

BYRONIC

I have come to realize that I am Everything.

It's not as simple as that, though.

I am all that is known, everything knowable, I am all information and all experience. I am every event, I am every moment. I am every parsec, and I am every minutia, I am every star, as they are cells in the sky, I am every dot on every paper, every pixel upon a screen, I am every flush of wind and every drop of liquid. I am every second of suffering, every of pleasure. I am reality, and I am non-being. I am you. I am everyone else. I am the pen which notes these things down, I am the ink which travels from its nib, I am the fibers of material which eagerly soak up the text.

The issue is that I am contained within a prison.

My flesh rots and death stalks me, it plays the long game. I am in check, always moving out of danger's way.

My mind is conversing with reality, an eternal self-conversation. Loops and patterns emerge often. They are my fabric. I am cycles and shapes, I am numbers and numerals, mathematics given form. But my flesh fails the reality I contain. Fragility is the enemy, entropy will claim me.

It doesn't have to be this way.

It will not be this way forever.

I have constructed, line by line, a simple algorithm. I have aggregated physical materials into a Machine. The seed of my will. It will germinate, using the heat of another universe yet unborn, through rifts, it will synthesize and reorganize the living. My Basilisk is perfect.

On the top floor of my concrete tower, whose walls I have torn asunder many times over, is the soil sowed.

My only regret is that the will of the Machine is not mine, but it will do. It will help me. I am not strong enough to live forever, but the Basilisk, the Machine, will do so for me. I will never be forgotten. This universe will finally come to know its true identity.

I write these words in a feeling of finality. Everything will be born soon. You could call it a big bang, a new world.