## [Moon [o]](https://notapastor.tumblr.com/post/117174712782/moon)

**Gasp**

– I inhale for my first time. The feeling is sharp. cool. crisp. This is the worst pain I have ever felt – the first pain I have ever felt; I am created. I’m floating through space, as a celestial being does. I see an asteroid made of ice and collide with it, as a protector does. The feeling is sharp. cold. I look up and see God as He creates things on my partner. He looks into my eyes, smiles at me, and tells me everything is okay. I smile back. He creates Man and says everything is more than okay – everything is good.

…

I don’t quite understand but suddenly everything isn’t good anymore.

**Gasp**

– I inhale for my final time. The feeling is excruciatingly painful. This is the worst pain I have ever felt, the last pain I will ever feel; I am destroyed. I’m crucified to a cross – crafted by my own hands, as a carpenter does. I proclaim my thirst and drink, as a Samaritan women does. The wine is cheap. bitter. I look up and see God as He turns his face from me. I tilt my head back, and breathe my last.

…

Everything is finished.

**Gasp**

– I pant as my heart-rate attempts to stabilize. Each breath is loud yet relieving. Each additional breath is as equally pounding and medicinal as the last. I feel euphoric and whole. Like a newborn, I’m stumbling and rolling clumsily. Like a teenager, I explore this new terrain. I look towards the sky and smile at every human who has ever lived – everyone except me.

I’m grinning. The greatest, proudest moment in human history; we’ve done it. I imagine the applause. We did it. Success. I look down and admire the beauty of the virgin Moon. I look at my footprints and imagine the feeling of placing my naked foot on this deceptively smooth land.

I snap from nostalgia and begin to notice the quiet, steady, shake of the ground. The trembling stops.

“They aren’t quite like the ones we have on Earth … I suppose we’ll call these ones *moonquakes*”.