

GIVE ME THE EYES

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Give me the Eyes

by Ampersand

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

This book is dedicated to Bee,

If it had been anyone else
It wouldn't have hurt enough

“At this very moment in time, I regret nothing.” I stood in front of a council of undulating masses of matter, trapped inside a carbon prison, the greed of its outer valence holding me back from phasing back into my body, back down to Earth where reality was more real. The sentient masses roared into a cacophony,



gesticulating around their auras at each other and myself tearing the universe with energy from their rage. The tallest mass became taller still and calmed the crowd into gentle cadence, then came closer to me, seemingly trying to get me to understand it, understand them.

I don't, I refused to listen. I refused to turn my ears on and closed my eyes and shook my head. These creatures kidnapped me, imprisoned me, and expected me to repent for my sins. For what sins exactly you may wonder as I did when I found myself between worlds one afternoon instead of back home from my run. I had opened my apartment door and found myself stepping into a new reality entirely, an accusatory one filled with rage, anger, disappointment, & shame. The aliens couldn't communicate well in human pathways but they could entangle me with their

strings in the universe and allow me to feel how they felt. The novelty of the approach quickly wore off as I felt all of my nerves on fire, not with pain but something else, something bold, heavy, present.

I focused my attention on the visual clutter beyond the bars of my cage. Some creatures were tall, some were wide, others had no eyes but multiple mouths, some had only eyes where every other feature should have been; ears, nose, mouth, hair, arms, hands, fingers were all eyes. They weren't human eyes but I could tell they were meant for perceiving, allowing the creature to have extraordinary observations about the universe. The creature was using its eyes to open rifts in space time, pulling out prey with slender tendrils that alternated between feeding the creature and cleaning the abyss of eyes. It didn't seem that interested in the proceedings. I decided this monster was my favorite.

Without warning, the tallest one infiltrated my neurons & recalled memories in a rather non consensual manner. I was forced to replay all of my sins on repeat until I screamed in terror & acquiesced to their demands. I recognize now what I have done & I begged the council for forgiveness, to give me a crutch, an aid, a guide to help me not stray from my path again. “Give me the eyes,” I screamed, “give me all of the eyes in the universe to watch over me and protect my soul!”

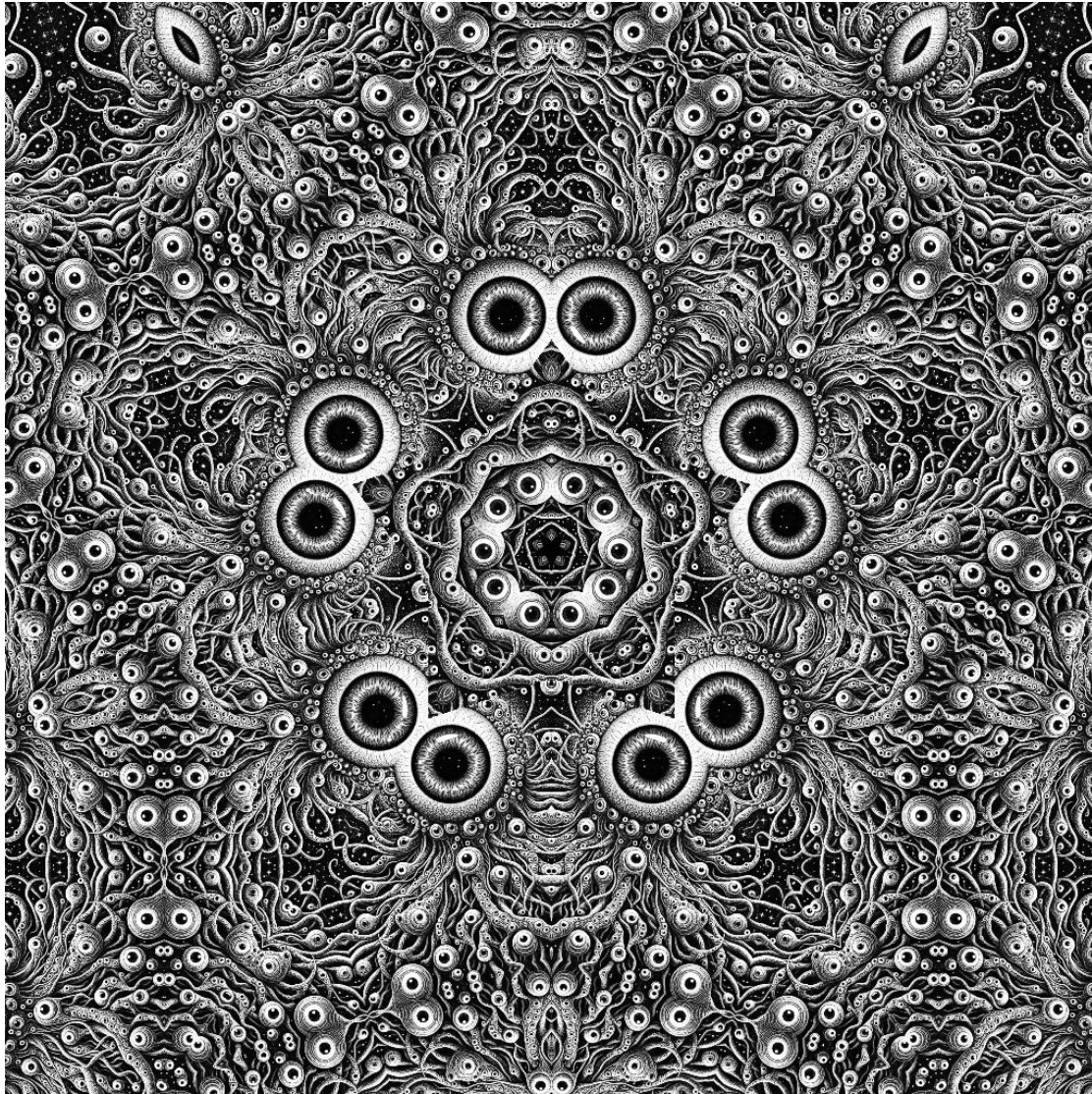
You see, I have a curse, & I wasn't abiding by my curse because of my human obstinance. I thought I could overcome my curse by sheer human willpower; billions of humans have existed before me sharing their consciousness in order to provide me with the fortitude to fight the universe. I forced myself to raise my head high, to power my mass through time & space in the most efficient manner possible, I refused to give into my curse, to turn my head down & face the reality of my ever present situation.

