

Somewhat of a Fiction: On Athazagoraphobia

A segment by Richie Adomako

Premise:

The main character sits poolside at a villa in Sant Joan, Ibiza with a pen and paper while amidst thoughts.

Only if I could...beyond hastening the day and seizing the limelight to appreciate the warmth of losing my place and melting in front of a mirror - one that ever so softly projects back the sense of my senses in the present. Maybe the mirror is right and I only exist objectively. But, in the eyes of time, I have melted upon catching fire. I slept till the sun burned out and lost the evanescence of a dusty future that looks back upon me from a reflection – one that I may never appreciate in time till I am at the dead end! Where is the light?

Literacy leads to self-realization and critical thinking, which opens doors to doubt and skepticism – I didn't have that, few people have that. Spark Notes and abridged versions have ruined literacy and its doorways to discovering the self for a whole generation. *You can even find abridged versions of Spark Notes!* These 'abridgenations' dummy us down while making us feel smarter – it's a bubble that is going to burst.

But why do I care? Why am I thinking about this? Why should anyone care? Because caring puts us all into some essence of existence...it is athazagoraphobia – no one wants to be forgotten. So, we try to share it all collectively in hopes that someone will remember us – rendering our lives with meaning we so deserve with

some sort of adequate memory. It is the very essence of today's generation. *Here it is, athazagoraphobia – no one wants to be forgotten, and there I sat...forgetting myself before I even had the chance to find it. I've lost so much in too little, I thought. There isn't a balance, and the tradeoffs are never equated. Can someone tell me about nirvana? Because it can be a bitch!* But at least, it all seems fulfilled within some decency of urban decay. In some weird psychotic mantra, this is what came to mind.

Starting with the very place I was at, I knew my life was about obsessions; *like the essence of territorial pissing with a notion on the semi-consciousness that commented on patriarchal vengeance.* I felt angry inside and didn't know why. Perhaps I pissed about everything around me – including the very systems that were in place to make our lives easier.

I wrote it all down: *Fuck crass! How we are blinded with media that forever builds itself on some calibrated detection system on running our lives. Good taste has crippled us; leaving us wincing with disregard for the grand statement while cringing with envy. This is the epitome of the self in pop culture. We are the last generation to express resistance to corporate law, to not care so much of the culture part in pop-culture, because essence of pop is all that matters! We are a generation of Prufrock's – hesitating to make the leap of faith, but diving by all means; we're fit for a T.S Elliot poem; always cranking the hustle in a constant maelstrom of curiosity.*

I had to stop the thoughts. They dragged on and started a migraine. I looked around once more to realize where I was and whom I was with. *There is so much in all of this, I thought. So much! No one pays dues, not any more. You only play with the haves and have-nots. If this is any indication of what the future is going to be then it is*

only means one thing...the future is a bright one. Its 'nicheville' baby, and if you're not in now you're going to drown in a pool of fears, I thought removing my Louis Vuitton sunglasses before jumping into the pool.

This is a segment from the novel Somewhat of a Fiction by Richie Adomako. This may not be published or used without consent.

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