

Bang

It's dark up here. It always starts out so dark you think it would just go on forever. Every time it begins, I am convinced that the darkness is unending, impenetrable and will swallow me up for always. So I gulp down the nothingness and let it breathe through my pores until it is just a pounding mass of empty promises.

Then it changes. My pulse moves a little quicker. The dark turns grey. Electricity thrums through me. And despite all these little warnings it still catches me by surprise. I am taken out of my tiny center in the darkness and thrust out in an explosion of energy. I stretch, touching every surface. I slither and curl, expanding and contracting, moving out and around everything. It's nice, you know, to be free. To be able to move about in whatever fashion I like. After being cramped up so long I just want to go on forever. Maybe I will.

Transformations occur all around me, within me. It's still so dark, but at least I am free. I whirl about in the black emptiness taking up every corner I can find. It is so hot. With the novelty of freedom wearing off the heat is near unbearable. I'm a soupy mess, all confusion. I can't think. I can't do anything except wriggle and move.

Gradually, I start to regain my composure. There is something I

have to do. I know it. Every time, I know it. Tiny pieces break off effortlessly and I watch them go until I am nothing more than minute bits swirling about each other. We clump together. I join again amongst myself in a glorious metamorphosis. I am and yet I am new. I am reborn. With these suddenly formed pieces I attract others, turning myself into as many new facets as I can. Each bit is unique and yet each contains my former glory. All is innately a part of that beginning throbbing in the darkness.

This goes on for a very long time. I expand spreading out as far as I can go, creating new space when it appears a wall might be forming until I feel settled. I relax from my breakneck speed. I rein in my passion to a simple stroll, a lolling shimmy. I feel a spark within me. Something beautiful and wonderful ignites and there is light. It shines from within and through my core bursting out into every expanse I have created. It puts the darkness to shame. It tingles. I am warm and cold and everything at once. I continue on.

I know this is the fruit of my labor. All my pulsing light swirling in masses around me coalesce, attracting and repelling one another in a perfect semblance of harmony. Asymmetry at its best. There are spirals and ellipses and spheres; all shapes and sizes and compositions and every bit containing my initial spark. I combine. It is me. And it feels perfectly natural. It's perfectly right. Everything joins together; some parts mimicking the others, yet each wholly exceptional. There is some unease. Some parts do not want to join peaceably. They run headlong into each other full of misplaced ire. I feel every beating. They tear each other to pieces, but it always ends the same. They unite to form a singularity. And I feel that my work might finally be complete.

Then I sense it. Tiny pinpricks spread out throughout me; sparks of a flame separate from the original light. It is a different sort of light, but a light nonetheless. It moves and it grows. It breathes. It changes. It dies... Life. I can feel the flicker of beings concentrated in varying levels throughout me. I cherish this ember. I nurture it as it continues on, evolving, intensifying, living.

I am very old now. It is so very far from the beginning when my youthful skeleton first pleasantly stretched, breaking out of its pulsing shell. The stroll is getting too much for me. I crawl along, overwhelmingly

tired but never ceasing. I am too thin. The fabrics holding all my whirling bits are worn and fraying at the ends. Yet nonetheless, some force holds me closely and guides my frail tendrils onward with a firm hand. The end is very near now. I can feel it in that core that spreads out into every little thing. Soon I will be no more, just torn pieces of what I once was, faulty and deprived of memory. I will destroy the light and I will coalesce no more. Just swallow the darkness.