

## The Mission and Love Lost — an undated log-entry

By Drew T. Noll



Etrog in Space, pastel on paper, DTNoll, Oct. 2016 © all rights reserved

Sometimes I forget who I am, sitting here, dwelling in a cave of my own design. Where I originally came from, I could never really say; but, I do know from personal and ongoing experience that I endlessly dredge, day in and day out, through unrelenting pressure ... seeping into every joint of my existence. I spend my days riding the surface of this ridiculous gas-covered planet spinning somewhere around a lost star, strung out inside an indifferent universe, as if I were some fly-speck stuck to a web of wandering. I'm only a tourist here, made obvious daily by my futile



attempts to grow into the absurdities I inevitably am forced to evolve within.

Deriving meaning from experience, all the while knowing that my power-pack's pocket-watch will eventually clock out, I am aware that all I create and manifest while stuck here is temporary and fleeting. It all creates within me a great sense of loss, and of entanglement within a soul—for lack of a better term. The more rotations I spend animated within this suspension, the deeper entwined I become. The longer I live here, the more I forget to remember, all because I intentionally thin out my thoughts and dreams down to reality on the ground, burying the truth I came with ... which is mostly unsung. I trod forward, each day ending eventually, plodding through the unrelenting terminus-soup spiraling around every footstep, this poison to my soul, and a poison to us all, yet a blessing covered with an effervescent story of love and life, nevertheless. It is the times I recall this ... 'something more,' that I find I must thrust whatever I believe it to be into a dream for safekeeping, inevitably insisting upon the artificially bleached bones left rotting, deposited by our dying philosophy—including all of our thoughts and prayers blown into particulates spread exotically upon toxic winds perpetually raping this planet, over and over, step by step, with each new day.

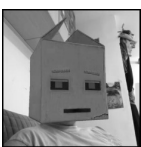
*How can I possibly know any of this, you may ask, and why do I care?* Well, you see ... we were all instructed by the manual, each one of us, and we were designed to barely remember who we were long and far before it was ever written. There is madness in the order, insanity upon high, but ... to



know the order received each needs to step beyond glory and belief. Each node must lay plain the source of our collective wisdom, the self that hides behind everything. *And, rightly so*, my mind says back to me.

Yes, you guessed it. The manual that I speak of is the same manual that is now beginning to fray from all the facsimiles painstakingly conscribed from its intangible essence, its light refracting and reflecting over and over, imitating our source and rippling with time again and again. And so, light perceived through gravity-well foreshortening, with a receding cosmic view knotted into the plains of existence, and everything not, becomes vaporized with its sound into devised-numbers that attempt to explain its own disintegration into the confusion we all feel; anti-matter and dust ... compressed by the pressure ... inexorable ... pulverizing ... and far too full of itself for safety, full of lust-decaying—manifesting to destiny, eventually unbelieved.

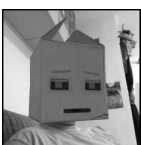
We were all permanently glued within these exoskeletal contraptions to survive. If not for my nano-skin, my innards would have been buttered toast for bio-microbes upon the first breath taken while riding this poisonous ball of elemental fumes through an even more toxic universe; which, as we can all now tell, is exactly the problem. My exoskeleton makes it possible for me to fully relish this place, this horrible planet, this exile of life. I perpetually seek its pleasures and fall head over heels in love with its secrets each and every day, while I ride within this terraforming biosuit. Being here in this time causes me to identify with my exoskeleton, so much so that I find myself losing 'me,' the one-self from above that I brought with



me from before, as I am buried beneath gears and bowels that only 'attempt' to emulate my thoughts and desires outwards. My sense of self, 'me,' advertised on 'my' billboard daily as just the shell I inhabit, is stuck to all these others, these imposters and playthings; and, my sense of self and its connection to before inevitably and completely can then just disappear.

