

A Story Told In The Perspective of an Atom

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I.

Esther dreamt that she was the sky. She dreamt that she was an endless expanse of air, vast and weightless and glowing. She dreamt that gravity had no power over her, that she could float forever in the heavens, for she was the heavens. Esther's breath was the dance of the wind, her heartbeat the thunder roiling in the clouds, her skin shimmering in a thousand colors.

When Esther awoke, she was not the sky. Neither was she human, but a great lonely expanse of nothingness. An impossibly small particle amongst a sea of particles gently floating within space. Sleep seemed to be a foreign concept. She forgot her dream of the sky. She forgot her shimmering skin, the thick air in her lungs. She was cold and hard, as if dead. Darkness enveloped her, heavy and acidic. She felt numb, and far away.

Where Am I.

A thought rose from beneath her like shifting water. She moved her fingers and felt nothing but a surreal electricity miles away from her. Curious, Esther moved her hand close to her and found that there was no hand.

Am I Asleep.

She wondered. Her wonder a thin cloud. Her body was scattered into nine pieces, all tingling and surging with stabs of energy. Esther cringed, attempting to move from the pain but this caused more surges, her far away body tingling and crackling and pulling at her core. It was at this point that a shallow field rose from beneath her, and as it enveloped the space around her, Esther knew it to be fear. She let it come. She expected to hear her heart pounding, or for her breath to become short. But there was nothing. Esther felt no heartbeat, nor air entering her lungs. She saw the fear before her, but could not feel it. She could not control it. Another field rose, superimposing itself before the fear; panic. The fields continued to rise, they enveloped her, and passed away floating somewhere above into oblivion. In desperation she attempted to take hold of one of the fields, only to realize she reached in the wrong direction. She had no perception of up, nor down. She could not reach, neither physically nor mentally. She existed within a different set of dimensional rules.

Is This A Dream.

A field rose and presented itself to her and disintegrated.

What Am I.

More fields. They wove in and out, fluttering like flies. She tried to move again, stretching and pressing against her invisible bonds but to no avail. All will to move was nothing but a desperate words flickering in and out.

Move.

A cracked shell of a thought.

II.

Esther waited. Without imposing her human movement, her far away body felt weightless and devoid of pain or stress. She felt as if she were floating in the black. Esther let herself know each part of her body. The points she occupied in space were no more than constantly vibrating points of heat being eaten alive by the darkness. It might have been cause to panic again, but Esther was calm. She did not strain herself, did not allow fields of emotion to overtake her. She shook slightly, realizing this was the easiest and least painful action and continued shaking. She allowed herself to know that her movement prevented her from being taken by the void around her.

A thin field of quivering loneliness dropped upon Esther and she knew the profound, and sinking aloneness of her state. She felt it weighing upon her far heavier than gravity. Her far away body began to go cold, she felt as if she were sinking. An expanse of dull pain danced around her. In a fleeting moment she remembered the color of the sky. She remembered the color of her eyes. And in the next instant it was gone. Pain stabbed her sides.

She counted. Small fields rustled away one after the other. When Esther had no numbers left, the fields abandoned order, flying around her at random. When Esther forgot what numbers were, and forgot their small, human words; the fields sunk from her like phantoms. Esther waited. She continued to quiver and shake, for there was nothing else to do. Esther remembered the color of the sky. She remembered a woman. She dreamt that the woman was composed of grains of sand that only seemed to grow more innumerable the closer Esther drew to her. She dreamt that the woman breathed, her body expanding, and contracting, every breath Esther felt as though she was ever more surrounded by her. Her skin was not a boundary, but a seamless, the inside of her belly an infinite space. She dreamt that the woman held Esther's tiny body in her hand.

III.

Her far away body seemed to be closer. Tentatively, Esther let tension fall from her. She shook faster. Shook as fast as she could, until her stagnant darkness became a warm liquid that she moved in effortlessly.

Time passed. Hester knew, because she felt it carrying her, like a river carries a fish through it's currents and undulations. Esther moved with space. She found new ways to move the nine points of heat that composed her.

She did not remember the color of the sky. Esther was given new colors. Esther felt colors shimmering in buzzing waves over her. Red, a deep hollow bass reverberating slowly. Blue, a high pitched chime dancing effortlessly. Purple, nothing but a mosquito's whine, wavering. Esther knew the universe as the still and thick darkness that she skated on with the delicacy of a water-bug. All around her, the universe sang, beckoning Esther to join the masses of heat and light, and color and sound that filled the inky black of space. But Esther heard only their songs but could not join them, though her eight outer parts pulled her desperately toward it.

IV.

Esther knew time only as a calm force. She did not count. She did not wait. She did not remember what she used to be. She did not remember the fields of emotion. Esther did not remember the color of the sky, or the color of her eyes. She forgot the pain, and the burden, and the panic. Esther saw only stars. She was one in yawning infinity, rotating and vibrating and dancing. Where her name once lay, was the hand of the Universe, holding her.