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Of What Lies Beyond

Benjamans Abermanis

Big bang cosmology is probably as widely believed as has been any theory of the universe in the history of Western civilization. It rests, however, on many untested, and in some cases untestable, assumptions. Indeed, big bang cosmology has become a bandwagon of thought that reflects faith as much as objective truth. (G. Burbidge, "Why only one big bang?" Scientific American 266:2, 1992, p. 96.)

The void is so complex yet simple in its structure. Yet, it almost contradicts itself, being everywhere yet not being a concrete object or substance that can't be numerically labeled. How can something be something yet lack thereof of that something? This mysterious void makes up everything that I know of and is where I live, in a constant state of continuity.

Silence is the only presence among the vast and open landscape that I call the void. Silence engulfs everything and fills my ears with itself as it is the only thing that is there. That is because there is nothing to break this silence, so this silence lingers on untrained by any sounds.

Intense black and darkness expands across the landscape and details every part of the void down to the smallest and most minute details you could comprehend. Is it really black though? Wouldn't that imply that there is something there? A better way to describe this masterpiece is to imagine not having sight at all, as there is nothing to view except the construct of the color black that our brains produce, creating an illusion that we see things when there is really nothing there.

The feeling of being the only real and physical thing in existence is dumbfounding. The special privilege of being the only thing, both sentient or not, is an enjoyable thought because I am both relaxed and content with my life and I don't think anyone else can understand how to enjoy such emptiness. To be suspended in this void is both concerning in a way of not knowing how and comforting that I find very wholesome. It's almost like snuggling up to a fire during a long and cold winters night. At this point, am filled with content and comfort as life as it is now in this comfortable state of continuity and a constant state of being, without change.

On a particular moment in time and space, I continued to lay suspended in my home when an ominous and immaculate white ball appeared, suspended nearby. This anomaly made me frustrated as my void is no longer perfect and is now tainted, yet it aroused my curiosity. How can this ball of a color than never existed before suddenly exist? Why is it here? Why now?

While drifting over to the anomaly, I began to realize the relative size and shape of it which formed a sphere that could easily fit in the palm of my

hand. This sphere glowed a brilliant white light, strong, yet not strong enough where I couldn't stand gazing at it any longer. I realized that the object is simple and small, yet it still irritated me at the presence of it even existing. This innocent ball of white is an intruder in my paradise that I love so much for exactly what it is, so I reached out to grasp it. When I palmed it, I saw the light shine through my fingers seemingly to get brighter just slightly but barely noticeable. I slowly pulled it towards myself to inspect it closer, and to no surprise was exactly the same close up as it was from afar. Annoyed that this sphere still existed, I cocked back my arm with the sphere still in my hand and moved my entire body forward launching it for some distance.

When the ball landed, it is no more than a spec in my vision, but it is better than it was before, so I become content once again and laid back to become suspended like I always have. Closing my eyes, I became more content and comfortable than ever before due to myself subconsciously taking for granted how well my paradise has treated me. But once again, my relaxation was interrupted by some source of light that was even brighter than the last. Now livid, I sprung up from my suspended position to be slammed to what can only be comprehended as thousands of atomic bombs hitting me all at once. The feeling of getting hit by this much force and heat is not pleasant to say the least. This sent me into an unconscious state of which I have no idea what happened to my body when the blast passed through me.

Awakening from my involuntary state of sleep, I look in awe to a expanding sphere full of darkness that is somehow different to the black that I'm accustomed to. But this sphere is accompanied by nebulas full of light in mosaic patterns that panted across the sphere that I am now a part of. Filling these nebulas were basic elements that reacted with one another at micro levels.

I am no longer alone!

This realization startled me to the core, sending me shivers down my spine and showing myself emotions that I never knew existed before. The vastness of this sphere will never be as large of the void that I call my home is, yet somehow rivals the beauty of the void. How can anything be more beautiful than what was before? How can such an event of biblical proportions come from such a small sphere? The rush of thoughts fill my mind leaving me dumbfounded and gazing at the physical things all around me. I could feel the pull that everything had on myself from all over, like being placed into a funnel that I couldn't escape. The discomforts of no longer being alone and in a place where things other than myself existed somehow converted into excitement and joy that I hadn't before felt.

I looked at my body to see if I really was in what I was seeing, due to my disbelief, when I noticed that I was actually growing. I was getting taller, I started growing hair across my body, and I began to get wrinkle marks. My body was changing rapidly. A consequence of this newfound beauty was that

a hidden construct was in the core of this gilded gift. Time had caught up to me, as it never done before. My body became to wrinkle more and more, and I began to become weak and slender as my skin becomes more pale. I soon become very tired, a feeling a once again never felt. And as I close my eyes, I began to slip back into the darkness of which I knew and loved once before.