

3) The Recent Present:

to move or not to move

I am uncertain and afraid, afraid and uncertain.

I wish I could define/recall exactly what it was out there that had roused me from my aeons hibernation.

Or was it internal?

Not a one of my senses registers anything. If someone had indeed been trying to communicate with me, then they have given up, assumed no-one here, and moved on.

My camouflage, I am reassured, is effective.

Too effective?

With just the thought of company again, with being in giddy communication with my own kind, after so very long, so long alone... I don't want them to have given up.

I see my mind drumtight, pierced by their needles of light.

But what if it is the paraphrastic primitives back and they simply, and clumsily — they prided themselves on their boorishness — what if it was they who had triggered one of my subliminal alarms?

Carefully, carefully, minimal pulse, a metaphorical arachnid delicately touching a toe to each of its webs' radial strands, I test each sense point. (The geomagnetic part of myself, being indistinguishable from that of the planet, has remained these millennia receptive to some communication.) And there are no dressed-up quasi-primitives blundering here.

Then what?

I am so afraid. What if it is a sniggering trap? What if they are no longer deceived by my stony inertia? What if they, going against their creed/nature, have learnt?

But I am so alone.

Never did I think that I would crave quite so much, nor so intensely, the company of my own kind.

Is this any kind of life? Just being alive?

In the beginning of our eternities socio-philosophers asked what, for most of us, is life for? Not its biological ever-reproductive purpose, but what is being alive, staying alive, for?

They eventually decided that, for the individual, it is to feel useful, to be of some account to those around us.

Who, around me, is calling me awake?

The time has come to risk all, to chance my life, my continued existence, to endanger my

eternity, and to move.