

# Σssays

*of the unspoken*



*by Darlene M. Washington*

**Madness**

$$\frac{\text{Sex}}{\text{Love}} \geq \frac{\text{Love}}{\text{Sex}}$$

**Vanity**

*Meditation*



**Darlene M. Washington**

**Σssays of the unspoken mind** is a fragile, but tantalizing group of essays and things on the experience of life as seen through perception, reality and abnormality.

**Other Books by Darlene M. Washington:**

***Love, Life and Learning*** - A Poetic Diary Featuring Poetry by Darlene

**IrOnicles**

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## Σssays *of the unspoken* mind

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# **Σ**ssays

*of the unspoken*



## **Σ**ssays *of the unspoken* mind

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# Σssays

*of the unspoken*



## *Introduction*

Σssays *of the unspoken mind* is an introduction to thought-provoking perception, reality and abnormality issues laid out in “fictionally true” circumstances. The essays and things written in this book are semi-autobiographical standpoints, which reflect observations of life surrounding individuals.

“Fictionally true” is implied in all bodies of fiction, where were it true, it could be someone’s reality. Σssays *of the unspoken mind* invokes the right to stir up the conscientious of society. A lack of compassion in the world *eventually* affects everyone.

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## ***Preface***

### **A. Perception**

**Per ● cep ● tion -1a:** a result of perceiving: observation, **b:** a mental image: concept **2:** consciousness **3a:** awareness of the elements of environment through physical sensation, **b:** physical sensation interpreted in the light of experience **4a:** quick, acute, and intuitive cognition: appreciation, **b:** a capacity for comprehension

—*Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*  
(Tenth Edition), p. 861

### **B. Reality**

**Re ● al ● i ● ty -1:** the quality or state of being real **2a** (1): a real event, entity, or state of affairs (his dream became a ~> (2) the totality of real things and events (trying to escape from ~> **b:** something that is neither derivative nor dependent but exists necessarily — **in reality:** in actual fact

—*Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*  
(Tenth Edition), p. 973

### **C. Reality Check**

**Reality Check:** something that clarifies or serves as a reminder of reality often by correcting a misconception

—*Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*  
(Tenth Edition), p. 973

## D. Abnormality

### Defining Abnormality Today

“How our understanding of abnormality is articulated depends on the beliefs that dominate in a culture and epoch. Historically, people have used animistic, physical, and psychogenic theories to explain disordered behavior. Today, biological and psychological levels of analysis are the two most viable approaches that continue to be offered to understand abnormality.”

### *The Elements of Abnormality*

“The act of defining the word “abnormal” suggests that there is some single property that all cases of abnormality, *must share*. Such a shared, defining property is called a *necessary condition*.

Moreover, a precise definition of ‘abnormal’ requires that there be at least one distinguishing element that only cases of abnormality share and that no cases of ‘normality’ share. This is called a *sufficient condition* of abnormality.

We will look at seven properties or elements that count toward deciding whether an action or person is abnormal. This analysis describes the way ordinary people and well-trained psychologists actually use the word. These elements of abnormality are:

- Suffering
- Maladaptiveness
- Irrationality
- Unpredictability and loss of control
- Rareness and unconventionality
- Observer discomfort
- Violation of standards

The more of these elements that are present, and the more clearly each can be seen, the more certain we are that the behavior or person is abnormal. At least one of these elements must be present for abnormality to exist.”

—*Abnormal Psychology* by Martin E.P. Seligman (University of Pennsylvania), Elaine F. Walker (Emory University) and David L. Rosenhan (Stanford University) (Fourth Edition), Chapter 1 p. 19-20

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## ***Preface***

### ***E. Acceptance, Medicine for the Mind***

The question may be asked, “How does one become mentally ill?” The answer is quite a journey to define with biological and environmental stimuli affecting the outcome. While acceptance, besides nutrition, shelter and warmth, remain amongst the key things that keep a human infant alive, as the child grows, environment defines acceptance within the household and in society. The rule is conform or be considered abnormal. Society has been conditioned to conform through education, politics, religion, the media and traditional family values, anything or anyone that is considered different than ourselves or majority rule, fits into the “weird,” “abnormal” or “other” categories.

