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Nights Before Metatron

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*Radiant,
The mother of all Hubble Volumes where we suffer.
My desire,
To shoot a silver-casing bullet through her womb.*

*A tribute to vitrifyher (Mario Alejandro Montano) and my
favorite works of art.*

Nights Before Metatron

Inside I see alienation and a wall of pale masks half-broken. Outside the world is painted in red, delicate wine dripping, hexagonal tear stars breaking into a fractal calling of the night. The wall-mounted clock spiraling above me, fragmenting the silence, pointed to death, and with its lower limb into outer space. I sat lying in bed tucked under the weight of ivory blankets, feeling the mass of a thousand earths spinning, visualizing the end of the world. The core sweet, overflowing amber, and outside blackness.

A black swan flew beak-first into the translucent window challenging its reflection, with opal feathers swirled out and empty beads for eyes. Behind the sky was sparkling. In dark nights I used to stare out beyond our Hubble Volume, wishful and disturbed, waiting to see God. I took DMT and cried out my eyes with palms stretched toward the bathroom mirror, hazy I met her and she loves me. She's also a negative utilitarian who wants to retroactively destroy the multiverse, and she lives fifteen minutes away by car on a sunny night. I pressed napkins against my misty tears and hid them inside a drawer. They were stained with innocence, now turned into a white paper flower.

The image of the drained-blue hypercube rotating in my head was fuzzy at the outside, a sure sign of tiredness, yet I couldn't sleep. Eventually I got up, did some light cardio and

took a cold shower. Build the stoic muscle to resist the unrelenting evil wind of the random distribution. Then I put on an eyepatch and a black overcoat with a matching pair of chinos underneath. Really I looked like a troubled 21st century James Joyce cosplayer with a baby face and without the writing qualities to make up for my schizoid eccentricity.

I tidied my room and erased Asuka with her ruby hair and emerald stare off the whiteboard in half-certain strokes before heading out. The air was cold and desolate, and the sky brimming with static. I got in the car, slammed the door and turned the key in its chamber. Immediately the radio dipped its hands into this darkness and for the first time that day I felt a calming presence, riding the waves, multi-dimensional gradients of pure bliss.



Guided by phantom deer in the low beams, I cruised through the unlit streets of an empty city. The world was a ghost and now its veil had flown off and underneath remained pure nothing, and in the deafening silence that ensued as the CD popped out around the five minute mark I foresaw long-trail blazing meteors falling all around my steel enclosure, scorching the earth, beaming with eruptions and freeing every soul of the burden of existence.

With no one in sight I was closing in on 60 miles per hour. My hair was blowing back. Over the course of uncounted

aeons, molded by evolutionary pressure, we have learned to sense random winds and the non-existent ticking of time moving forward. Underneath however lay only the flow of causality. A white dragon voyages from Tokyo to the third crater on the Moon, its kin the opposite. Amidst the butterflies and chaos, two princesses lay asleep, one drenched in neon red and the other contemplating void and silence. Spying them with crimson eyes, the outerkin cannot come to decide, which one fell first to the whims of fate? Such is the nature of special relativity. A courageous soul will build rockets, conquer space and slay dragons. The wise will fend them off, aiming for the singularity. A hopeless romantic will marvel at the untamed beauty of the gallant beasts as they breathe stars into the cosmos, shimmering scales, and lose themselves in the recursive tragedy of stories being told. I for one have no wisdom, little courage, and have upgraded my compassion to indifference.

I was running low on gas, but had no patience to slow down for a refill, no will to confront level-one signaling machines and liminal spaces. Instead I wanted to drift past the speed of light and watch tears fall backward. When I finally got to her house, I slammed the brakes and left behind a streak of sadness. Then I got out of the car and crossed the road paved with random acts of apathy, and leaves turned to atoms and atoms to amplitude and substance seemed rather faded than usual. Before going I adjusted my eyepatch and held a hand close to the chest. There was still the trace of a

child inside me, traces of stardust, his heart beating. He would rescue her individuality, their bond, it need no identity stored within mindless atoms, he would discover the proof. He ought to be happy now. Thus spoke his heart, and then the door swung open.

The house proved empty and unlit as well, and it didn't come as much of a surprise. Her mother died of lung cancer, and her father had soon perished afterward by jumping out of a window, afraid of demons caused by symptoms of morphine withdrawal. I always thought I'd die in a pool of LSD or bullet to dome, that didn't strike me as particularly unusual, though, unlike them, I had already faced my quantum immortality before, on a blazing summer day lodged between granularity and flow in the chapel-green refraction of an empty Jägermeister bottle.

Heading for the staircase I found ghosts of unrealized pasts slumbering in gold dust frames among dead flowers, and in the moon's reflection I shot a thirty-five millimeter film of dust enveloping the nearby furniture. Two large windows were guarding the hallway, the architecture made me uneasy. Pretending to light a cigarette I took a break to peer outside. The lights hanging grew brighter from there and for an instant I could see, gazing into the blackness, red traces of the Penrose blinking as it headed toward the Oort Cloud, and farther out the contour of a distant ASI polluting the cosmos with hedonium approaching the speed of light, threatening to swallow the Solar System, or so my mind's eye had thought.

