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Transcendence

Kaitlyn Montague
Concordia University - Portland

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TRANSCENDENCE

Kaitlyn Montague

Dewdrops fell upon the stiff parchment like the last rain upon desert dust as the girl sat down at her wooden desk, pen in hand. Her grip shook and her fingers quivered, but she set the ink to paper despite her nervous physical handicap. The contents of the letter were far more revealing than the spark igniting the small pitiful flame still miraculously burning inside her lethargic veins.

“To whomever may read this:

“This environment has become too harsh for me to handle, let alone comprehend. While some have told me that everything in life is due and subject to change, my meager experience tells me different.

“The cycle of seasons never changes, bringing forth both life and death, year after year. Life’s circumstances never change. *People* never change.

“Even when they claim a want to.

“I hate knowing everything. Anything. I hate knowing what they know. Knowing what they think I know. Especially knowing the secrets they believe to have hidden in the shoebox on the top closet shelf.

“They never change, though they know they should. I know they should. Hypocrisy has become the fundamental human truth. They promote peace, and yet they shatter it time and again. They detest being lied to, yet they never stop lying to themselves.

“Life has become nothing but an over-glorified masquerade. The most beautiful costumes always conceal the worst of human beings. We now shun those who deign to wear a heart on their sleeve, bleeding profusely and begging to be mended though it may be.

“Honesty is passé.

“Morality has been discarded.

“Virtue is dead.

“All life is a lie.

“So why is it that we continue, knowing that humanity has lost its struggle for beauty? All art has become pain, all storytelling

a form of deception. Yet we continue to exist, knowing that we cannot change the world or ourselves. Why?

“We’re all spiraling downward into a dark labyrinth of broken hearts and suffocating senses. And nothing can change that fate.

“Not you. Not me. Not God. Nor the Devil.

“Humanity is all the same moth drawn toward an ever-brightening flame. No escape. Human truth is irrefutable. Absolute. Tyrannical.

“Can we ever hope to revolt against this oppression of Forms?

“...Not while we’re human.”

The pen fell down on the desk with a clatter as it dropped from her shaking hand. The writer sighed heavily, as her forehead followed the pen, banging against the desk with a dull hollow thud against the wood. Wavy white hair splayed across the surface as she fell, covering her face like a makeshift fort of blankets. Makeshift security would not do. She sniffled once as she took in a large breath, letting it out slowly—it seemed calmer than she. *Shit!* The curse reverberated against the walls of her skull, making her very innards shake from the echo. The roommates would be home soon. Would they understand? Could they? Or would they only add to the problem they had created?

An outer door slammed shut. “Annabelle?” The high-pitched voice reminded her of ice cream tainted with too much salt. Appearances always had the best of intentions.

Annabelle’s head shot up as she quickly peered around the room. She stood, slipped the letter under her door and into the hallway, and dashed to her window. Forcing her grunts into a barely audible whimper, she forced the heavy glass upward. She kicked the screen out and watched it fall into the bushes a few stories below with a light swish as it jostled the leaves of the bushes lining the building. She would survive the fall, wouldn’t she? Then she could start anew, in a different place, and perhaps she’d meet someone who endeavored to transcend humanity with her. She looked back down, swallowed loudly, and fell forward.

Perhaps she would meet that one person that could change her perspective. If, of course, she hadn’t broken her neck on the way out the window.