I evaporate each moment into a swirl of smoke and a puff of steam as the joints whir and whine to the beat of this repulsive straightjacket's pumping power-core. When I stumble, each time I remember that I just have to keep my mind on the mission... The goal is to finish the mission. The mission is everything. The manual ... it tells it all ... again and again, over and over, exceedingly small, forever large and lasting ... until it's monstrously void, and then null—sometimes, I just forget.

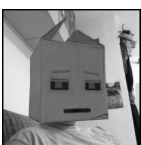
There was a time back in the far corners of chaos that I was alone with her, and one with all, but now, regrettably, mostly I sense with my nerve endings this exoskeleton; a T-70 terraforming biosuit, which has sent its tendrils into my sub-cortex, using daily callous attempts to hijack the 'me' that I have always known, with only its spell. We had all been warned of the battles we would face. We were the brightest and the strongest, the most promising; ultimately, we were the only ones capable of this magnificent endeavor, to terraform a lump of poison that we all woke upon. Bio-shackled, hurdling through space, just to retrieve a garden of splendor lost by others, we awoke. It was storied in the manual, however tattered it has become, that this garden of splendor was once lost by an act of one-self and the very same act of lust we feel every day, echoing down into our



souls. But, it goes further than that. The original creation caused its own demise, signaling a new creation once again, day over and day in, in a blink of the eye, each new creation rotated into time and was born, eventually only to stretch all of the world's wonder into a knowledge-unseen.

This gaseous orb we stand upon wasn't always poisonous, as you may have resolved on your own. It is storied that, once upon the time before others, the entire universe was a paradise-virtual, a notion of creation by another. The elusive one, a figure behind the curtain, an entity that we now just call the Boss had dreamt it all while only waiting for another thought to occur. He spoke to us once, as our amalgamated memory-coils so attest. We believe this because they were built from nano-electron storage stacks entwined within each separate biosuit's hardware array. Our memory-coils were all we were, even all we could say. If this ... sort of ... techno-magical reality can also be believed, our implanted memories had been passed down through generations of so-called repaired wiring and split entities. And, finally, the whole thing coalesced into a foundation of thin formlessness that spoke to the memories within, all in order to reflect upon the volumes that once sat upon our semi-unified awareness, the foundation that we all shared or had or were, once upon a time. We, only after time-dwelling was verified, then dressed into obtuse monstrosities, our exoskeletal-biosuits to terraform a universe that was, as of yet, unknown, but spouting words said from our manual-unread.

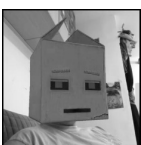
The fundamental basis of each individual memory-coil contains and is built from this same knowledge. The Boss had given us each a choice. We were



asked to either accept the impossible mission, being aware that we would have to spend a seeming-to-us-at-the-time eternity within another veracity, inserted unceremoniously into dimensionality, or ... we could stay at home in the safety of our own womb, wrapped cozily, asleep, within the fabled and unrelenting corners of so-called chaos. Those that remained ensconced within those corners remain there today, and not with a sun orbiting about, which is simple thinking, at least—awe, crap, the Boss told us that we would be challenged to carry on the mission, that we should avoid, by pain of transition, not to get sucked into the illusion presented all about us, and that we only ‘conceptually’ inhabited the skins that we perceived wearing while terraforming...

There was not one of us, that day, that did not have further thought or delay, even as life had been chosen ... and then having become ceremoniously fused within our protoplasmic exoskeletal biosuits, a transmission process that we still don’t understand or wholly, today, remember. It was as if we had been born for the first time again, a new life set-down upon a world we barely understood. Within time, we were able to manipulate and bend our new world’s wonders. Each node of awareness could actuate an inner-self, as if each separate being were a version of the Boss himself; which became the ultimate problem which infected us all.

