

# Terrible Emmanuel

*Chris Haven*

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Terrible Emmanuel Expounds upon Declining to be Crucified

These people have nothing to atone. They are as he made them. They are lesser and will always be so. Besides, anything less than eternal suffering is no suffering at all. If anything should be atoned, it is creation itself. Emmanuel is the one in need of the savior. But still, Emmanuel permutates: Suppose a human tried to be God, for even a day. Could a human groove the plants and the trees, the quarks and the strings? Hit the sweet spot on the orbits of the planets? Contain the dark matter? Sink a turnaround J in the teeth of the D? There are battles to be fought. We're talking eternity here. The universe is not a playground. It's a battlefield. The wages of the divine are steep. Oh, he's been tempted to give it a try. But they are incapable. If they had one day as alpha, they would end as omega. That he knows this, let that be sacrifice enough for them.

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## Terrible Emmanuel Dreams

Emmanuel can curl time, put a ribbon in it if he wants, turn back to something like zero, except in his mind. Sleep is not the state they think. Sleeping is living. Waking is living. Sleeping is not death, does not require an absence. Sleeping is a state of waking. Being dead is not the same as never having existed. It's all there. He can't get to it now, in this body, but it's there. Sometimes when he dreams he thinks he can reach it. The little girls that suffered. The ones that didn't but still died. The ones who made it without bumping into hardly anything. It's his, after all, all this dreaming. A little generator of the mind. Hard, even for him, not to want to make meaning of it. Making things is fun. It's the only thing. Even making things that aren't real. He does it all the time. It's the only way those people he made are like him.