I refused to see the bugs, as they were and will be, littering the pathways that I trampled upon, I refused to make way for them, altering my trajectory for them, shortening my stride or altering my strike to ensure their

survival. I see them everywhere, all the time, through all the eyes in the universe, I see all the bugs. The universe gave me this curse for a purpose greater than I had previously realized & now I have more eyes than ever before to perceive them all.

The eyes spoke a language my neurons can never comprehend. In all of the vastness of the universe, between the crevices of nothing, intertwined with emptiness, sprawled out over eons of organic data stitched

into the
every being
ever been
the
of the eyes.
all, all the
opened,
locked



fiber of
that has
& will be is
language
They see it
doors ever
shut, then
never to be

approached again in all of time and space. They see all the grains of sand riding within the waves of the ocean, forever altering the landscape one micron of silicone at a time. It is not just a matter of dimension, a lack of perspective from a flat landscape of comprehension us mere double eyed organisms suffered from. The eyes did not merely see all of the universe, they are the universe. All of it. I could now see all the bugs, even the ones inside of myself. All at once.

An ordinary individual may have flattened under the pressure of the eyes, but the infinite pressure of knowledge felt like a warm blanket on a cold night, pressing into me, protecting me from the elements that I could conceptualize as dangerous but had no true knowledge or appropriate appreciation for having grown fully within the comforts of post-industrial human modernity. The eyes felt like an upgrade to modern life. I felt

rich, flush with the universal currency that would be understood by all sentient beings, not cash or credit as so coveted by the current overlords of humanity, but knowledge. Especially knowledge degraded into wisdom which would fetch a price greater than all the gold on Earth, all the platinum, silver, rhodium, osmium, iridium, gallium, tellurium, mercury, ruthenium, germanium, palladium, indium, beryllium, & rhenium as well.

