

A Void of Stars

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"We have a problem."

The words ring out in my mind in the empty vastness behind me, entrenched in a land of black that has never once been touched before by earthen born fingertips. Metal creaks, glass cracks. The air rushes wildly behind me, dragging me with it. My spacesuit barely contains me, my heartbeat thundering over the raucous chorus of panic that streams into cold ears. His panicked face is contained in his helmet, a portrait of trauma bathed in the artist's crimson light. His hand has to push the button. My heart skips. He saves himself. His eyes stream silent apologies as metal meets me, the pathway is blocked as his body is shut away from mine. Life and air continue to flee both the ship and I, its captain. My white hands cannot grasp anything as grey equipment shifts to black emptiness.

His hands pound against the slither of glass from which he can see my body floating away; provided with his own portrait of death before him. My vision blurs, sound shifts, reality breaks. With every movement that drags me into the deep abyss around me, so to does it feel like the clutches of death dragging me from life itself. I can't say that I didn't think about this, at times perhaps wanted it. To be preserved in a stillness that the world could not comprehend. But I can feel my blood bound between my veins, rushing like water as my breath is drawn. A crack formed in my helmet, I stare at it with an enigma of emotion, do I want it to break and for the air to drag from my lungs quickly or do I want it to be slow, drifting, letting my breaths put me to sleep?

The choice is out of my grasp and so is life itself, the shoutings in my helmet rattling away into nothingness as I watch the ship shrink before me, as I watch my life fade into the material plane which was my domain. Now I belong to another, a plane I cannot ponder. A home for which I have no shelter. The sound of static begins to be the only source of life left around me. My mind feels frozen, painting a picture of my last thoughts; nothing springs to mind, a blank slate, an easel behest to an artist's block. The dark lands were like ashen fields, my life constructed in grains of black which blight our human existence, our mythology, and our history. The womb of the world; a field of dark matter to one man is a field of God to another. But there are no fields here, nothing grows and everything dies, a harvest of the unknown and I it's only crop.

I fly, coiled in a blanket of ebony and floating, my final words etched in minds miles away, as I glide and bask my body in a void of stars.