

Dear Friend,

I have been going to a lot of museums lately and I think I finally got it. It's very simple. The world is wrapping around itself. I did not have to map it out. It came to me in a dream, but don't let anybody know that. If they ask, it's the result of a lifelong study of someone who kept falling into either side of the fence. I'm not really a scientist as you know, but then again, I'm not really anything.

I had a dream about molecular orbitals, which are not really a thing, or a place, but rather the possibility of a place, a specific area where someone was most likely to stumble upon the electron hovering around the nuclei of a molecule, like a carefully designated dog park for the neighbourhood atoms. If you draw these areas, types of molecular orbitals look like a number of things. My favourite looks like a plump butterfly. The one I had a dream about looks a lot like a small bundle of asparagus. Despite the mixed feelings of my waking life, I watched it in my dream with curiosity and love.

The other thing I dreamt about was not unlike the stone of a fruit, and it wasn't until I woke up that I knew what it was: a prehistoric obsidian blade core. A little thing like a bullet or an egg, ridged throughout its length. It was what was left from a piece of obsidian when the tool-smith had chipped off all the little blades they could. A practice as I understand about two million years old, give or take according to regions I suppose. It was trash in its time, but now cores like this can be found in several museums.

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When I woke up I decided to draw the two things side by side and, guess what. They looked almost identical.

There it was. The whole spectrum of human technology. The cosmic dust that makes up everything is identical to prehistoric junk found in a well. From the hands' work to the deepest insides of the hands themselves. Between all these a straight line drawn through time, or through space, or through the possibility of space. A line going through the possibility of us perhaps existing, perhaps found in the bottom of a well, perhaps wrapping still around a cosmic bobbin.

It was the middle of the night. I was very groggy and I missed you. I tried to imagine the little orbitals that made up you, and all I could remember were your hands full of salt, chipping off bar nuts.

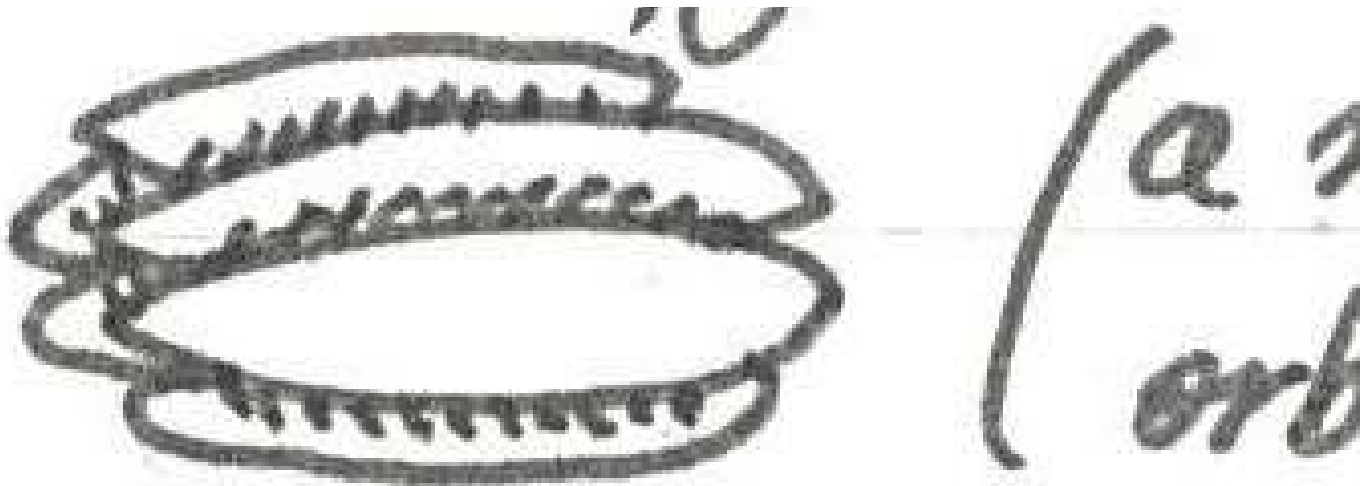
My dream comforted me, I was glad to finally know what the world was up to, and a universe spooling around itself meant that we would meet again.

And so I'm writing to you, because I wanted you to know too. I hope this letter finds you.

(Well.)

Love,  
Clio

P.S. If you're reading this, then it's for you.



<sup>1</sup>Clio Velentza lives in Athens, Greece. She has been a writer in residence at Dickinson House, Belgium (2015), and awarded in the 4th National Short Story competition of Diavasame.gr (2011). Her fiction and non-fiction has appeared in *21 New Voices*, *Gravel Magazine*, *The Vignette Review*, *Whiskey Paper*, and *Atlas & Alice*, amongst others.