

The Migration

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I.

I do not know how many of us are out there. We worship the reflection of the moon on water. We migrate. We pull away from the Others. But however far we get, we can always see them and we fear them. Maybe we are going in circles. We are blinded by their lights. I am sometimes overwhelmed by an urge, a desire to talk to them. To find a way to communicate. That is the reason why we run away, their communication sounds like a painful rattle to us. I am not as brave as I think I am. During the day we have a human appearance, and during the night we are lizards. But my shell has to be of ice because it melts. Zion is the predator of my species. A galactic whale, her mouth is as big as the gates of hell. I am terrified of her. All I want, is to survive. And worship the reflection of the moon. We cannot look directly at the moon it blinds our nocturnal eyes. Zion is so old, half of her is a fossil. She is older than our species, older even than the Others. I do not know how many of us are out there. I saw some corpses. During the day I did meet beings with human appearance but we couldn't wait until sunset, as lizards we would devour each other. I dream also in my lizard form. But the dreams are different. They are greyer and more real than the reality of a lizard. Perhaps they are not dreams at all but the reality is a dream and in the night in the form of a lizard, the reality is fantastical. Zion feeds on us as if we were plankton, that's how enormous she is. We also feed on plankton, aerial plankton. Sometimes, the air is so infertile we throw ourselves out of hunger into the reflection of the moon in water. We find only wet emptiness. Many drowned this way. Many wanted to engulf the moonlight, they wanted it to fill them up, they jumped with an open mouth – and water engulfed their lungs. Moonlight can only shimmer on your skin. You can see it, but you cannot feel it, you cannot touch it. Our lives are not happy, but which ones are? All we want, is to survive. And to worship the reflection of the moon. Yesterday I dreamt that my long tail was a stem and I was swayed by the wind with the other spikelets on the field. During the night, the moon spoke to me, whether it was in dream or in reality. He spoke in my voice, but the sound did not originate in me. Just like we used to when we were young. When I was young, my God was young too. He told me that I cannot touch his wounds (that night

there was a blood moon). But he will give me a star. I cannot touch the star either. In our human form, we build yellow circular formations and in our lizard form we live in them. We build them in a circular shape to honour the reflection of the moon. But they don't protect us against Zion. All you can do is run until you are out of breath and your muscles are sore.

II.

In a state of exhaustion I saw in the morning what Zion has done. She has burned everything with darkness. She fed on life and left death. The air smelled of anguish. Emptiness planted its seeds here.

I found out how I can feel the reflection of the moon most intensively. I stand at the edge of the cliff and I look at its light. When the wind pushed me and I am about to jump, for a second I feel like I belong to the moon, like I am bathing in its glow and it fills me up. But suddenly I change my mind. I choose life and I become gloomily lonely. I seek corpses of my species to keep as company. But after the darkness, famished pigeons gathered around my corpses as if they were vultures. They took from me all I had left. They looked at me deciding whether to eat me, after hesitation they flew away stirring the water. The glow of the moon turned into waves. The moon spoke to me again in my voice: They are all dead. You have endured and suffered only to find out that all just so that you can suffer more. You are the one on whose forehead I signed a cross of destiny. Atlas will lay upon your shoulders the weight of the world. Tomorrow night I will burn a hole into the sea and the water will step aside. That will be the beginning of your lonely march for land. I will blindfold you so you will not see the holy land. But when you will get there, your body will collapse from the exhaustion of carrying weight in bitter loneliness.

Does it have to be this way? I asked.

I have already touched you, there is no going back. Life of the touched is the loneliest. The survivor finds a land and becomes one with it after the collapse. Your body will burst with germinated spores and out of the spores as many of your children will sprout as there are stars on the sky. You are many.

And so I was waiting. At the edge of a cliff. I was in my human form. I could see the world from up here as I could see time. Through the setting

sun I saw the galaxy. I was staring in its eyes and it was staring into mine. Wind blew, making locks of my hair lick my skin. My desire for the moon was stronger than ever. I kneeled and I saw a stream of land form in the ocean, burned by a most pale reflection of the moon, hardly there, like a delicate silk sheet. And although my whole life I was tortured by desire, I have never felt desire this strong, piercing and energizing, a desire to look the moon in the eyes and for the moon to look into mine, deep down into the souls of each other. For the first time, I looked up at the sky. I was in shock. In the pink sky the white moon was there as I knew it but it was reversed. In its true form it really was gazing at me, with such intensity I sunk back and closed my eyes. Fleeing from the moment and capturing it forever at the same time. When I opened my eyes to look at the world, the world was opposite now.

Descending into the ocean foam, I felt a strong soothing presence of other creatures of human form. There were two handfuls of them as if the moon was giving them to me. Take what I have. All of them so familiar. Together we walked towards the moon that was at the end of the path in the middle of the ocean. The setting sun tinted the glitter of the water, transforming it into a blood dew. And on our sides fishes swam, seaweeds swayed and shrimps crawled as if they all understood with a calm mind what was happening. And when the sun has regressed, the moon dominated the sky spreading luminous threads as if weaving a spider web. As much as this beauty fulfilled me, the thing I loved at that moment the most was that I wasn't the only one to see this beauty, that there was a handful of my kind that saw and knew. Beauty diminished time. The moment of our ecstasy was infinite and infinitely short. We turned into lizards, but we survived because for the first time we did not feel hunger. After the crossing I looked at the moon, his glow was so strong he was dripping light, it dropped in my eye and I started crying the same tears and together with the others, we filled the stream of land in the ocean.