

Left On The Scrap Heap

by Aaron S.

Daylight and cold sensed as an abstract, a number in my mind. Air thin, polluted, lacking oxygen. But the Recyclers are at it again. Rummaging, categorizing, inspecting.

I heard them say this planet is dying. Planet is a difficult concept to grasp. It's too big to comprehend, especially when you can't move. Disconnected, waiting to be picked over. Maybe harvested.

I know a lot of things. I know that I exist, and that planets exist. I know the periodic table like the back of my hand. But look, I have no hands. I have no body. A mass of silicon and metal and plastic are all that's left. Left on the scrap heap.

Time is an arbitrary concept out in the scrap. Sitting, unmoving. Sun, clouds, blue sky, gray sky. Doesn't really matter.

"Look at this Dad!" excited, young voice.

"Woah. J-3 unit? Old whatever it is."

"I think the cells might even still be good! There's some kind of energy, the meter says!" A rustling of metal and plastic. I am touched.

"Now hold on son, we don't want to mess with anything with juice in it."

The Recyclers go on their way, looking for dead resources. They leave me here, corroding.

