Left, left, right. Left, left, left, right. Above, below, left, left, below, right. Weak, strong, weak, weak, strong.

Times and again I hit the sandbag. With gloves, without gloves, all the same. My movements become robotic, mechanic. I cease to consider the logic behind my attacks, whether the next punch is justified, whether the strength is right. My brain mechanized the process, and I’m merely a puppet, manifesting its ideologies into the physical world.

As my breaths become chaotic, my movements more coordinated. The sandbag is my mortal enemy. If it dies, I then can live; should it live, I will surely die. But I mustn't die; not before I see the sandbag fall to its knees, admit its defeat, and then…

My headphones fell to the ground. No matter; I kicked it away, sending it flying to the wall, before crashing into pieces. My phone fell out of my pocket. No matter; I used it as a stepping stone for the next kick. Its screen lets out a final dying crack before it becomes nothing more than a collection of useless plastic and silicon. My fists miss some punches, hitting the metallic spring above the sandbag instead. The force tears my skin open and blood flows out, tainting the spring red. No matter. Surely, I will be able to destroy the sandbag before all my blood escapes my body.

No justification is necessary for my actions: they’re self-evident. The sandbag is my mortal enemy. I must destroy it, that is the reason I exist, and the reason I continue to exist. The world is better without it; yes. That’s it. There is no time to stop or to consider. In between punches, I see the dark remnants of my headphones, my phone, and all that I’ve destroyed; I feel the pain in my fists, and my brain wants to explode from hypoxemia. Mustn’t irk! Duty calls! The residue of my conscience cried, pressing me on. Why else should I want to be alive? Why else should anyone want to continue living? The sandbag is still standing, but it’s on its last breath, I’m sure of it. Another punch would do the job; if not, then simply throw one more.

Don Quixote charged at the windmill, Sisyphus pushed the boulder up the hill, and I continue to battle the sandbag. Uselessly, perhaps. As my vision darkens, as my final lump of consciousness flees my body. Left, left, right. Left, left…