

A Dream

16/12/2024

It must have been a while. It felt as if I have been walked in a miserable cold weather for however long. A long walk under a sky I can't remember which color it was. Maybe it didn't have one.

I don't really remember where I was even a few hours ago, so there it goes. But I remember walking towards a goal: to reach someone — my partner.

Where had she gone? I wasn't sure, but she said to follow far behind, and so I did, expecting nothing except to keep to my word. Far in the dark, ahead of the sun, closing on the moon, to what I said I would keep true.

Finally, a voice to hear, long after the birds died to the calm howling of the wind, and soon after the distant shores echoed through gaps of silence.

A voice, familiar, near but not, a little above me. Could only raise my head, so I did; and at last, there she is, however many tens of meters away on top of what looks like an altar.

Her hand extends as if I was right next to her. It is an invitation, not to join, but to witness.

The sky breaks open; a rift, a vision tearing through space into the far cosmos. Images of nebulae, drifting places, voids... the tapestry of the universe in a singular, unified shade of a dim light. Then, all around this immediate space, I notice the ground shaking softly, and a primordial roar from below the bellows of rapidly forming crevasses. The tear in space now grows to fill more of the place, then stops. So does the rumbling, and so does the ground stop growling.

I still am where I was when I arrived, and she still is there when I saw her. Still looking at me, hand extended, but it is different: To embrace her, to join her, and be together, sharing one last moment in love. I did not feel anything before then except that I loved her. I do not feel the immediate danger of the moment, even if I can see it. Instead, I feel calm and enticed to feel her warmth again, as if it was so long, as if we were to sleep in each other's arms and dream with a smile.

Yet, before I can take a step, once again the earth floods with vibrations. The window to beyond emanates, and asks to be witnessed.

It follows then: The end of it all, happening all at once. Flashes of colors, patterns of nebulous liquid like paint. Blue, orange, green, the most beautiful things I've ever seen.