

# ISSUES OF OUR TIME

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## Godot Alone

Jessica Bloom

*We stand on the edge breathless,  
Poised at a nexus in the ages,  
That tense pause between the heartbeats of  
Human history.*

*There is so much to regret,  
So many people and creatures to whom  
I want to apologise on behalf of my  
Species, as though everything in me is turned to  
Water, and forces itself out through my  
Eyes, unhindered and uncontrollable.*

*My world floats between the crests of a  
Roaring ocean. In our centreless, borderless cosmos,  
My hindsight is blinded, and nothing can be  
Prophesied, except possibility.*

*Within us, down below that level on which  
We are all the same, where the laws of the  
Universe collapse, there is a mystery,  
There is silent quantum music.*

*We are stardust, in the full and awful  
Glory of our potential,  
Eyeing the future askance,  
Seeking direction from  
Deaf-mute gods or particle smashers,  
Lost on the shores of the sea.*

JESSICA BLOOM

*Creatures of the new morality,  
With no-one to watch us,  
We stand on the sands of an unfinished time,  
Seizing our freedom.  
Eli, eli, lama sabachthani?*

**M**y God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Because I forsook you first, whisperer, and yet your memory still clings to my dreaming.

Five thousand years is a very long time in human history. Five thousand years spent worshipping at the altar of the ... what? Irrational? Afraid? Chimerical? All the passion, all that obsessive adoration, all our Love could not will our Yahweh into existence. Beyond the fire-lit shadows of the senses there is nothing.

I prayed so often and so long; playing God and havoc with my mind — He will come tomorrow, the day after ... How could I have been so wrong? I tried so desperately — perhaps if I observed the rules with enough dedication the cosmos would see fit to reward me: with truth, with the restoration of the sanity I desired — with certainty, the home to which a consciousness in crisis attempts to return. Certainty, the cosmic mother, whose arms are so frequently not there to offer the comfort we crave.

Mine is a story of yearning. The history of the world ... in dreams, in sad delusions. The tattered remnants of the cause to which I devoted my life fall like twisted feathers around my shoulders. I am Icarus descending, spiralling from the heavens.

Estragon? Vladimir? Where are you now, now that I am free to come to you? The tree, the road, the rope ... A trinity, we: the man, and the two unholy ghosts. I have waited long enough under my own tree, tried to hang myself without ever quite getting there, considered so often the option of simply leaving, but ... staying. Waiting one night longer. One more prayer falling on ears that lost their hearing before the evolution of the humans who would appeal to them for understanding. Once

more, the Sh'ma, dissolving so readily into the muffling silence that it is as though I never spoke. Hear, O deafest Israel, lost on the shores of the sea.

There is a terror in the truth, a danger and a lack of limitation that leaves the future like an abyss into which I am terrified to look. I sometimes wish I could go back, even to flawed guidance, rather than be forced to decide for myself. More — being forced to replace my Yahweh. To be my own Lord of Hosts, for this is necessary, if I want to truly live. All the worship, all the care that I lavished on my lonely deity must now be my own. I must learn to love myself for my humanity, not for being an extension, an instrument, of the Father. This is not easy.

*Nothing matters — not my life,  
Nor the constant silent turning of my  
World, my sun.*

*As I flew near the stars on the wings of my ambitions,  
I felt the ceaseless path of light across the Universe.  
My joys, my sorrows, and my black despair are transitory  
— mere flickers in the deepest shadows of space.  
All my wonder, all my longing for glory, are tethered to the  
Life of my small planet, ever trembling on the  
Brink of chaos.*

*For all its complexity,  
If my Earth were to be flung into uncharted darkness,  
Nothing would happen.  
Far-distant suns would continue to  
Shine over empty worlds, giving light to other  
Planets drifting in infinite immensity lost, lonely and insignificant.*

*There is a rage in me, a violence,  
A desire to destroy and burn and  
Bring with me bloody anarchy.  
My soul is prone to hurricanes and  
Tidal waves, and in the crashing tumult  
|My reason can sometimes barely cling to*

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*Driftwood, tossed and almost  
Sunk in the shadow of towering waves.*

*I am the fire, I am the Flood,  
I am wild Romantic omnipotence.*

*But I am also the calm and the quiet of  
Soft, cold breezes under rain-washed,  
Glittering, black skies.*

*There is a peace within me, a stillness,  
That yearns for sparkling silence and the  
Frigid majesty of light waves in space.*

*Who am I, this clash of opposites,  
Who finds catharsis in revolution and  
Happiness in the velvet vacuum of  
That old, infinite darkness?*

*I believe that I am everyone,  
That in all our human psyches  
Cataclysmic forces thunder, the tense  
Unity of which creates the  
Complexity that is the reason that  
I love you.*



**Jessica Bloom** wrote this essay in 2007 when she was in Year 12 at St Catherine's School, Waverley, New South Wales.