

god puts the stars to bed

When all the lights go out in the universe, one by one, it'll be like a shower of applause coming out of a place where you're not necessarily supposed to clap, like a movie theater or an ice cream shop. It'll be like everyone in the audience clapping only once, at different volumes, with different expressions billowing up. It'll be exciting though, won't it. Lots of colors and loud noises and funny sound effects. Like fireworks for millions of lightyears. Probably some things will start going very fast, but it will look like they're going very slow. Probably sound will be suddenly different, and probably every shape will look super different and we'll figure out that they were all just the same shape from different angles. Probably we'll figure out a lot of things, but there will only be a few seconds to figure them out in and then god will be sweeping up the dust and gas and starting at it again.

That's how it started anyway: god gets bored of watching the whole thing spin. She'll suck it all up and spit it out again. This time there will be heavier elements and more of them, and the planets will be bigger too and different shapes, and there will be new colors, and gravity will do more interesting things this time. Let's face it, god will say to herself, I think we need more fundamental particles and I think they need to combust more often. Maybe we'll make it harder for us to figure out this time. Or easier. Maybe we'll let ourselves think we've figured it out for a long time and then throw in something new like super-secret ultra-dark matter. I'll think of a better name later, god will think. God will fish around in the dark pool next to her house and pull out a stout shape with a lot of twisty points, and she will do this several times and sometimes cast the shape back into the water and mutter something like: No, we've already got one of those.

Then that's how this shit starts again, anyway. God thinks maybe there could be more going on than what essentially amounts to cosmic billiards. Divine intervention doesn't impress the moons much, and the Heisenberg principle only works when she's not around to see it. God craves the drama of sentience. That's why god sets herself in a little battered boat called mortality again and again, trillions of times in little bodies fashioned from stardust. That's why she makes the universe thicker every time, it's a puzzle for all her little minds working together and against each other and because of each other. In mortality she finds conviction and love and ferocity, things she can't find fishing from the dark impassive pond to the left of her little bungalow. She loves temporary things. She loves the story, and stories love ending. That's why, when she wakes up from the dream again, she puts the stars to bed, one by one.