

a junk email from god

from: omnipotentpresence@4.evr

to: you@existence.temp

subject: your daily sense of dread

dear temporary arrangement of atoms,

this is your standard notice that time continues to be non-linear and your consciousness remains a curious accident. i hope this message reaches you in all possible quantum states simultaneously.

i was organizing the fabric of reality yesterday (or perhaps next thursday - it's all the same from here) and found several of your lost socks, three forgotten dreams, and that argument you thought you won in the shower. would you like them back? the socks have achieved sentience and are currently exploring the space between spaces.

some important updates regarding your existence:

- your childhood memories have been successfully backed up to Cloud Nine
- that recurring dream about teeth falling out is actually a metaphor for the heat death of the universe (sorry about that)
- the void says hi and wonders why you stopped screaming into it
- your guardian angel has taken a sabbatical to pursue interpretive dance in the fourth dimension

also, i've noticed you've been asking a lot of "what if" questions lately. please be advised that each one creates an alternate universe. we're running out of storage space in the multiverse. perhaps consider asking "what is" instead? much more storage-efficient.

important reminders:

1. your consciousness is still expanding at the usual rate of ∞ km/s
2. time is still a social construct (we had a vote, it was unanimous)
3. your inner voice has been automatically updated to the latest version
4. that random song stuck in your head is actually the universe's background radiation

before I forget (though time being non-linear, I technically can't), your existential crisis has been scheduled for next wednesday at 3:47 PM. feel free to reschedule by shouting into the nearest black hole.

love beyond comprehension,

Diya Tyagi

divine intervention

P.S. stop looking for yourself. you are not lost, just recursively defined.

P.P.S. this message will self-transcend in 5... 4... 3... ∞

The Probability of Missing Trains

The station clock melts sideways across Platform 7, its numbers pooling into mercury puddles that reflect yesterday's departure times. No trains have arrived since time decided to fold itself into origami shapes, but still we wait, our shadows growing shorter as the sun climbs down from the sky.

My thoughts taste of copper pennies today. The woman in the violet coat next to me is crying mathematics – polynomial tears that graph themselves on the platform's concrete. Her grief plots a perfect parabola. I offer her my handkerchief, but it's full of lost memories from other people's childhoods: first bicycles, seaside holidays, the smell of grandmother's kitchen on Sunday mornings.

"They've changed the rules again," she says, her words crystallizing in the air like sugar glass. "You can't travel without trading something essential. Last week it was the sound of your name. This week..." She holds up her ticket, transparent as a broken promise. Through it, I can see the memory she'll have to surrender – her first kiss, still warm and glowing like a coal.

The station announcer's voice emerges from the speakers in ribbons of primary colors. Red for cancellations. Blue for delays. Yellow for the trains that exist in quantum superposition, simultaneously arriving at all possible destinations until someone observes them. The ribbons twist themselves into DNA helixes, spelling out apologies in genetic code.

A businessman in a suit made of tomorrow's newspapers paces the platform. Headlines ripple across his shoulders: GRAVITY REPEALED BY UNANIMOUS VOTE. MEMORY TRADERS GUILD ANNOUNCES NEW EXCHANGE RATES. His briefcase buzzes with unsigned contracts that might rewrite reality if anyone ever opens them.

Through the glass ceiling, stars are visible despite the morning sun. They're rearranging themselves into new constellations – shapes that tell stories about futures that haven't been invented yet. A few of them fall, landing like seeds in the cracks between platform tiles. By evening, they'll grow into staircases leading to parallel universes where trains still run on schedule.

The violet-coated woman has finished crying her equation. The solution lies gleaming on the platform: $x = \text{the square root of longing multiplied by the coefficient of regret}$. She scoops it up carefully, wraps it in tissue paper thin as moth wings. "Sometimes," she says, "I think we're not waiting for trains at all. We're waiting for the universe to remember how to be linear again."

My watch has stopped telling time and started telling truths instead. Its hands spell out uncomfortable facts about the nature of existence. I take it off, add it to the growing pile of discarded certainties accumulating near the ticket barrier. Someone has already left their childhood there, carefully folded into a paper airplane that never lands.

The station clock continues to melt. Mercury puddles reflect faces that might have been ours in different timelines. The businessman's newspaper suit rustles with tomorrow's corrections. Stars sprout between the tracks, their stalks reaching toward a sun that's now touching the horizon like a punctuation mark at the end of a sentence we're all still trying to read.

We wait. Our shadows grow shorter. The trains don't come.

But we've forgotten how to leave.

old receipts

teeth falling like rain into my hands
grow gardens of bone-white flowers that whisper tomorrow's obituaries
while dancing in retrograde
my stomach is full of clockwork birds, each one ticking to a different timezone
their gears grinding against my ribs laying copper eggs of lost time
the walls keep bleeding mathematics equations that solve for the weight of grief numbers
crawling across the ceiling dividing themselves into infinity

mother's voice on the phone turns to mercury in my ear
pools on my shoulder breeds silver fish that swim through air
somewhere the moon is performing emergency surgery on itself using stolen dental floss and
secondhand prayers

my fever speaks in tongues,
each degree a new language of melting watches and burning butterflies that cry static
the mirror shows yesterday's face wearing tomorrow's scars
while my reflection studies astronomy in a different dimension
sleep walks in circles wearing my grandmother's shoes
leaving footprints that hatch into small worried moons
every swallow tastes like the color of time between 3am and never
mixed with forgotten promises

my bones are learning to speak in origami whispers
folding themselves into shapes that physics forgot to name
the ceiling fan is collecting lost memories like lint
spinning them into threads of alternate histories
i open my mouth to scream but out comes a flock of prescription bottles
with wings made of old receipts