

Hell is Empty

Hell as an idea is archaic. A forever of pain, stretched into the depths of fire. More modern adaptations make it fleshy, rotten and rotting in all the ways meat can turn. But with such interwoven society today, a less spoken punishment is.

Pure, primordial blackness. Nothing stacked upon itself infinitesimally. Liken to walls that stretch far beyond what the mortal eye can comprehend. As if the punishment Icarus had faced in the afterlife was the stark contrast of sun chasing. Void, mathematically calculated as infinite. True limitlessness. No relation for which one can pinpoint the self in space. Blank.

The hubris of modern mortals is that of connection. Near desperate in its need to be. As if it had superseded the evolution of man itself. Though it would not be incorrect to say such. Throw a point back into the far reaches of time and one could see even single cellular life cohabitate with one another. Floating in the pure promise of life, it fights against the.

3 Then in a great new darkness
You will finally execute your special plan

Emptiness is what he faced. No chemical reaction would ever spark in a place like this. A place not preordained by higher powers, or condemned by the same ones. No motion could be observed, no temperature that one could distinguish either. As if space had garnered a different form. It could never matter to him. This is his forever time now.

Conventional Hell is direct. A 3rd party holds high ground over those destined for fiery infinity. A forced examination. Final judgment with full fanfare. Twisted machinations that spiral on and on. Hell is direct in the way that one's autonomy is removed. Subject to torture, one has near zero options of choice. The black and white of Hell is simple, bad deeds are rewarded with pain. But remove more, then what?

Cruelty had no hand in this. As if cast away. No consideration for this particular soul. Only adrift in stillness. Burning thoughts as if the core of the sun replaced true feeling.

“Hell is a kindness now..” Thoughts cast into one’s self now made the only option. A computer made to calculate the division of zero. Sent into abyss.

His flame meant nothing here anymore than the chain reaction that would cause it. No.

Manipulation by the ‘other,’ is an important concept by the definitions of **Sartrean Existentialism**¹; as, to be observed by the other, is powerful enough to mold the reality of the self. Hell and **Sartrean Existentialism**¹ are hand in hand in this sense. Permanent observation. No room for.

A permanent superposition. This Hell had no self observation. As if the mind could never conceive of such a fate. A self with no vessel. Nothing could be done of his superposition. His being simply turns theoretical. A dying of the self, boiled down into pure science. He could not tell the difference. His ‘brain’ could not think of what God had delivered this divine resonance. A ping sent nowhere. And so he could only spiral inward. Further and further down, as his legendary namesake. Murky depths turned distilled dark.²

I hope this hurts.

And then he started³.

“Even in his deepest dreams
Or his most lasting death
Because I had heard of such plans such
And I knew they did not see far enough
But what was demanded in a way of a
Like fire, thoughts raced and malignant thoughts burned
Needed to go beyond tongue and teeth and
and flesh

Beyond the bones and the very dust of bones
through what he was. Red was mist, dark a twisted spiral
And so I began to envision a darkness that
before the dark of night
That my special plan for this world was a terrible mistake
as decline eoded with his time within forgotten space. His
And a strangely shining light
That owed nothing to the light of day

Because, he said, there is nothing to do and there is no where to
had no chance. He never did. Wronged like the rest of them.

go
Sent to a place to forget themselves. A burning, gnashing
There is nothing to be and there is no one to know
hunger as they consume what is left of them. It might never
Your plan is a mistake, he repeated”

have mattered; it is now mattering to him. His special plan

burning away as if impacting his desire.

¹ Sartre, No Exit, by Dr. Michael Delahoyde

² Schrodinger's Cat — Sienna Art Studios

³ I Have a Special Plan for This World by Thomas Ligotti