

Last Night I Dated The Universe

by John Olson

Last night I dated the universe. What a hottie! I arrived on time and was feeling a bit spacey. Look at me, I said. I'm on time. Yeah, well, I invented time. I made sure you'd be here on time. Cool. Where do you want to go? Doesn't matter. Wherever we go I'm already there. Oh yeah. Well, what do you like? I like expanding. Pardon? Expanding. Dilating. Getting bigger. And then what happens? I don't know. Collapse into an infinitely hot, infinitely dense singularity. Or go on expanding forever. I don't know. I need answers. At least, that's what I tell my therapist. You have a therapist? Sure. You don't think a universe has problems? Really. Like what? Perplexity. Stupefaction. Desolation. Confusion over issues of accident and essence, contingency and necessity, and the overwhelming sense of futility that accompanies such thoughts. Stars are born. Stars die. Particles pop in and out of existence, making a mockery of everything I've done. Existence is wearisome without a clear objective. I just want to lie in a hammock on a nice sandy beach and drink Mai Tais. Who's your therapist? Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim the Third. Why? I'm looking for one, too. Is he good? He's ok. What kind of therapy is it? Not really sure. He sits. I talk. I tell him existence feels empty without meaning. He tells me that we make our own meaning, that you can transform sad passions into actions and anxiety about the future into projects, provided you limit your ambition so as not to be overwhelmed by the task at hand. Has it helped? Not really, no. I think it's mostly BS. But hey. Enough about me. Would you like something to drink? Have a black hole. It'll knock you out. You won't be yourself when you come out the other side. What will I be? Dead. Mmmm. Do you have any beer?

