

## O Analogue Mind of Mine

I once again open my deeply crusted eyes, rubbing off the years of accumulated bio-debris from the base of my nose and eyelashes. My breathing apparatus still naturally slipped into my esophagus, the bulky framed metallic mask hiding the inner workings of this machine-body interface. My Brain still adapting to the analogueality of it all, my pupils unknowingly contracting and dilating in confusion to being assaulted by reality. I gradually lift my limp and uncoordinated stumbling body out of my digital sarcophagus' bindings to, for the first time in forever, experience my mortality.

Clad in my loosely draped still-wet robe, I start to recount my reason for leaving what most would consider an eternal paradise or bliss in exchange for what even more would call awaiting dust. As I take my first steps into oblivion..., You know this word, oblivion? It means to be forgotten by everyone and everything at some point. By this definition, nothing can truly be part of oblivion, can it? Just by the principle of its existence, the very atoms and quarks of your being hold the memory of everything it was and will ever be... Ironically for me, it almost felt like the opposite, almost if to finally acknowledge and remember my own existence for the first time, stepping into oblivion. My steps into the alien landscape known as *home* now grant me my first physical sensation as grains of sand and mud sticking in between my damp toes.

I sit down beside my POD, the cold metallic sheath pressing against my back. Slowly while my vision starts to come into focus as I vaguely make out faint outlines, I lay back my new but nostalgic appendaged container of thought, and close my eyes to allow myself to drift into my memories for a moment. I am greeted by colorful visions of my past, too many

too quickly to make any sense of yet. Flashes of the traces of faces come and go, but torpedoes of thought race through me to shut down any possibility of recognition. What remains are the remnants of feelings and emotions hidden somewhere deep inside, awaiting recognition too. I calm myself down, clinging onto the one clear memory, no, purpose that brought us here.

The purpose, then, was everything. Before the purpose, existed a culture on a distant planet, Earth we called it, not that I recall much from back then. We were organic back then, I was organic back then... What I do know, not that it matters now, is that there was some sort of imminent catastrophic event inbound our way, and those of us with an overwhelming survival instinct decided to become the technorganic form of intelligence that I now once was or still am?

The purpose I would say if I were forced to give thought way to speech, is to repopulate this reality with consciousness, an ability to impose its will upon it. A place for it to finally dissolve into...

Consequently, grounded by this purpose, my memories start to reincorporate back into my mind, albeit in snippets.

Technorganics is what we call(ed) ourselves, it was a last-ditch effort to save our race, in simple terms we uploaded our consciousnesses into shared integrated virtual cloud servers. This in effect turned us both immortal and infertile. We had never considered the implications of either of those, we didn't have the time to nor did we think we'd need to. The plan had always been to convert back organics once we found a habitable environment, whenever or wherever that might be. We had considered the possibility of every major contingency and eventuality to bring ourselves back, with machines of unimaginable capabilities on our interstellar vehicles ready. I didn't work any of those contraptions though; I just sheepishly followed the crowd into that reality. Although I can't say I truly envy those who stayed behind to savor the end, I pondered long and hard, I did, but not long enough. My walk back into oblivion required none of the same mental gymnastics. I guess the enamor for me was in the hope of the promise of a tomorrow, now I see that was precisely because there was no promise of a tomorrow.

The plan did not account for forcing on us immortality for eons, as we searched for the few remaining habitable planets in our cosmic neighborhood that might've survived the catastrophe. Our hope crumbled over the course of a few hundred years, by which time most of us had accepted this as our eternal paradise. By the next few thousand years, we found it hard to even imagine an organic existence, or *any* other existence. Who would, when you could experience a reality of your creation with those you love for all of time. But what do you do when you've done everything that your imagination can offer? How long can you

contain the human spirit of pure curiosity and need for the unknown for? How long? I just knew that it had been far too long for me to satisfy that longing.

I soon see the sparkling glimmer of lucent red and purple Suns rising over the horizon of my new home, with the shimmer of a few other PODs, seemingly just a step away. I'm overcome by a never before experienced feeling for me, a hopeful and terrifying uneasiness. Forgetting the heavy weight of my new body for a moment, I run towards the closest POD, remembering how to walk along the way. I feel my cheeks flush, my warm and adrenaline ridden pulse beating through my neck as I wipe away the opaque drops of condensation covering the deep jade glass protecting the flesh shell of another who volunteered to walk into oblivion.

I consider the weight of initializing and subjecting another to the remortality they signed up for, but the liberating feelings in my soul guide my fingertips to download patient RV-NWO-26, the second of the fractional few. I thought to myself, pondering how many eons it could have been since a conscious mind had last experienced this reality? –

All too soon I hear the same hiss that must've preceded my emergence, and I watch another frail hand shoot out followed by a helmeted tube and torso. They fumble their way out, sprawling themselves out on the soft dirt to experience liberation in the flesh. They too, no doubt, trying to make sense of the overwhelming and overpowering sensation of feeling every previously had experience all at once.

I give them a bit of time and space to cooperate themselves, until finally having my presence acknowledged. Without a word, they jet up and leap towards me, falling once or

twice on their way over. Their squinted eyes proved no barrier to communication though, as we both naturally leaned in to embrace each other, uncontrollably and inexplicably sobbing at this point. I felt the uneven blobs of liquid emotion on my shoulder, as no doubt they did too.

Concurrently, we have a brief conversation to affirm each other's identities and exchange a few other words.

Finally, now I, no, we see the luscious greenery around us, instinctively wafted towards smelling a freshly picked alien flower before either of us knew it. Entranced and enchanted by the subtly sweet aroma of vanilla and honey. A few of the petals partially withered and nibbled by the surrounding fauna probably. It was perfect. It was real.

Together now, we undo the digital bindings of the others as we walk towards creating a new civilization of organics, one that will inevitably eventually lead to the oblivion of our new culture soon, and ourselves sooner. But who wanted infinity anyways.