. ...

I thought I was locked in. The door closed so loudly. ...

I was locked in!

...

I was locked in.

...

Maybe, they got careless. ...

Of course they're real! ...

No, I never saw them. But how else did I get locked in?

You know so much. You tell me. Tell me! ...

That's ridiculous! ...

That's

...

It's stupid.

...

Shut up!

Stop it! I was locked in! ... I couldn't get out!

I tried!

I did. I did.

I did.

.....

The world spun around me. And then it invaded my head, throbbing through it. I could see scenes - people, and places - and they all loomed in close, and then retreated again, whirling away, murmuring and shouting. I closed my eyes, trying to shield myself from the constant buzzing of the world, the humming of all those accusing voices. And then it was black, and the blackness muted them and finally stifled them so that at last my head was steady and still and silent.

And suddenly I was in a land, wide and expanding. Expanding, expanding into a far horizon that faded into a clear blue sky. The land was green and sweet, and soft and damp under my feet, and there were no trees, only the short wet grass, extending, extending all about me, rising gently and dipping again and again, limited only by the grey horizon that stretched on, promising more lush, green, green land.

There was a sun – high and bright – and a wind that blew constantly from some dry inexhaustible source, and on the wings of the wind was a soft melody, like the tinkling of glass and a river running and birds singing and a flute playing, and I smiled and sat on the grass feeling the sun that was shining, and the wind that was blowing and the songs that were singing.

I closed my eyes.

I opened my eyes. Immediately I saw a door on the horizon. It stood upright and open, bold against the sky and marring the smooth undulations of the horizon. And it called to me, demanding my attention, insisting, and welcoming, and promising. And I went.

I walked toward the door forever, ambling over the grassy plain eagerly. Many moments I reached within touching distance of it, but the sun would glare into my eyes, blinding me, and I would blink and when I could focus again, the door would be gone, moved away from me, off into a more distant horizon. Yet despite this, despite that the reality of the door seemed increasingly questionable, despite how weary I became, I continued. My aloof saunter deteriorated into a painful plodding and slugging. My legs ached and my shoulders bowed, but I was caught by an obsession that burned within me and that would have scorched me, except that the wind, with its tinkling songs, seemed to shield my anxiousness, and I never faltered. I trudged on.

And then I was there. After it appeared that I could walk forever and never reach the door, I was suddenly there, upon it. And I peered through it and I saw a large, white room.

The room was large and white, and like the door it did not begin or end anywhere, it was simply and only there. Had I attempted I would probably have seen blue sky and green land through those walls, but I only thought then of entering the room, and I only saw white walls.

While I hesitated, gazing into the room, the wind blew, but it didn't touch me. It only blew around and past me. And the sun was shining, but it did not warm me, its warm rays fell everywhere upon the land, except for where I stood. And I could hear the music of the wind, but only muffled, as if through a thick wall. It did not caress my heart.

Alarmed I turned from the door to glimpse that vast, expanding, never-ending landscape. And the moment I did, the wind was blowing over me again, and the sun was shining on me, and the music was playing to me. But behind them all was the constant brush of cold air that drifted out of the room. And it compelled me to turn away from that great land, and without further hesitation I went in.

As I stepped over the threshold. At that moment, there was a swift rush of wind behind me. It grabbed at me, dragging me back toward the sunshine outside. But I

desperately clung to the walls, and violently the wind tugged at me, and tried to claim me, and I resisted. I cried out in anguish at the thought of leaving the room, and I could feel my nails breaking against the smooth, slick bricks, and then, with a loud clang, the door shut. The fierce, proprietorial wind was cut off. And the room became still, and I stood there, uncertain.

Almost obligatorily I moved toward the door. But I paused and instead turned to look around the room. I noticed that two of its walls, at right angles to each other, were made of glass. But they did not admit a view of the lush, green land I had left, only the rooftops of a grey, concrete city, and a distant, shining, silver sea. And I smiled.

Slowly, imperceptibly, I recognised that the room was perpetually cold, and that there was a continuous murmur pulsing through the thin air. A heavy, low resonance. And I became aware of a desk and a chair placed in front of one of the glass walls. And on the desk was a large typewriter with a blank page pulled through it.

Everything else in the room was vague, insignificant, and I did not attempt to open the door, or to escape into the warm green world I had forsaken. I did not grope around the room in search of its secrets. I only moved to the desk and sat and began to type.

It was a long and tedious story, but I typed it, and typed it, again and again, over and over, attempting to get it right. But it always eluded me.