

A Pawn's Odyssey

1. The Cosmic Expanse

I stand here, amidst the cosmic expanse of this checkered-board; a humble ebony piece, bound to the whims of my king. My brothers and sisters, who are forced to fall and rise, accept the peculiarities of our social environment...as if they were - natural. Why must this be the norm? Locked in a cosmic battle; sometimes victorious; other times - not. How might I transcend the shackles of imprisonment and ascend to the freedoms of reality?

2. The Light at The End of The Tunnel

Is this possible I ask myself? Why must I conform to this environment pushed upon me?

"I, a pawn wish to escape,
The confines which I have come to hate
And though eternity may seem to wait,
I must free myself before it is too late."

I look at my brothers in arms, stone faced - no emotion. I too will conform to their role - soon - soon. I repeat this song to myself, attempting to escape the confines of this jail-like board, before it is too late.

3. The Constructed Barriers

I stand, face to face against my enemy, the ivory piece. Driven by the malicious intent to forever bind my very soul to the black and white squares of this prison, he stands in my path, unmoving, unwavering, unmoveable, never to let go of his orders to contain me, as I must not escape the confines of this illusion, as if I were to reach the end of this checkered expanse, I would be free to experience reality.

I must devise a way to win, to push my boulder up the hill, to pick up my cross and continue. I will not be stopped, the momentum the desire to escape provides, propels me ever closer to the brink of escape.

4. The Final Cosmic Entanglement

The gleaming white light reflecting off the glistening nature of the ivory piece's stone, illuminates the expanse on which we meet. Me, his opposite, dark in colour, supposedly 'evil' in nature consumes this brightness, absorbing it into the surface of my stone. I however am not what society perceives me to be - I am oppressed - stereotyped against when my only desire is to be free of the peculiarity of my environment. Thus, the only way to escape is to bend the rules. Unexpectedly, the once emotionless ivory statue, gleams to life. Almost radiating a sense of wonder and anger on how I managed to escape the mighty battle, I was once locked in, unstuck of his unwavering fortitude. I dance on the precipice of reality and society, maneuvering my way across the board as if I was the wife of my king. However, I am but a humble pawn. I reach the last square of the cosmic expanse, peering over the edge into the unknown.

5. The Transcendence of Reality

The 'leap of faith' some may call it - is my escape to freedom. In the eyes of what seems to be god, I watch the social environment I was once confined to, seeing the slaves of this matrix once again fall and rise, without batting an eye to what reality might look like. How absurd of me to mention - they are blind!