

# Picture This

Picture this. A blazing hot sun, and the pearly white sand between your toes, running down like grainy raindrops to the ground. The earth, practically baking under your feet. It's so enthralling that you must just lie down and bask in the sun and all of its glory. Picture this. Your hands, dragging through the sand like gigantic razor blades, cutting down wheat. Your hands, like the hands of God. Forming mountains out of the earth, and crushing them all the same. Meanwhile, you form valleys and lakes with their briny water flowing back, back to its birthplace. That shining blue too far away for your liking, you must know what lurks beneath the waves. Picture this.

When you stand up, when you leave where you sit, what would the people you've created say? These valleys, these mountains, are in the shape of a man! But oh so much bigger than a man. Where before there was nothing, you have created what others would soon describe as extraordinary. You crush the fortifications of man on accident; you can completely decimate a castle with just one kick. Picture this. The salt begins to seep its way into your nose; it's overwhelming power seems to dim all other smells in the world. The crisp air, slowly drying out your senses and your mind, like your brain being pulled through one nostril and the sea always beckoning, "Come to mee!, Come to mee!" But you don't. You stand up, leaving the mountains and valleys you've created behind and progress onwards. Further down you see one lush green tree, defiant. Grass wrapped around their roots like a baby clings to its mother, shielding all from the blaze of the sun. Picture this.

The earth beneath your feet is not like the sand you just left, it is cold, cool and collected. Where sand is loose, fine and fiery, earth is unmoving and steadfast. Where before there was nothing living but the kelp on the shore and the ants crawling across unimaginable infinite desert, there is new vibrant life. Before the vast desert had no end in sight, but water always in reach. Now, there is an abundance of life

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in the small sanctuary provided by the ever-loving oak tree. It's darkened armor the host of a thousand species, its earth the home of untold numbers, it stands separate from its surroundings and humans flock to its inky-black shade. All life can be found under its canopy. Even you. Picture this.

The eternal and ever-loving oak has transformed into the steel supports of a monolith, a massive monstrosity that spews its frothing hate into the open ocean. Pieces of bone and scale bubble from the green depths that have replaced the beautiful, infinite, blue. Where before an endless stretch of desert stood, now you can see nothing but brick and mortar giants, populating forever. Wooden spikes dug into the heart of the ants eternal home. The air is tangy and thick with the unnatural scents of Man, the sea calling now, calling to you, "Help meee! Help meee!" Where before your valleys and mountains stood high and mighty. There is not a remnant to be found. The fortifications of man have progressed, and you can no longer break them with one mighty kick. Where before the pearly white sands stood untouched and loved, there is nothing but the diseased colors of the earth. The blazing sun has not diminished at all, but no longer do you long to bask in its glory, now you must hide from its endless hate.

Picture this.