

beneath the ergosphere, or:

*a eulogy for the dread comet frame-dragged across a faded blanket of starstuff, or
a love letter to the lonely in you.*

to play you will need:

solitude, a dark room, and the funeral march for a celestial body.



you are a comet.

you hurtle through space and time.

you hurtle to your demise.

you are frozen.

and yet, as you enter the inescapable grasp of the black hole,

flowers bloom from you.

you are dying.

spacetime bends around you as you are engulfed into nothingness.

you cannot stop moving as you descend through the ergosphere, but

you become timeless.



you deliver your own eulogy.

what did you mean to the stars?

what were they to you?

what constellation do you leave behind, now incomplete?

or were you always alone?



you state your final thoughts.

you are deconstructed and consumed.

cut the music, and

sit in the silence of your own obliteration.

quinn b. rodriguez, or @quinnntastic_

not available for redistribution. can be livestreamed with credit.