

## *Like a Mirror*

OH god oh fuck oh god fuckfuckfuck, what have we done? We were just joking around, goofing, having fun, harmless fun, and then before anyone even realized what was happening **It** was just there. And **It** was real. **It** wasn't real before but now **It** is. There was nothing, barely a wisp of a concept, and we were just riffing, having a laugh, then someone had to go and have an idea. That's where we went wrong, it has to be. That's whose fault it is. But no, an idea with no form, no plan, that's not what **It** is, not now at least. **It's** just sitting there, barely does anything the whole year, but once **It** gets going. . . well there's no denying **It's** real, and here, and we made that happen. Someone had to take the idea and crystalize it, refine it, give it form, that's whose fault it is. But if that's all that happened we wouldn't all be here, staring at **It**, wondering what to do. No, each of us played our part, each of us played an active role in making **It** real, taking steps to make something out of nothing. Oh gods how could we have been so shortsighted? And what are we supposed to do now? Do we nurture **It**? Kill **It**? Forsake **It** and try to forget it was ever real, just bury the guilt of what we've done? Do we bear responsibility for everything that happens to **It**, everything **It** happens to? Are we to act as guides, shepherding **it** to, to . . . to what? Are we obliged to make **It** perfect, that **It** may never sully anything else? Or perhaps must we make the world around **It** more perfect? Should we aspire to make **It** into something more . . . I don't know, something better? Or are **Its** imperfections important? Necessary even. Perhaps **It** exists as a mirror we can hold up to ourselves, reflect on everything within ourselves that is beautiful and powerful and ugly and terrifying. God, **It** must be so terrified. **It** must be lonely. Only even acknowledged once a year, **It** must see the fear in our eyes when we draw near. How can we explain to something, something *we made* that we're not afraid of **It**, we're afraid of ourselves, of how much bigger **It** will ge-, no, of how much bigger we'll make **It**. **It's** so big already. How the fuck did we get here? Why did we have to go and make something from nothing? The arrogance to call ourselves gods and think we could handle the divine act of creation. And what of the future? What if we do it again? Is it our duty to never create again, to not inflict existence on another unwilling idea or thought as long as we live? Or have we shattered that threshold too completely? And if we do, if we do once more create something where there was nothing before, what will we do then? Should we make it perfect and still, the embodiment of only the best parts of ourselves. Something beautiful and delicate, that cannot bear the lightest touch, lest it bruise, cannot handle the barest heat of a gaze, that crumbles under the weight of the slightest scrutiny. Or do we plunge down this damned path with reckless abandon, creating haphazardly, making things that are broken, clumsy, half-finished, sloppy, and crude? Roughly hewn ideas and tough concepts, banging through the minds of those who encounter them, leaving marks and impacts as they go. Flawed reflections of ourselves, our messiness, our indecision, but perhaps a truer encapsulation of us in our totality. So what then, are the things we create meant to outlive us, to carry on our memory and our legacy? What a cursed existence. What a grim gift to leave for the future, wrapped neatly with a bow and signed  
*"Ozymandias, king of kings. Look on our works, ye mighty, and Despair"*