



He would dip his fingers into chemical soups, glowing red, hissing, sputtering, erupting... It was a violent youth, being a gravitational captive of the Sun. (Come around, back to Papa.) There were five periods of mass extinctions. Thrust up, worn down, again and again, grinding, crushing. A rigorous regimen; no one said growing up was easy. This was not America.

He would dip his fingers into chemical soups, glowing red, hissing, sputtering, erupting... It was a violent youth, being a gravitational captive of the Sun. (Come around, back to Papa.) There were five periods of mass extinctions. Thrust up, worn down, again and again, grinding, crushing. A rigorous regimen; no one said growing up was easy. This was not America.

He would dip his fingers into chemical soups, glowing red, hissing, sputtering, erupting... It was a violent youth, being a gravitational captive of the Sun. (Come around, back to Papa.) There were five periods of mass extinctions. Thrust up, worn down, again and again, grinding, crushing. A rigorous regimen; no one said growing up was easy. This was not America.

He would dip his fingers into chemical soups, glowing red, hissing, sputtering, erupting... It was a violent youth, being a gravitational captive of the Sun. (Come around, back to Papa.) There were five periods of mass extinctions. Thrust up, worn down, again and again, grinding, crushing. A rigorous regimen; no one said growing up was easy. This was not America.

A crisis sprang up. Why? Who ever knows why? It was an obscure crisis, a sort of self-contempt perhaps, scarification. He was working on the sixth mass extinction, quicker than ever before... The artist, as always, burdened by his creations. Today he groans, doesn't want to get out of bed. Still too young to have creaky joints. Constantly reinventing himself, what does he want to be tomorrow? A threshold of new possibilities, once he wipes clean his palette, shakes the dust out of his hair, and waits for a thrust of new inspiration.

A crisis sprang up. Why? Who ever knows why? It was an obscure crisis, a sort of self-contempt perhaps, scarification. He was working on the sixth mass extinction, quicker than ever before... The artist, as always, burdened by his creations. Today he groans, doesn't want to get out of bed. Still too young to have creaky joints. Constantly reinventing himself, what does he want to be tomorrow? A threshold of new possibilities, once he wipes clean his palette, shakes the dust out of his hair, and waits for a thrust of new inspiration.

A crisis sprang up. Why? Who ever knows why? It was an obscure crisis, a sort of self-contempt perhaps, scarification. He was working on the sixth mass extinction, quicker than ever before... The artist, as always, burdened by his creations. Today he groans, doesn't want to get out of bed. Still too young to have creaky joints. Constantly reinventing himself, what does he want to be tomorrow? A threshold of new possibilities, once he wipes clean his palette, shakes the dust out of his hair, and waits for a thrust of new inspiration.

A crisis sprang up. Why? Who ever knows why? It was an obscure crisis, a sort of self-contempt perhaps, scarification. He was working on the sixth mass extinction, quicker than ever before... The artist, as always, burdened by his creations. Today he groans, doesn't want to get out of bed. Still too young to have creaky joints. Constantly reinventing himself, what does he want to be tomorrow? A threshold of new possibilities, once he wipes clean his palette, shakes the dust out of his hair, and waits for a thrust of new inspiration.

Imagination brought a time wild, wet, moist, and fertile. Mosses, ferns, fishes, dark wet things... He conceived eggs and seeds, being a creative architect in cyclical progressions. Continents danced upon him, with a twinge of vanity, knowing that the artist's great work is himself. Later, flowers appeared, fantastic and beautiful, a bit of whimsy.

She continued to influence him. (Today she is slowly spiraling away from him, in a widening path. Eventually she will appear motionless in the sky, and some will see her every night in the same place, while others will never see her at all.)

Imagination brought a time wild, wet, moist, and fertile. Mosses, ferns, fishes, dark wet things... He conceived eggs and seeds, being a creative architect in cyclical progressions. Continents danced upon him, with a twinge of vanity, knowing that the artist's great work is himself. Later, flowers appeared, fantastic and beautiful, a bit of whimsy.

She continued to influence him. (Today she is slowly spiraling away from him, in a widening path. Eventually she will appear motionless in the sky, and some will see her every night in the same place, while others will never see her at all.)

Imagination brought a time wild, wet, moist, and fertile. Mosses, ferns, fishes, dark wet things... He conceived eggs and seeds, being a creative architect in cyclical progressions. Continents danced upon him, with a twinge of vanity, knowing that the artist's great work is himself. Later, flowers appeared, fantastic and beautiful, a bit of whimsy.

She continued to influence him. (Today she is slowly spiraling away from him, in a widening path. Eventually she will appear motionless in the sky, and some will see her every night in the same place, while others will never see her at all.)

Imagination brought a time wild, wet, moist, and fertile. Mosses, ferns, fishes, dark wet things... He conceived eggs and seeds, being a creative architect in cyclical progressions. Continents danced upon him, with a twinge of vanity, knowing that the artist's great work is himself. Later, flowers appeared, fantastic and beautiful, a bit of whimsy.

