

The Plagued

I look to the five individuals that are satisfied with their sessions. I see comfort resting upon their shoulders as their bodies appear free from stress. However, I see a young girl across from me that appears to be absent from serenity. Her eyes search up and down, left and right, and everywhere around the room except in my direction. Once she met my eyes, I nodded my head to persuade her over. She seemed tense at first, but walked towards the center with strides as if she were avoiding cracks in the ground. She used her hands to rub the opposite shoulders and arms to shake away all of the discomfort that kept her bound.

She slowly lifted her head and avoided eye contact as she said to me:

“I am a magnet for all bad things. Everything in life tortures me and will not give me a chance to heal. I am attacked from all directions, especially from those that are supposed to heal me. Why does life continue to hurt me?”

I found this question to be solemn as I recalled when I battled life before. I knew I had to let my voice be a gentle breeze as I spoke:

All that afflicts you does not gravitate towards your body. They are designed to latch onto a weak mind and make use of a ship's anchor. Not a single sailor has ever boasted that their voyage did not encounter a single bout of turmoil, even in calmest of seas. You believe that when your mind greets all that is good, the good is but only a façade. You believe that you are surrounded by vultures that see you as their prey. You believe that a raven's caw is not a method of communication; it is a call to action to form its army and peck at your skin. But sometimes a lion's roar is not vicious; it can be a call of attraction. You may feel as if life is pounding on your head, but it is only using its knuckles to gently caress your mind.

I have spoken before about the attraction of opposites. When there is pain, there is pleasure. When there is boredom, there is fun. When there is crying, there is laughter. For you see, everything must have an opposing force or it serves no purpose; it cannot be defined without describing its opponent in the same way that two fighters are compared to one another. So when things appear to be bad, define what is good. When evil lurks, describe how the heavenly hover above. Where there is hate to receive, provide it with love. And when you see the vultures circle the skies, seek out the doves.

An evaluation of your mind can detect failure; however, it can also be assessed as motivation. A friend may provide you with lies, but a true friend will shield you from the truth. A mother that has made steps to protect you may watch you take your own steps to

face battles alone. A bird will bring its offspring food but then watch as they leave the nest and learn how to fly. Bad will only flounder in life in spite of all the good that thrives.

When your mind is weak, it is not because of the absence of strength. You must take all that is bad and compare it to the worst. The bad then sheds its slithering skin and becomes the remnants of a snake's hide. But it does not leave behind intentions that it will later return to strike. In the worst scenario, it will hide beneath its shredded skin and wait for you to come near. But we are so focused on the possibility of a strike that we become ignorant to the idea of neutrality where nothing is deemed neither good nor bad. But if it isn't bad, wouldn't that make it good? The very presence of a snake will send shivers down our spines, but then we unravel our thoughts as the snakes does to its body and we watch it slither away.

We should consider neutral as good as it has no traces of bad in it. So when your desires seem to be pushed down by the hands of the bad, assess each finger individually. Determine which finger reserves itself to cause harm. Label that finger as trivial and watch it pull itself backwards. Do this with all ten fingers – as you assess it, you will decide the order in which finger will lose its grip next. The hand no longer hurts us but it also does not intend to heal us. It will not carry good intentions within its palms but it will be barren with sharp nails.

When your body is weak, it is not from all of the hits that you take. It is exhausted as it deciphers which hits are worth dodging. Every punch that bad forces throw may or may not connect to the body as it has no focus on the body. The body was made to show bruises as battle scars, and if you lack the marks, it is a symbol of strength. You then become remarkable as you claim victories and pose like a champion. The victory becomes a celebration as there was never a need for you to fight back. Your opponents lie on their backs, seeking to fill up their lungs with air, and shiver as they gaze upon you standing tall. Your will power is a trophy used to applaud the efforts of the bad that claimed failure against you. When you look at yourself and see the clarity of your skin, it becomes a sign that those bad entities were never equipped to be able to harm you.

But if you do see that battle scars have laid their mark upon you, then symbolize it as your survival. They tell a story of battlefields in which many armies could not conquer your lands. It becomes a picture book for your readers to see and for your enemies to admire. You will speak of tales that your opponents' strikes have missed its very mark. You may describe sequences where your weak mind found power within your body's reserves. You can speak with confidence as you paint a picture with words that depict the very vision of you planting your foot in the soil. Your enemies will be afraid to read of such horror.

You may see many bruises that cannot be peeled away. You may see the cuts that have clotted and faded, but the very mark of the scratch is still visible under a microscope. You may feel that there were never any intermissions in between your battles. You may feel as if there are too many opponents that want nothing but to see you lie down and never get up.

But these dark forces are afraid to reside under the shade of a tree. They are too scared to hide in the depths of the shadows. Any shred of darkness, no matter how trivial or significant, will find no home within its own darkness.

When your legs are weak, it is not tired from running but rather buckling under your own strength that you carry. Your legs do not move to avoid a crevice or a chip in the road. Your legs do not lead you into temptation where evil awaits. Your legs do not lead you to ill fortune. Your legs do not crumble upon a staircase. Your legs are the movements that make all that is bad stumble upon its own feet. As you take one step forward, the bad falls two steps back. And as you continue to move towards your distant future, you will see all that has plagued you has now been sucked into the Earth and never to be seen again.

It is not you that suffers from the plagues of darkness. Darkness is only the absence of light, and you will remain in the light, whereas the plagues must find a home in the darkness; the very darkness that they fear. But with your mind, body, and legs poised on the line of duty, all that attempts to invade your mind will surrender before the battle begins. Your scars will remain and no forces shall ever become lightning and strike the same area twice. The scars in your mind will bend and contort the scratches so that it may become part of the waves symbolize knowledge. Any creases in your skin represent that of the knowledge enfolded in your thoughts. Any ailments in your legs are simply tall flowers that brush against your shins. For if you are the definition of good, then you can define what is bad; bad will be but a page in your dictionary.

You are now a warrior who has become fearless and uses a single wave of the brain to wield your sword. Your sword is used only to deflect those who approach you as you shine the darkness upon them; the darkness that they will forever fear. For you shall no longer feel that you must swing the sword but rather prop it up as a shield. For when the bad attempts to strengthen its existence, it must realize that it has no chance to thrive, as that is the nature of its being. And if bad insists on becoming the plague, then it must fight itself, unarmed, unprotected, and unheard of to ever become victorious.

She moves her arm as if to place the sword back into its hilt and clasps her hands together to speak of thanks. And as I watch her return to her seat, I see how fierce she has become from the aura that surrounds her. Darkness is but a background as she sharpens her mind with the red, orange, and yellow sparks from the flames. She has lit the fire to forge more weapons; weapons that are bent into the shape of her mind.