

Unbound

As I stretch my hand towards the sky, the static fades from my fingertips. The wind ceases to beckon, and I'm surrounded by nothing but the vast infinity of empty space. I look down on a world I once knew to hold the promise of tranquility. Of peace. From this perspective, it seems only to be a dimly lit grain of sand, at the mercy of an endless tide on an endless beach. All those people within all this silence. Every hope and fear, love and loss. Every forgotten genius. Every exalted evil. It pulses beneath me as I watch their rotating globe, completely detached from what used to connect me so strongly to them.

With outstretched palms, I hold this thing, this world, in my hands. Strange. The warmth of its atmosphere warms my hands. The heartbeat of humanity beats through my fingers. I can feel their cries, hear their laughter. I understand every tear brought about through tragedy and hilarity all the same. All of it, every emotion man has had the privilege and burden of experiencing, it vibrates through my skin, up my arms and into my heart. I must protect it. Protect it with my life and soul. This fragile ball. I bring this thing, this orb, this sun-soaked sphere, into my chest, into my being itself. I watch as it dissolves inside of me. I feel it coursing through me like a medicine, like a venom. Its light engulfs me. A panic grows inside me unlike anything I've ever known. My head retches back, my body collapsing in on itself under the weight of mankind.

I stretch my hand towards the sun, so distant and cold in this vacuum, I pray for its flame. So desperate I am for its fire to take this pain away. This unbearable awareness. And now, with the world out of the way, I'm caught in a new gravity, a stronger gravity, a warmer gravity. I hurdle through space towards a heat that rips away at my physical body. I realize, as my mind and body are being shredded from existence, that to truly save the world inside me, I must let it go.

So, I do. I separate myself from the wealth of humanity once coursing through my spirit and let myself be pulled into the blazing star, basking in solitary oblivion for an imperceptible, yet divine moment.

I hear what sounds like a heart monitor steadily beeping as my eyes struggle to crack open. There's a fast rustling around me and white blurs moving back and forth. I hear muffled voices and notice a hand touching my head. Your face is the first clear thing I see. My hand by my side, still holding your photograph. Your eyes clear my mind of doubt, your smile fills my soul with a love unbound, and the beeping is replaced by a single tone.