

Godhood

And the Universe said, "I love you."

Every now and again, I yearn for a realm
untouched by humanity's vices; a place
where all creatures thrive peacefully
in love and the absence of sin and death.
I am God within this realm and I want
to see everything.

Descending from the clouds
I celebrate my new corporeal body
within my endless creation.
Warmth from the rising sun seeps into
my skin. Dewy green grass tickles
my bare feet as I walk amidst the flowers.
A sweet, earthy smell wafts into my nose.
I breathe in clean air. I breathe out.
Overhead, the fluffy white clouds float
lazily in the breezy blue sky.

A soft melody with an ancient name fills my ears
as I wander the quiet meadow. A wild horse neighs.
I reach for an apple in the tree above me and approach.
She is a lovely black stallion, her coat sleek
and shiny. I feed her the red fruit, then climb
onto her back. We ride until we reach the edge
of a forest. I bid farewell to my steed and enter.
Honeybee humming fills the air around me.
I follow them to their hives and collect honey
into glass bottles. I drizzle some onto a slice
of cake and eat it. Could mortals know such luxuries?

I encounter more wild animals the deeper I go:
pigs, chickens, cows, sheep— all of them
friendly to me as though they sense my power.
Soon, I reach a river of cold blue freshwater
rushing from a cliffside waterfall. I kneel down
on the sand and drink. Beneath the surface,
salmon rush past the underwater plants. I look up
and spot a lone wolf watching me on the other side
of the river. We lock eyes. The wolf's tail sways.
I crawl into the water and swim across to meet him.

He stays where he is, seemingly waiting for me.

I give the wolf a bone once I cross the river.
He leads me through the temperate forest
and into the midst of tall spruce trees. Foxes run
as I pass by. I stop to collect sweet red berries
from their bushes. Before long, I stumble upon
a village. By now, night has fallen. I look up
to the moon and smile. I pet my new companion
and make my way toward the village. Most
are already asleep, but I can spot the creatures
of the night wandering along the roads: living plants
I named creepers, tall lanky shadows called endermen,
large spiders with glowing, beady red eyes, and more.

I smile to myself seeing them alive and well.
I cherish all of my creations, including the lost race
of builders who were here before everything else.
All of their projects have since been abandoned to time,
but I admire their creativity; it's as though they too
sought godhood.

As I leave the mortal plane, I breathe in one last time
and allow the light of the moon to envelop me.
Until we meet again...