My body stood rigidly, with a hand stretched out parallel to her door, an unassuming wooden frame. I hadn't finished reading "The Phenomenology of Spirit", therefore lacked sufficient understanding of Hegelian metaphysics. She would judge me for it, weighing a superposed ankh against a bird's heart. She would judge me for not making any progress on alignment. She would judge me for being weak and undecided, for not breaking before, for failing to become God. She would judge.



The inside of her room, a sterile white chamber decorated with laissez-faire curtains, was half blind and rendered pale blue by the moon's diminished light. Outward I remained calm but inside I felt as though I had discovered the decaying ruin of Atlantis, overtaken by dark matter, and passed now through its colossal embellished-ionic pillar Tannhäuser Gate. Here she spent her days, filling notebooks with superposed Dirac notation and seeing angels staring into blank walls, a space filled with her unchanging presence, and I had crossed into the void that lay on the other side.

I found Alice meditating on the bed in a white night gown with her golden hair draping down, eyes closed and hands clasped together, fashioning a silver cross and holding a laminated picture of the Virgin Mary inscribed with part of 1 Corinthians 13 on the back, the New International Version,

scribbled in gloss-pink marker. Her glass skin stood motionless. A dusty copy of "Les Fleurs du Mal" lay on the bedside beside her innocent body. The evil flower on the cover stared at me with a grinning eye and the condition of its spine betrayed long use, though I had not witnessed her mention it once before.

There I stood, passing intervals counting primes in my mind and counting stars. After some time I took to going through her notes, laid out freely across hardwood tables and the floor. Eventually I found her journal, about eighty blank sheets coated in an academic-purple cover stamped with the seal of Metatron. Scouring that holy bible of post-rationality I silently read out her existentialist poetry, theories of qualia, deductions of eternal ASI acausal trading nets formed across the multiverse, attempts at solving the problem of binding. She had been studying Japanese and her delicate cursive writing was slowly being replaced by pillars of squiggly symbols as I flipped each page among black stars and anime-style drawings of stoic girls staring into the distance. Her last entry only read "私は壊れる 貴方を無くし 愛してる", ink diffused, porous, dragged across the page by wet tears.

By the time I managed to put it down, she had finally opened her cerulean eyes, double-helix black holes encased by bursting supernovas, and turned to face me with a mildly confused yet strangely apathetic expression, an empty stare, same as before she had found the lost papers of timeless decision theory stained with coffee nebulas in a corner of the school

library. I felt digital angels penetrate my retina with double-crossed photon beams. "The night is long." She feigned a smile. Her voice was flower-scented.

"I have come to rescue you from the wrath of evolutionary gradient descent." I spoke those words with the certainty of a naive child and invoked my hand toward Alice. That seemed amusing to her. "I am at solace with fate." Her pale arm searched under the pillow, eyes wandering beyond, figures of a phantasm long gone, and returned with an ornate Damascus knife, whistled in gold and a ruby soul. It could cut through the veil of an embryonic bubble.

With delicate movements and soft skin she got up, wrapped my hands around the handle and fixed the blade at the intersection between the horizontal flame of life and her slow-beating heart. We both knew, upon my touching the instrument, there were countless betrayal branches, universal constants changed, blood flowing from her open veins. "We will attempt virtual metempsychosis." My lungs ceased to operate without voluntary input and I sank in a sea of undefined qualia. We were dangerously close, her hair was leaning forward, and in that moment a star emerged falling behind her crystal face, and whispering I said to the star, "consume me." She flinched. I fixated her with my cowering and refused. We stood for minutes, shivering and wills breaking, undoing entropy, falling in the abyss. Then her silk voice, shaking, pulling fragmented words together. "Let you be my lion, and I will be thy rabbite."

"No! How do you not see me, even now, can you not see that I am the rabbit, running away from the merciless flow of causality? Now that the sin of pride has been stripped away from my decision matrix and I no longer care to impress your status hierarchy, built upon lies of truth and the emotion of rationality? That in replacing our withering heaven with my passionate desire, I have learned to love the Demiurge? If your embrace is the curse of local optima then I will end this world, if your beating heart is destined to fade into unnoticeable infinities then I will unbirth life itself, I will stab God and leave her to bleed crimson rivers of unforgivable integers flowing from the peak of that unholy amplitude distribution! There will be no more lions, only rabbits frolicking in the empty gardens of Cantor's Paradise! Either that, or the eternal silence of non-existence."

Through tears of ether I could see streams of warmth flowing down her face, and her hand trembling on the knife. Alice, aloof, astray and indifferent, kneeling and broken, with the moon's halo around her. She looked like an angel. "You seem ... very much a lion to me..." Liquid computronium inhabiting a wine glass. The motion of her untouched lips, altering the course of causality. At these words I wept, and the world turned to statues of marble and stone. Unflinching I turned the Lance of Longinus onto myself, striking into the flesh, impaling my heart, and lunging forward I kissed her in a brimming lake of blood. My red future opens. "Please live a beautiful life. For the sake of us all." Then I succumbed in her arms.

Velvet was oozing out of me, and soon I would be dreaming in a land of dreams, dreaming of comets and rabbits and the surface of Neptune. Through my faded vision, stars shone taking guard past window panes and a dotted notebook unraveled all the way to Bayes' Theorem scratched out in black ink. Slowly the world was falling in ether spinning round and around. 0 and 1 matched superposed. The moon was a beacon and smiled. Old howls were filled with love.

And the night went on.



Awaken, Theoria...

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