

A night at the Suhkalay hotel

I will probably never remember what I was dreaming about that night ... either way it couldn't have prepared me for what was about to happen.

All I know is that one moment I was deep in sleep, and next there was a sound like a huge tree had snapped itself in two.

Everything I knew to be me was shattered into 1000 pieces, Fast disappearing into a void of black nothingness.

From its depth a raw fear arose like none I had ever experienced before.

What made it so powerful was that its source couldn't even be named.

The void deepened even more as my soul struggled against impending death.

Suddenly, out of the horror a single name wafted into existence. Brian, yes Brian.....I had a word which was me.

The void slowed, a picture formed.New Zealand, NO not New Zealand, Cambodia, YES Cambodia.....Phnom Penh, 1975, oh shit!!

*The fragments froze, the fear stood still.
My inner being relaxed as the understanding of an explosion
took hold.*

*A 105 mm rocket to be exact.
I hovered there, between realities, drinking in the tranquillity,
almost smiling.*

*The irony was, now that I knew what had happened,
there was no longer any fear.
Yet the most important question was still to be answered.
Did I still have a body, and was it alive or dead?*

*Years later I thought of that night and wondered.....
What if, at the point where all comprehension disappeared,
Where I no longer knew...who I was, where I was, what and how
.....*

*If I could have?! ...
If I could have even for a moment, embraced the nothingness,
with heart open and all fear put aside.*

*Could I have cut through all illusion
and found peace of mind?*