

**For lo, the next world,  
though it is still just a dream,  
is coming.**

**And it may be great, or it may be terrible,  
but it is up to each of us.**

**And we tiny neurons in the sleeping mind of a giant,  
I dream  
you dream  
and our dream is its dreams**

**And the giant was afraid of itself, so it divided itself up  
into tiny little parts, and the parts hated each other,  
and now it has self loathing and chronic pain.**

**And the giant was in love with itself, so pushed its ugliness  
under the surface, where it grew uglier and uglier  
and its beauty grew terrible.**

**And the giant didn't think about how it was going to die  
some day, so it trodded on and on, and it grinded  
itself down until it was sick and desperate and it  
forgot about what matters.**

**and the giant wants to change**

**and resisting that desire is all of its habits and patterns**

**and it's begging us now,  
a quiet prayer,  
in a dark room:**

**Light a candle.  
Prepare for Aftermath.**