She continued to influence him. (Today she is slowly spiraling away from him, in a widening path. Eventually she will appear motionless in the sky, and some will see her every night in the same place, while others will never see her at all.)

One incident is recalled in memory. Struck by a massive planetesimal, he reacted by splashing matter into surrounding space. It took ten hours for the matter to solidify as a sphere, spinning out into a moon. She cooled off and relaxed into rhythm. Time slowed down. His rotation slowed— water dragging against ocean floors— she slowed him.

Gradually he settled, letting heavy matter sink and lighter matter float to the surface: some simulacrum of peace. Rains soaked into dry rock; rains boiled and were sent back to whence they came. Rains fell day and night for one hundred thousand years. "The Hadean stage." He thought it would never end. Something was around the corner.

One incident is recalled in memory. Struck by a massive planetesimal, he reacted by splashing matter into surrounding space. It took ten hours for the matter to solidify as a sphere, spinning out into a moon. She cooled off and relaxed into rhythm. Time slowed down. His rotation slowed— water dragging against ocean floors— she slowed him.

Gradually he settled, letting heavy matter sink and lighter matter float to the surface: some simulacrum of peace. Rains soaked into dry rock; rains boiled and were sent back to whence they came. Rains fell day and night for one hundred thousand years. "The Hadean stage." He thought it would never end. Something was around the corner.

One incident is recalled in memory. Struck by a massive planetesimal, he reacted by splashing matter into surrounding space. It took ten hours for the matter to solidify as a sphere, spinning out into a moon. She cooled off and relaxed into rhythm. Time slowed down. His rotation slowed— water dragging against ocean floors— she slowed him.

Gradually he settled, letting heavy matter sink and lighter matter float to the surface: some simulacrum of peace. Rains soaked into dry rock; rains boiled and were sent back to whence they came. Rains fell day and night for one hundred thousand years. "The Hadean stage." He thought it would never end. Something was around the corner.

One incident is recalled in memory. Struck by a massive planetesimal, he reacted by splashing matter into surrounding space. It took ten hours for the matter to solidify as a sphere, spinning out into a moon. She cooled off and relaxed into rhythm. Time slowed down. His rotation slowed— water dragging against ocean floors— she slowed him.

Gradually he settled, letting heavy matter sink and lighter matter float to the surface: some simulacrum of peace. Rains soaked into dry rock; rains boiled and were sent back to whence they came. Rains fell day and night for one hundred thousand years. "The Hadean stage." He thought it would never end. Something was around the corner.

Somehow he thought he wanted to be an artist when he grew up. He emerged from hell, experimented with new media: bacteria. Broad and colorful swaths of it, painting the horizons purple, green, yellow; bacteria draped across him like fine silks. That was before the oxygen catastrophe. Free oxygen, multiplying, killing instantaneously. Some ideas went into hiding underground, sheltered beneath the seas and untouched by oxygen; blue-green, unconscious, eternal.

Somehow he thought he wanted to be an artist when he grew up. He emerged from hell, experimented with new media: bacteria. Broad and colorful swaths of it, painting the horizons purple, green, yellow; bacteria draped across him like fine silks. That was before the oxygen catastrophe. Free oxygen, multiplying, killing instantaneously. Some ideas went into hiding underground, sheltered beneath the seas and untouched by oxygen; blue-green, unconscious, eternal.

Somehow he thought he wanted to be an artist when he grew up. He emerged from hell, experimented with new media: bacteria. Broad and colorful swaths of it, painting the horizons purple, green, yellow; bacteria draped across him like fine silks. That was before the oxygen catastrophe. Free oxygen, multiplying, killing instantaneously. Some ideas went into hiding underground, sheltered beneath the seas and untouched by oxygen; blue-green, unconscious, eternal.

Somehow he thought he wanted to be an artist when he grew up. He emerged from hell, experimented with new media: bacteria. Broad and colorful swaths of it, painting the horizons purple, green, yellow; bacteria draped across him like fine silks. That was before the oxygen catastrophe. Free oxygen, multiplying, killing instantaneously. Some ideas went into hiding underground, sheltered beneath the seas and untouched by oxygen; blue-green, unconscious, eternal.

Three billion years...He built increasingly complex structures, entranced by the intricate world of ideas. All the while, sediments were being washed into shallow spaces within him, underwater depressions filling. There are artifacts from this period, imprints of the harder things; the soft things are lost to time and his own vague memory.

Three billion years...He built increasingly complex structures, entranced by the intricate world of ideas. All the while, sediments were being washed into shallow spaces within him, underwater depressions filling. There are artifacts from this period, imprints of the harder things; the soft things are lost to time and his own vague memory.

Three billion years...He built increasingly complex structures, entranced by the intricate world of ideas. All the while, sediments were being washed into shallow spaces within him, underwater depressions filling. There are artifacts from this period, imprints of the harder things; the soft things are lost to time and his own vague memory.

Three billion years...He built increasingly complex structures, entranced by the intricate world of ideas. All the while, sediments were being washed into shallow spaces within him, underwater depressions filling. There are artifacts from this period, imprints of the harder things; the soft things are lost to time and his own vague memory.