

Batteries

We are all batteries in the Great Circuit of Life.
As we connect, electric currents flow through
our cylindrical metallic bodies and spark energy.
Chemical reactions within our bodies fuel
our hearts to beat and our blood to boil.
And we whisper to ourselves, "Let there be Light!"

All at once, the sounds of the technological era,
that beautiful modern euphony, explode with power.
We give birth to Red, Green, and Blue; a magical
faerie fire that hides behind our electronic screens.
From the anode to the cathode, negative to positive,
ions rush through our wiry veins and into the Great Circuit.

Going through life, we invest our energy in dozens
of technological endeavors: building relationships,
attending school, going to work, celebrating milestones—
every single moment we spend devoting ourselves
to something. Very rarely do batteries find a moment
to rest and recharge. But we aren't the disposable kind.

Someday, our constant depletion, burnout, will kill us,
but not today. Sleep and disconnection replenish
our ions, keeping our lungs breathing and heart beating.
We devote everything to the Great Circuit in the hopes
that we may continue to thrive off its electric power.
Eventually, the magic in our bodies will burst free.

When thick, bloody acid leaks from our bodies, we are spent.
Our spilled insides taint the Circuit and spread black, necrotic
disease through our relationships like an unstoppable wildfire.
What do you do with batteries who have lost their spark?
You abandon them. You toss them in the trash. Worthless, right?
Wrong. We are rechargeable. We drink up the blood like lemonade.

After hours of long-needed sleep, our vitality returns. We are reborn
anew each and every day and years from now, we'll enter the kingdom
of Heaven. When the last of our energy has been drained, our Earthly bodies
are discarded in favor of an eternal one. "Do not be afraid," the angels say.
"Life on Earth will continue to thrive under our watchful eye."
And God welcomes us all home.