

To **Ur-Enlil**
Royal Archivist of Uruk
KISH

17th of Šeš
In the 7th year of Enmebaragesi's Kingship

Ur-Enlil, keeper of the names of things,

I write from the outer court, where even the gods do not speak anymore.

This morning, the sun rose black.

It was shaped like Utu's eye, but filled with no fire. No warmth. No gold. Just a hollow ring—dark at the core, rimmed with a light that did not shine but ached. And it did not move. The priests stared until their faces bled with terror. The king's men fled the ziggurat steps. Even the cattle refused the water.

I have never seen the gods afraid. But I saw it today.

Is this a judgment? A forgetting? A new god?

I scratched the omen bones. They cracked in spirals. I consulted the scrolls of Dumuzi and the lament of Inanna. Nothing. It is not storm, nor eclipse. It does not pass. It remains. Like a gate with no path. A mouth that does not eat. A god who has turned his face away.

I fear this is not a punishment, but something worse: an absence of attention.

The river has not returned this season. The cisterns grow dry. The canals give back salt. And the sky—the one constant, the one source of rhythm—now gives us only this black disc. It does not speak. It does not strike. It waits.

Enmebaragesi will demand sacrifice. He already speaks of war with Kish and more bricks for a taller temple. But no ziggurat can reach a god who has left. And I think—*what if this is not the god's will? What if it is his death?*

We have lived in names. Yours record them. Mine chant them. But who names the god who no longer watches?

You are receiving this letter, Ur-Enlil, because you are the last among us who believes writing will outlast memory. Record this, not for our king. Not even for the gods. Record it for those who will live in the ruins.

Let it be known:

*In the time when King Enmebaragesi ruled the north, and Dumuzi wept for the fields,
Enlil-zid, scribe of Uruk, bore witness to the darkening of the sun without cloud,
and set the memory upon clay that the blinking of the light should not erase the names of men.*

Hide this tablet among the flood archives, beneath Utnapishtim's tale. Let it lie there until the world needs to remember what the end felt like.

In salt and sorrow,
Enlil-zid
Scribe of the Moon Chamber
URUK