

Xavier no. IV:
The World in My Head

My footsteps fade off as I slow my gait down the edge of the mirror hall.
This is just one of many, really.
Criss-crossing up and down, intersecting as if weaving together to form the embryo of a world.
Only, and I suppose the unfortunate thing is, I've let the halls grow. Maybe I liked it.
Maybe I liked the way I got lost down the corridors and through the rabbit holes.
Maybe I preferred the deep recesses of the reflective walls than to the deep scars of reality.

Oh, but then it falls apart.
It always falls apart, it always has to crash under its own weight buckling the supports inside my heart.
And like always, I gathered the shards most salvageable to piece together a new hall.
A single hall, just that, quiet and easy.
Again there was my sigh of relief, a pressure released as if the mirror labyrinth once created were an abscess ruptured out.
It was peaceful again, it was safe again.

The thought makes me want to laugh now.

"Peaceful."

That hall, a distorted mosaic of the bones of a world built up over months, over years?
Of course, it's difficult to remember, but one of those fallen labyrinths was "peaceful," too. Isn't that right?
You loved it, you cherished it, you enjoyed every crack and every flaw and every bloody mess that resulted from its neverending construction. Casualties.
It didn't matter that its continuous usage added to the strain of its foundations, warping the rebar and snapping the cement. It didn't matter.
It didn't matter. You heard the screaming of your reflections inside, but it didn't matter. It was safe. It was "peaceful."
It was better than the empty reality outside the labyrinth where the chill of loneliness bit your flesh like frostburn.

It was better, so you thought, ignoring the necrosis of your mind and the abject anxiety stabbing into your heart.
And then, as a candle was lit to cut through the darkness of the halls—
—the foundations broke, and the thousands of glass panes reflecting back thousands of contorted versions of yourself—

They collapsed.

But you and I both know that what you saw with the candle drove you to destroy the foundations yourself.

You've been on this one a long time, haven't you? This new labyrinth's quite large, and you've been trying so hard to keep the electricity running this time.
But the lights have flickered more often than you'd like them to.

"I've been doing quite well with this one," you muse as you pace along the expansive mirrored corridors alongside myself.
"I've been doing quite well with this one," you hum

as you watch
as I smash another reflection with my cut-up, bloody fist,
the scars that never heal criss-crossing over one another like our own mirror labyrinth. But when I say "our," you know full well it's really just you.
You know what I am. I'm not you. But you are me.
I like to pretend I'm the master of my mirror labyrinth, but you know as much as I do that the only master in this hell is you.

So, what is it now?

When you were faced with the truth of one of your labyrinths, you had no choice but to see the darkness inside of it. Its Core. Its Core is nothing but the essence of your
labyrinth. And no matter how many you build, and how far you go to overhaul the aspects of yourself you loath, the Core will always remain
as that twisted room.

You had your chance that time, didn't you? To kill it. To kill the reasons why you hide within the halls of your mirrors. But you saw what was within
and shut down.

And now you're back. Back in your new labyrinth. You're all too aware of the Core, right? You know you have to face it. But I know I speak for you when I say that the Core is
nightmarishly dark. No one can blame you for avoiding the inevitable. Though by avoiding the confrontation that matters the most, the cycle will just persist time and time and
time again.
Breaking your way out of the mirror halls do nothing but harm you, you know that. And we've learned that you don't have the control over the mirror labyrinth that you think you
do. So if you can't smash your way out, and you can't face the Core alone...

My footsteps cut off as I turn my tired face to a blank mirror. There isn't anyone in it but myself, staring back at me. Or maybe it's me staring back at you.
Facing the Core means confronting what you'd rather not. And this entire time, you've been so focused on your reflections that you've no idea of the infection lurking within
yourself. In all honesty, I'm not sure the infection you've been blaming is here.
The mirror labyrinth began with you, didn't it?

So then, end it with you.

Purge the malware within your own heart. If negatives are like bad programming, then I see no problem with the sword of the Lord being pulled from your rusted arsenal.
Maybe then you can attack the Core with all your heart and with all your soul. If you're divorced from the mirror halls, it can't hold you back any longer.

Maybe then you can finally be free.
MAYBE THEN YOU CAN FINALLY BE FREE.

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