

To You, Who Finds This,

I do not know where you are, nor when. I do not know whether your hands are made of flesh or filament, whether your breath fogs the air or whether breath is a notion you have outgrown. But I know that you are here. Against all falling probabilities, this letter has reached you.

You have uncovered the final vault of our skyward memory. These thirty-two letters are the last true voices of a people who once looked upward—not in conquest, but in contemplation. You may read them as scripture, or as testament, or as debris scattered from the final altar. That choice belongs to you. But know that I did not find them whole. They were buried. Lost. Fragmented. Forgotten by time but not by meaning.

I gathered them from ruins beneath sand and server racks, from monastery walls crumbling into rivers, from shattered terminals and scrolls locked behind iron in cities now unspoken. Some were carved into clay. Some encoded in obsolete filetypes. Some were tucked behind bones, as if even in death, their authors feared erasure more than decay.

When I found them, I began to reassemble the sky.

Not the physical sky, of course. That was long beyond my reach. But the sky of memory. The sky of questions. The one that once asked us: *Who are you beneath me, and what will you do with the light I lend you?*

I preserved these letters as you now hold them, not for the preservation of knowledge—that brittle idol—but for something older: the preservation of witness. I did this not as historian, nor theologian, nor archivist by any academic name. I did this as the last man who remembered what it felt like to feel *human and searching* beneath the vast.

And then, the vast changed.

What I saw cannot be sketched into margin or simulated on a screen. It was not an event. It was a condition.

In my lifetime, there came an astronomical phenomenon that no calendar could prepare for. The stars, which for millennia had carried the dignity of distance, began to vanish. They did not blink. They did not fall. They thinned, and then they were not there.

The light from our nearest cluster dimmed subtly, then permanently. Instruments failed not because they were broken, but because the fabric they measured had turned flat. The curvature of space no longer echoed with presence. We tried to describe it, but language refused the labor.

This was not absence in the sky. This was something behind absence, something *too silent to be called quiet*.

And in that silence, I realized what had changed in us.

In the old world, when men feared, they feared what might lie beyond the known. There was terror, yes—but it was a terror with contours, with voice. It imagined monsters. It sculpted gods. It wrote poetry.

But now—now we fear because we imagine nothing. The unknown has not been conquered. It has been deleted.

We crafted a civilization upon explanation, believing each answer brought us closer to safety. And so we dissected the infinite until it no longer bled mystery. What we forgot was that mystery was never our enemy—it was our greatest cathedral.

We thought clarity would save us. But clarity turned sterile. We stared into the vast and found it mirroring nothing back, and called that truth. And when the sky finally stopped responding altogether, there was no priest left to sing, no philosopher left to doubt, no child left to ask why the stars no longer returned.

What remained were these voices. These thirty-two cries into the night. And me—gathering them, digitizing them, preserving them in a final vault, behind firewalls older than time and softer than memory.

I do not ask you to agree with them. I ask only that you understand the shape of their hope.

That even as their worlds ended—each of them in isolation—they still believed someone might hear. That you might hear.

If you are the last reader, then you are also the last listener. And that is Holy.

I leave you, now, not with a creed, nor a
warning. Only a poem. Not to close the archive, but
to breathe into it one final time.

*We gathered night like water into hands
too frail to hold it.
We named the stars, though they never
asked for names.
We built empires upon calendars, and
temples upon questions.
And when the sky closed its eyes, we
wrote beneath it still—
Not to be remembered,
But to remember.*

I have done what I could. The letters are yours
now.

**NOBISCUM HUMANITAS.
NOBISCUM VERITAS.
NOBISCUM DEUS.**

**H I M W H O
R E M E M B E R S**