Non-conformity threatens acceptance, *it's easier to agree*. Displacement emerges as an intangible self-object, individuals need acceptance so much that they displace their true feelings in order to conform and fit in. These feelings are rampant in any society, individualism suffers. Everyone wants to “copy” what’s already acceptable. (How do you get rejected, if everyone already likes what you’re trying to do?) This stigmatic induced, displaced anxiety (the unwillingness to be true to one’s self) forces minorities to be subliminally configured in the minds of others as abnormal or degenerative, because they are different.

Accepting difference or diversity becomes an issue that can be observed on an individual basis. *How can we truly become a diverse society, if we do not know and celebrate our very own individualism?* Acceptance is medicine for the mind - it promotes and stimulates positive feelings. Those who choose to express their

individualism can become dejected and viewed by society's normal eye as "weird," "mentally unstable" or "other." And indeed some of them may be. However, "normal" is redefined per individual based on society's acceptable legal, social and mental health factors. Displacement in an individual forces them to become fearful, suicidal or violent in what they might term "a hostile and threatening environment."

Today, we must truly embrace diversity in order to prevent false conformity, in order to prevent religious, social and political class displaced anxiety in the form of 9-11 and the Columbine Shootings; in order to make an equal and economically beneficial world for everyone. *Individualism* will save the innovators of the future; *true diversity* will make acceptance of people's differences a normal and respectable facet in society.

**—Darlene M. Washington**

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*Madness*

$$\frac{\text{Sex}}{\text{Love}} \geq \frac{\text{Love}}{\text{Sex}}$$

## II. Madness

A teary eyed stranger lay in my bed. Unbeknownst to me, this is what I had become, a whining, wheezing, whimpering idiot. Whether dressed to a "T", like a Madonna or a Prince, or laying naked in my bed filled to the rim with sexual desire, the stranger came to visit. I promise you, me, myself and I that I am more beautiful and more worthy than any goddess that you have ever labeled. This is what I believe. And I'm baffled; because I know the men are lining up outside my door waiting to please me, to feel my warmth, with my soft creamy skin, long brown hair, hazel eyes, sexy hypnotic lips, red and ready for kissing, breast taut with hard fat nipples protruding with passion. I know they are waiting to console my troubled heart, while kissing a path to my sweet curvy thighs and plush middle, waiting to lay me on my stomach and run their fingertips up and down my spine, causing a quiver here and a tingle there. To reassure me that my tears are not necessary, much after their semen covers my face, hands and tongue. And I keep hearing that song, "Gloria! Gloria! If everybody wants you? Gloria! Why isn't anybody calling!" And I wonder if it applies to me in some strange way, as if my goddessness is a lie. I bite my lip and blood rushes down my chin, flowing like the sea of men around me who demand the life between my legs, wanting my pain for their pleasure! Taking advantage of my sadness filling me with sex, leaving me full of a wet nothingness! Suddenly I realize, "Love is a battlefield."

I have had many nights of empty passion. Sex, like free samples for the taking. Free because my heart wants more. My body may ache for it, sex, that is, but my heart wants more. And I am sad that love is slow, a rare and precious commodity in a world of pretense and fortune giving gifts. "I am a diamond in the rough, for those special eyes to see." That's what I keep telling myself. My goddessness is true.

I thought about the many partners who have shared my bed. That's right, I said, many. I bet you've got a special number in mind, don't you! The many partners who didn't get the golden moments waiting in my heart, but instead the silver lined cloud of comfort to share a moment, to simply get off.

Sincerity, honesty, love, pennies for emotions that seem to count no more. Emotions that boil, bubble and burst into unanticipated crying sessions, where the tears fall to no avail. Suddenly, you realize stress during sex isn't even being relieved because after the tears have all dried up, your heart will still be crying. You'll still feel the emptiness and the lull.

