

The Mother of All

This world is dying.

And yet, as minutes turn to hours, the sun still chases clouds across the sky, like in games you've played in the grass you now stand in. You wonder how many clouds you have seen in this sky, on this hill overlooking the field you know by heart. A meadow that tickled every inch of your body—it still tickles, but you haven't the capacity to laugh. No one does. You watch the sky, and wait. What else would you do?

This world is dying.

This world is dying. Since Her voice, speaking from the stars and revealing the fate of your everything, it is all you can think about. It is all you know.

There was no chaos, unlike in the movies you've watched and the books you wanted to read. A concession that history would end for your planet, your people. But you will not be forgotten. No—for the Mother does not forget Her children; the one She has taken is saved, and will remain. The rest will be absorbed. Used as matter to sustain the Universe.

The sun has disappeared from the sky, and stars you don't recognize flicker into view. A hand stretches the length of the horizon, reaching into your world's atmosphere. You wonder if this is how fruit feels, being plucked from a tree. Then you study the hand, the hand of the Mother, the one who has chosen your end. It is a hand that blends with starlight, and eclipses all else. Beauty cannot begin to describe this hand. You do not know Her name. You do not know Her face. But you know Her as the Mother, and you know that Her hand is descending to crumble your planet. And so you join the screaming.

Your world erupts into a tantrum. Magma crawls from ducts in the earth, filling canals between mountains. Wind screams through forests, whipping your voice away and leaving you speechless, shivering, alone in a sea of fear. The Mother's hand does not slow, and it encroaches on the layer of air that separates you from space—there is a pop that ricochets through every ear drum, and you can hear no longer. As the earth cracks and lava surges forth, you can see through and beyond: another hand, opposite the first, reaching up as if in greeting. It promises sanctuary; offering an end to your pain and suffering. You reach for (the) (our) (your) Mother's hand.

We crowd the chamber in reverie as Her hands mold the planet to dust. The Mother cradles Her children's particles for a moment longer. We are silent. You would not hear us breathe, if you were here. I am afraid any sound would shatter the moment. She returns to us, with an immensity not easily forgotten. But there is no absence to fill. She was never gone. The Mother of All is Everywhere and Everything. She is the One Who Births the Universe. I am one of the Many. We are the Vessels of Her Voice. The Chorus of Creation.

And so we sing.