

Untitled
By Emma Benevides

I am a bud, a spark, a bundle of science and humanity.

You've gotten glimpses of me. You know my form; that's all. In artificially dark rooms, on black screens, you watch my skeletal image wriggle and writhe and attempt to capture the way you feel with the blurry photos.

I am new –

- Newer than new. As I don't even exist on earth yet I'm here in the red universe that courses inside you.

Just you are also new. You are changing. You are becoming something you have never been, and you're not certain you can do it. But you will.

There is an ocean behind and stares behind me. And ahead there is a sliver of glimmering untouched shore.

Your pain in the moment almost feels like ecstasy. It's extraordinary and excruciating and you are praised, revered by others for your strength even as you are brought upon your hands and knees by a cluster of stardust bursting forth from between your legs.

You bask in their white lights as they inject you with cold, sharp relief.

You are comforted – I am scared. Right now, my world is simple – yours is not. They are on a collision course. And instead of destruction, there will be a sort of anti-annihilation. The evolution of energy into matter. You are everything in your world and I am everything that is mine – as mine turns, so does yours.

There is only forward.

Light floods my under-developed eyes.

We reach out.