

The Universe and You

By Ethan Fey

"and the universe said I love you

*and the universe said you have played the game well
and the universe said everything you need is within you
and the universe said you are stronger than you know
and the universe said you are the daylight
and the universe said you are the night
and the universe said the darkness you fight is within you
and the universe said the light you seek is within you
and the universe said you are not alone
and the universe said I love you because you are love."*

Love.

Not alone? I'm always alone, alone with my **thoughts**. Alone with a person who is my greatest critic, and my biggest fan. It could be the bottom of the ninth at Oakland and they would be the loudest there. It's everything everywhere all at once. The crowd roars, the voices will never end.

The thoughts, they never end. They twist and turn, weaving through my consciousness like a never-ending labyrinth. Time stretches and distorts, each moment an eternity.

This class draaaaaags on, as I sit here on my non-bean bag, plastic chair that disagrees with my knees. Where my thoughts loom larger than my shadow. It's a battle between my thoughts and my physical presence.

Do you want to know me? I don't want a house with coasters in it - don't give me plastic on the furniture, *wait no, it's spelled furniture*. or a tablecloth, don't even give me a cutting board. I want my house to be mine, to heal me, to be with me, to have lived with me, to love me, and for me to love it.

Love.

...

you.

I?

...

I think I have a bad habit of being a stranger to you, not always quite sure what to say in your presence, but somehow at the same time, I have an even worse habit of not.

I want to know everything about you, what's your opinion on grapes? Do you have one favorite movie or a whole bunch? What scares you? Did you have a nightlight as a kid?

...

Wait. You haven't even asked about **me** - do you even *want* to know about me?

Do you want to know how many times I've moved locations, or changed schools? 11, Do you want to know what my favorite sparkling drink is? Blackberry, The fact I can't spell Wednesday, without saying it that certain way out loud? Wed-nes-day I'm offering myself up to you, a complex puzzle waiting to be solved.

Do you want to know me?

a z i u e o u m l d a f l k a h s d b o f h s a b e f a b s d k j n c a n k z p u i w l w s i e r e u m j a s d f l u a e k o i u s e h a s u e n f u a h s e f a s e a s d d f a l b c

Sometimes you have to **distract** yourself in order to focus

Where was I? — Where... am I?

I'm sitting at my desk,
Watching the clock tick onwards
Waiting for the wicked walls to stop wobbling
Or wait, is that my eyes?

I'm lying in my bed,
My heart is louder than my head,
So loud I have to apologize - *sorry, apologize* -
to everyone I meet.

I find myself in different places—sitting at my desk, lying in my bed. Time slips away as I watch the clock tick or feel the rhythmic beating of my heart. The world around me blurs...

Focus!

My pencil clatters to the desk, what is the teacher talking about? I don't think I'm even on the right book. I,
I'm drawn back to earth, back to this desk, looking around a glass wall of people that I know, or do I?...
I'm **alone**

What was I just thinking about?

It wasn't a quote, was it? No, it was about... I can't remember, they have slipped like sand through my fingers. I'm alone with my thoughts, yet I can't even remember them, what a stupid game this is.

A stupid game of life, with no winner.

Life.

I'm scared I'm going to **die** but I...

I killed myself in the most beautiful way, by loving someone, you, someone I couldn't have.

You know, in another universe I would've loved doing laundry and taxes with you.

But I guess I would have to know you first.

And the universe said I love you - those 26, so simple yet profound, blocky letters gliding across the screen as I lay here, on my brown fluffy bean bag, playing Minecraft.

For the few who have reached here, they have most likely skipped it.

And for the even fewer that read it most likely did not understand it.

These 30 minutes long end credits for a game with no end,

 This three-page lyrical essay.

it feels like these credits will never end...

 Will my thoughts ever stop?

I will sit in my solitude, in the company of my thoughts. Trying to make sense of you and me and the universe between us.

I will start from here... Maybe tomorrow that's where I'll start from.

 "And the game was over and the player woke up from the dream.

 And the player began a new dream.

 And the player dreamed again, dreamed better.

 And the player was the universe.

 And the player was love"