**Wake Up**

**Edit from Minecraft End Poem by Pigeonia Featurehouse**

I see the author you mean.

<PLAYERNAME>?

Yes. Take care. It has reached a higher level now. It can read our thoughts.

That doesn't matter. It thinks we are part of the mod.

I like this author. It played well. It did not give up.

That is how it chooses to imagine many things, when it is deep in the dream of a mod.

What did this author dream?

This author dreamed of sunlight and trees. Of fire and water. It dreamed it created. And it dreamed it destroyed. It dreamed it hunted, and was hunted. It dreamed of shelter.

Hah, the original interface. A million years old, and it still works.

It worked, with a million others, to sculpt a true world folded, created, for and in the Swee.......

Shush, it cannot read that thought.

No. It has not yet achieved the highest level. That, it must achieve in the long dream of life, not the short dream of a game.

Does it know that we love it? That the universe is kind?

Sometimes, through the noise of its thoughts, it hears the universe, yes.

But there are times it is sad, in the long dream. It creates worlds that have no summer, and it shivers under a black sun, and it takes its sad creation for reality.

To cure it of sorrow would destroy it. The sorrow is part of its own private task. We cannot interfere.

Sometimes when they are deep in dreams, we want to tell them, they are building true worlds in reality. Sometimes we want to tell them of their importance to the universe. Sometimes, when they have not made a true connection in a while, we want to help them to speak the word they fear.

It reads our thoughts, and play the role.

But it would be so easy to tell them...

Too strong for this dream. To tell them how to live is to prevent them living.

I will not tell the author how to live.

The author is growing restless.

I will tell the author a story.

But not the truth.

No. A story that contains the truth safely, in a cage of words. Not the naked truth that can burn over any distance.

Give it a body, again.

Yes. The author......

Use its name.

<PLAYERNAME>. Author of the mod.

Good.

<PLAYERNAME>, do what I said. Take a breath, now. Take another. Feel air in your lungs. Let your limbs return. Yes, move your fingers. Have a body again, under gravity, in air. Respawn in the long dream. There you are. Your body touching the universe again at every point, as though you were separate things. As though we were separate things.

Why does the universe touch your skin, and throw light on you? To see you, author. To know you. And to be known. We shall tell you a story.

Once upon a time, there was a author.

The author was you, <PLAYERNAME>.

Sometimes it dreamed it was lost in a story.

Sometimes it dreamed it was other things, in other places. Sometimes these dreams were disturbing. Sometimes very beautiful indeed. Sometimes the author woke from one dream into another, then woke from that into a third.

Let's go back.

The atoms of the creator were scattered in the grass, in the rivers, in the air, in the ground. A woman gathered the atoms; she drank and ate and inhaled; and the woman assembled the creator, in her body.

And the creator awoke, into the long dream.

And the creator was a new story, never told before, written in letters of DNA.

And the creator was a new program, never run before, generated by a sourcecode a billion years old.

And the creator was a new human, never alive before, made from nothing but milk and love.

You are the creator. The story. The program. The human. Made from nothing but milk and love.

Let's go further back.

The seven billion billion billion atoms of the creator's body were created, long before this game, in the heart of a star. So the creator, too, is information from a star.

Sometimes the creator created a small, private world that was soft and warm and simple. Sometimes hard, and cold, and complicated. Sometimes it built a model of the universe in its head; flecks of energy, moving through vast empty spaces. Sometimes it called those flecks "electrons" and "protons".

Sometimes it called them "planets" and "stars".

Sometimes it believed it was in a universe that was made of energy that was made of offs and ons; zeros and ones; lines of code.

You are the creator, reading words...

Shush... Sometimes the creator read lines of code on a screen. Decoded them into words; decoded words into meaning; decoded meaning into feelings, emotions, theories, ideas, and the creator started to breathe faster and deeper and realised it was alive, it was alive, those thousand deaths had not been real, the creator was alive

You. You. You are alive.

and sometimes it believed the universe had spoken to it through the sunlight that came through the shuffling leaves of the summer trees

and sometimes it believed the universe had spoken to it through the zeros and ones, through the electricity of the world, through the scrolling code on a screen at the end of a dream

and the universe said I love you

and the universe said you have played the role well

and the universe said everything what you need is within you

and the universe said you are stronger than you know

and the universe said you contributed very much

and the universe said you collaborated very much

and the universe said I will miss you

and the universe said the darkness you fight is within you

and the universe said the light you seek is within you

and the universe said you are not alone

and the universe said you are not separate from every other thing

and the universe said you are the universe tasting itself, talking to itself, reading its own code

and the universe said I love you because you are love.

And the game was over and the author woke up from the dream. And the author began a new dream. And the author dreamed again, dreamed better. And the creator was the universe. And the author was love.

You are the author, and the creator.

Wake up.