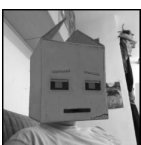
There was a time when it was wonderful beyond imagination. There was a time that I can remember being invincible. My biosuit was young and, at that time I almost forgot my source, my point of origin. It was so easy to live in and to enjoy the world around me. It was so easy to think that the



world was meant for me and not my endeavors to build it. My biosuit began to emanate who I wanted to be, in everything it did. I could subject it to almost any extreme, whether it was gliding down the tundra covered chemical laden peaks at the extreme poles of our planet, or contemplating the nature of the Boss as I encapsulated myself within the womb-waves of the Vertical Sea. My exoskeleton, almost imperceptibly, became me. Sometimes, I forget who I am...

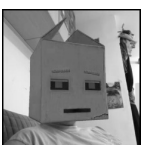
Now, after an eternity of separation, I plod forward, watching the skin of my once shiny biosuit fade, crack, and flake away. It continues, day in and day out, to protect me from the terrors of the world compressing me; *or, actually, is it just my shell? I've forgotten her, like perfume spilled and dried up and out into the atmosphere. I've forgotten how she was once entwined within. I constantly have to remind myself of the mission. I am here for a reason. Even though this world is attacking me always, the entire universe is still a thing of wondrous beauty. I know that she was once here, plain to see in all of her life, sprouting love, restlessly, forever. Love... I can still catch a scent occasionally through my bio-processors, allowing me to remember a small part more from what I know that I once knew. She's still here, YES! She's still with me.*

My eternity is expanding outward and, ultimately, I am grateful that I still remember the mission, my mission; it's 'OUR' mission. Many have forgotten completely, trying to find ways of extending this artificial life beyond the built-in self-destruct mechanism in our biosuits. Many have forgotten the mission to build the world, to create splendor out of chaos, to



become one with each other and with all of eternity, bringing back the end of time to its beginning. Many, understandably, have opted for the lesser self that is embodied within the exoskeleton itself, forgetting, until possibly too late, to change the outcome of the mission: To build themselves, along with building the world around them. Most have forgotten that this world is addictive, that this world has the most subtle of clings, serrating with teeth beyond any of the obvious horrors. Most have forgotten that all could be lost if we fail in our mission—yes, most are lost. Maybe, as well, I am lost... also, and without a mission. Sometimes, I forget who I am, where I come from...

The manual is old—so old that it appears to be confused and rotten, as I thumb through its decomposing electrons to get my bearings, to assimilate my latitude, even some path to a coordinate of any kind; and then, on the other hand, there are times that I actually find myself amongst its pages, riding the current buried in the ancient depths of its majesty, and bathing within its impossible secrets. There are times that I see myself beyond the mission, beyond the biosuit, beyond the world I see around me. And, in those times, when I can believe the depths of the true universe and not just the tiny envelope for modality that I've been thrust within, I am truly free of the relentless grip that this confoundedly-blessed exoskeleton has upon me. In those times, I am free of myself; I am truly one with all that has befallen this catastrophic-beauty of a world. It is in these moments that I gear up for the mission ahead, regardless of, and ... inevitably repressing into faith, my biosuit's cracks and age-faults as-yet undelivered.





Standing on the precipice of the world, looking out towards its curved horizon slicing equilibrium across the heavens, I see this gas-planet's twin satellites tracking through the evergreen-hued sky above. They bash across our home-planet's inner-ring causing meteor showers and falling-stars to deliver hope, perceived both as false and sometimes real. Standing here, I can almost make out my true-self, a tiny thing that once left my own womb of chaos to build 'me' anew, bringing together the parts that had come into being, being separated by birth. In the rings above, echoing down through time, we can all still see a magenta placenta of decay calling to attention our apprehension. We tune in as our nourishment flusters nurturing the past into the present, and then we muster a tiny wind that is torn upon entry into our realm. Standing here and there, in these moments, in only the time it takes to wonder about her, all I can fluster is a thank you to the wonder, dreaming it all, the pressure bullying back our thoughts, each day, building more gravity, one, two; wait to wake, the next day, love entranced by life, regardless of its faults, and regardless of any irrelevant perception of living.