Tick, tick, tick goes the life line watch with no batteries to start it again. Take a deep breath. Let it out easy. Take many breaks in between. Slow the rhythm of your heart to the beat of acceptance. The fact is, it takes time! You must wait the seconds, in between the minutes, in between the hours, in between the days, in between the weeks, in between the months, in between the years, in between the centuries that will go on without you, whether you wait patiently or not. So get out of line, no number will be called, and a meeting may never take place; but at least you will not have wasted your time.

These thoughts are good, but they don't help a horny girl on a Friday night. You ask yourself, "Are you so desperate that you would accept pay just to play? Seduce some woman's husband, just to lay." Mind over matter is a curious aid, few use it to their advantage. Everything is not a yes or no answer. Some people force their minds to think this way. The thought of being in between yes and no is *too* scary. Maybe the answer to yes and no, is YO. See how nicely that fits. Oh this is such a joke, I know. But I promise you if you say YO, no one will know the answer to your yes or no question. You'll get more time to think about it, while forcing them to think a little more about you. Of course, it won't be positive, but you will have gained space in their time, whereas if you had said yes or no, they probably would have never thought of you again.

Excuse me, I've been interrupted by a thought between the in between. It's true that people have the tendency to believe whatever they want to believe. After all, we are only human beings. We can't have the instinct that animals do. They always know friend or foe, without human intervention, that is. (My poor Simba. I hope he is alive and well. I miss him so much.) Just think if people acted on their impulses, if they acted on what they thought, minute by minute, second by second, schizophrenia would have claimed a series of unexpected victims. All of them clueless to their perception's reality. All of them biting on psychotic bait that reveals the inner turmoil that is living life. All of them using hatred, blame and ignorance as a torch light to validate their perfection as human beings. It would be an Armageddon, no different than a hail storm, fire burning buildings, a hurricane or tornado, blood being shed for its bright red color, cans of whip ass opening up for no apparent reason, kind gestures being spit on by priest;

time on the Life Clock spinning wildly into an oblivion, the smartest ones struck dumb with emotion, the capacity to appreciate human life will have disappeared. All this, by acting on impulse.

When you tell people what you're thinking, if it's not what they want to hear based on their assumptions about you, they lose interest. They either back off or make up more reasons why they think you lie, or why they thought you were interesting, but are no more. They want to play an important role in your life, either to help you or destroy you. And they sleep well at night. And they're very functional during the day, and they even socialize enough to everyone's satisfaction. Stamp them with the SANITY approval! You've just made a new friend, one who thinks and acts just like you.

My friends are my enemies and my enemies are my friends. Cheers to that! Those of you who've found your best friend bedding your husbands, know what I mean. When an entire society is threatened by its moral being, the quest for fame or fortune hypnotizing all in its way. Everyone is one in the same, "Simply, watch yo back!"

One day, I'll wake up and be too old to give a damn, if life permits it. If life says you've paid your dues, you owe no one else anything, not your time, your patience, your love, nothing. You owe not one single person a thing. When you never owed them a damn thing anyway! Then solace swallows you up, you become a pillow, firm and cushy enough to rest a weary head. Smiles come easily...frowns are harder to develop. A revolution will have been fought and won inside your head, that is, if you achieve it while life permits.

There it is again, that throbbing, hot, sensation between my legs, waiting for me to be satisfied, waiting for me to be served a tall drink of masochistic love. There are no distractions when only the real thing will do. These are the thoughts in between the in between.

I remember the night I thought I loved him. I stood there in ass fitting jeans and a black tank top. He walked in with those piercing bedroom eyes, bald shining head, mouth taut and ready, and stood less than a foot away from me, reached out his hand to my vagina and like a magnet, I was drawn towards him. He slid his fingers between the crotch of my jeans right between my vaginal lips and then put them to his nose, kissed them and smiled. I wanted him, right there, right away, right in front of everyone and everything. Call it lost and turned out, I just wanted it. I felt I needed it. The shame of it all is, the way I heard it, a sweet girl would never understand.

