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5.19.14  
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The Corners of Space  
By Cameron Fukuyama

Only half lucid, in a transient state between sober and insane, does one find himself contemplating the seductive nature of gravity; its unrelenting pull toward the the deepening void of madness its and promises of freedom from the burden of everyday thought. While most life is intrinsically imbued with a fear of the edge, and will flee from the threat of falling without a single dissenting thought, a few souls will always feel an indescribable attraction towards the abyss; despite the clear and physical danger it poses and all reasons contrary.

To the arguably sane and composed, the edge presents an conflict to their interests of lifelong survival and prosperity. They see only the assumed outcome of relinquishing their solid footing for the intangible uncertainty of what may or may not be there to welcome them at the bottom. They fear the end. An end they can't prove is coming, but is always lingering just beyond the approaching horizon.

But the entranced see nothing of the bottom. They think of no end, no impact, no natural conclusion. They instead ponder on what may lie in the dark spaces between the sky and the ground; in the stygian reaches that they might grasp and bare unholy witness to, if just for a moment in time, and then be shuttled away from this realm of reality towards something cripplingly unimaginable. They think upon the temporal concepts of "now" and "then" and what must conceivability fill the gaps in between to make such an idea possible. They futilely attempt to simulate in the latent recesses of their subconscious what it just might feel like to give themselves up to forces far greater and more terrifying than their own and to cast aside

whatever fragile notions of “normal” they previously carried with them as they simply let go and float off into the rapidly shifting background of the hidden cosmos.

To these curious individuals, the ever persisting night just beneath the precipice calls out in dreaded encouragement. To the cold gaze cast down into the crawling emptiness no reply follows, no warmth radiates, and no semblance of life is to be seen. And yet from the shifting nothing the unexplainable feeling of something still precipitates. Deep in the unlit corners of space something stirs. From beyond the howling winds and gaping nether, a creeping aura of dread is softly felt as the viewer begins to perceive, or perhaps realize, that the plutonian blackness before them may offer more than it seems; and that the void may not be as void as we once thought.