

Genesis

The Beginning

by

Campbell M Gold

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By the year Two-Thousand-and-fourteen, everyone had agreed that "enough was enough". So man simply pressed a button and released a malevolent army of mushrooms... and with a single short scream of terror, man ceased to be. And in the crucible of a thousand suns, a new world was formed... a binary world of a lifeless desert and a barren sea.

But, the sea was a craving sea... a fertile womb of possibility that yearned to spawn new life.

Within the new world, all was silent... except... except for the warm breeze whose tongue licked the emptiness.

Within the new world, all was still... except... except for a single lingering shadow moving slowly in the desert.

The shadow was only disguised as a shadow - in reality it was pain. It undulated in the rhythm of pain, and it was clawing painfully onward... onward... moving ever in one painful direction... searing pain... moving over a searing terrain...

The pain was but charred skin, fused to brittle bone... A shadow of something that it had once been.

Was there intelligence behind the shadow's sightless milky eyes and gaping toothless mouth? Only its movement betrayed purpose... forward... forward... moving ever in one painful direction... searing pain... moving over a searing terrain...

What then did this pain with purpose mean? It meant nothing... it was reality... it was man... it was the last man.

Did the shadow know that it was the last man... the last hope... the last exhalation of that which once was? Only its movement betrayed purpose... forward... forward... moving ever in one painful direction... searing pain... moving over a searing terrain...

And what of this direction... was there purpose?

Then an unbidden voice speaks: "Who dares to beckon this man onward... this man who needs to die? This man who must die!"

"I... It is I who beckons this man onward..." cried the sea. "This man does not 'need to die', his need is to live... his need is to plant his seed in my womb... his need is for his children to gestate and to come forth... and lift their innocent faces to the stars... his need is for his children to cry out as one, and declare as one, 'We are man!'"

"And who shall be responsible?" asked the unbidden voice.

"I will," answered the sea softly.

Did the shadow's blackened ears hear the sea's words... did the shadow's charred nose smell the sea's cool breath? Only movement betrayed purpose... forward... forward... moving ever in one painful direction... searing pain... moving over a searing terrain...

At last shadow and sea touched... And the shadow was gently lifted into the sea's arms. She tenderly cradled him against her breast, and she carefully caressed the agonized body with her cool and healing hands. "It's all right," she whispered, "I've got you... you're safe now... you're home... Hush, I'll take away the pain..."

The shadow relaxed - but was it his, or was it the sea's tears, that filled his milky sightless eyes?

"Thank you," he sighed, "is this the end?"

"No, my child," whispered the sea, "this is not the end... this is the beginning..."

The man snuggled sleepily into the sea's loving embrace. The pain was gone now, and he gently drifted into a dream filled sleep of the future... "Children," he murmured, "I see children..."

The sea smiled on the man as his eyes closed, and she whispered in his ear, "O wonder! How many goodly creatures are there here! How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world, that has such people in't!"

End

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