Anyways, that's the one thing, the weakness, the time table that multiplies my realities times the lives I haven't lived yet, that's the thing, SEX. It's a mind drug. It's a true high! Everybody wants it, some try to ignore it, only to hurt their own feelings. Everybody needs it. Even if they say they don't, it's substituted for something else, a trade that doesn't always properly measure up. Cherry pie for sex, how about cherry pie and sex. Volcano books to read, how about Volcano books about sex. Sex is a mental luxury, a physical necessity. It's touch. One of the senses that must be fed. That's what sex is.

And this is how you come to want more than sex....

Debating, if I fuck him, will he call? If I fuck him, am I a whore? If I fuck him, will he tell everyone? If I fuck him, what will I get in return? How soon can I fuck him?



Can he make me cum, if I do? Will my chances be ruined to marry him? Do I care?

Why don't I just fuck him and see? And then you do.

And you do.

And you do.

And you do.

Finally, you do it some more.

And some more.

And some more.

And some more

Until a relationship may seem like something that exists for other people to experience. You see many couples. You see many lives going on together with someone. You begin to question, why not you? You analyze conversation after conversation, coming up short. No reason for a departure from touch, no reason on his side, that is. Just yours. You want more, he wants nothing. He's spoiled. He takes you for granted. He thinks of you as easy, just 'cause you like sex. You're a fool! You're wasting your time! You're pathetic, telling everyone about the Madness! Like the Madness only belongs to you! Share it! Share it! Don't keep it all to yourself. It'll make you crazy!!!!

You've come to a solution. No more fucking! Only love. Just love. You beam yourself to planet love. Fucking is now a distant star away. Yet never out of sight. You now drive a four door station wagon. Your Porsche has just been wrecked!

The reasons don't add up. Why do YOU only want love, and no more fucking! 'Cause YOU want more than a wet ass. More from the penile asylum. More than a creamy white frosting on your cake. Damn it! That's right! I want more too!

And the waiting starts again. How do you wait without waiting? A burdensome task indeed! I heard you masturbate for the time in between the in between. And for the time in between that, your vibrator gets a life time warranty from that energizing company. Oh, yeah, you can keep busy, *but fucking always creeps in...*

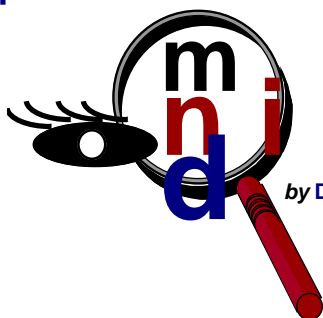
The grass was said to be greener on the other side, no matter whose window you're looking through. The truth is we see what we want to see, no matter the obvious. The weeds just look like bigger pieces of green grass. The bigger, the better, the worser, forever. The smiles fade to black when the grass gets too tall. The reality becomes too much to bear. You gave up paradise for an exciting trip down Nothing To Be Gained Lane, and the grass is too tall to see the way back. What's that smell? It's reality waking you up, breathe it in!

Somebody called the Celibacy Cops on me, and they came to arrest me for my pause in pleasure, until I offered them sex in exchange for my bail. Satisfaction comes in whatever flavor you want or are willing to try, and sometimes you're shocked at the results of what is believed to be acceptable satisfaction. Because simply, you believe, it could never satisfy you. I can understand and respect that, can you? Should you?

And then...and then....I don't know....oh.... then....I thought about the Madness in between the in between. And all I wanted was air. That's all! I breathed it in and thanked God for another chance to try love again!

# Σssays

*of the unspoken*



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**Vanity**  
*Meditation*

### iii. Vanity

Vanity allows you to believe that you and you alone are the greatest. The more the people love you, the more you look past God. Those who believe sometimes fail to realize he wakes us up every day. We fail to realize, every breath we take belongs to him. We in church forget it. We outside of church forget it. We forget!

God remembers, not one of us is perfect. The search for pure souls continues and never ends in church, never begins in church, but in the hearts of men.

If one must be vain, give the glory to God. Let those that love themselves, love him also. It is good. It is necessary. Be selfless in the adornment of your image. Vanity is a wayward intangible, that is visibly and mentally self destructible.