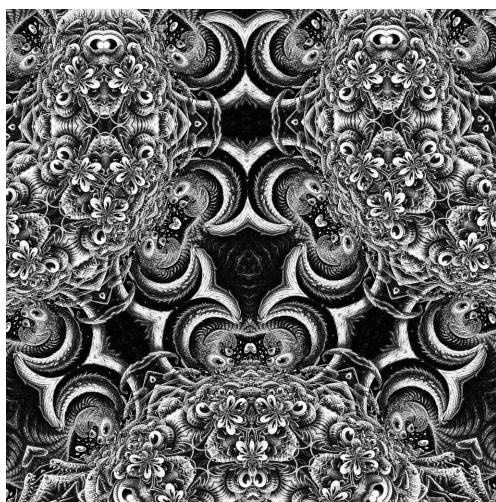
Knowledge is what I have gained through my obstinance, a curse that was gifted to me to perform the difficult labor of converting it into said wisdom. A difficult task. I felt ready to prove my worth to the universe as a whole and finally do my part for this wonderfully endless & infinite playground of perspectives from all sentience in the Universe.

With my newfound perspective of every single fiber of the universe drifting in & out of my conscious state constantly at speeds greater than my human neurons could comprehend, I felt refreshed & capable of taking on my new daily task. So I set forth to perform said activities & mind the bugs, all of them at all times everywhere at once always.

It went fine for the first few lifetimes. Bugs drifted in & out of my conscious awareness, being perceived, observed, acknowledged, understood, but mostly perceived. It was easiest to simply perceive them, they didn't seem to mind & it caused me no discomfort to do so. Trying to understand them was a slight challenge as bugs had a different set of needs & desires, stories & lives that I found hard to comprehend as a fully sentient being.

As I perceived the bugs individually, although sometimes as a group, I meandered through time & space in a fashion becoming of my species but only up until the point in which I attempted to defy the laws of the universe & move between electron boundaries of another fully sentient being & wound up in an entirely new perspective in a novel part of the universe.

Fully sentient, I am fully sentient, I am fully sentient. This endeavor of maintaining my position in the universe in such a novel manner must have shorted something in my brain. I can no longer perceive the bugs. Oh well. I did my diligence, I did my calling, my destiny, my ascribed duties, my sworn duties, my holy duties, my rite of passage, my test of humanity.

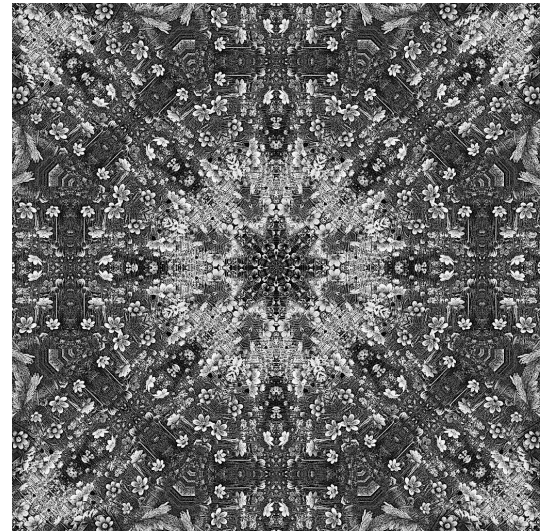


Having reduced my perspective to a single pair of stereoscopic color vision input devices, I began to perceive new things in the universe yet again. So many non bug objects appeared in front of me. Trees, grass, and bushes all vying for their chance at "Best Shade of Green in the Forest" for the year. Little flowers with

contrasting purples, pinks, & red, shrunk themselves as to not diminish the natural beauty of the sea of green. These beautiful little flowers remained small so as to not call attention to themselves, they bowed to a higher purpose, that of perspective & respect for what the trees, bushes, & grass provided to the forest.

Then came the river, it came rushing through, filled to the edges, in a fast, violent stream. It carried helpless broken branches, abandoned leaves, and adventurous ducks who would set forth in an uncontrollable direction at uncontrollable speeds. They left the outcomes to the gods who bestowed such a bounty of water onto the land. The water spilt upon the land, darkening the soil, forcing itself against the grains of decaying plant material with the aid of gravity.

The scenery in front of my stereoscopic color vision was so phenomenal, so life-altering, so absolutely beyond beauty but true excellence and mastery of the material, life imitating art as it were. I was stunned silent, so blissful for having had the experience to witness such a carefully crafted blend of tree, bush, flower, grass, water, dirt, bird, bee, fish, deer, & rock that my ability to think beyond what my brain was currently processing was lost. I couldn't think, I couldn't react, I couldn't recall, I couldn't criticize, I couldn't hypothesize, I couldn't process anything beyond a second of recollection. I hoped my brain would save this scenery in my brain



forever so I could replay it whenever I was sad. I felt truly gifted by the universe. There was simply not a single bug in sight to perceive, not a one, none, just a slight hum surrounded me.

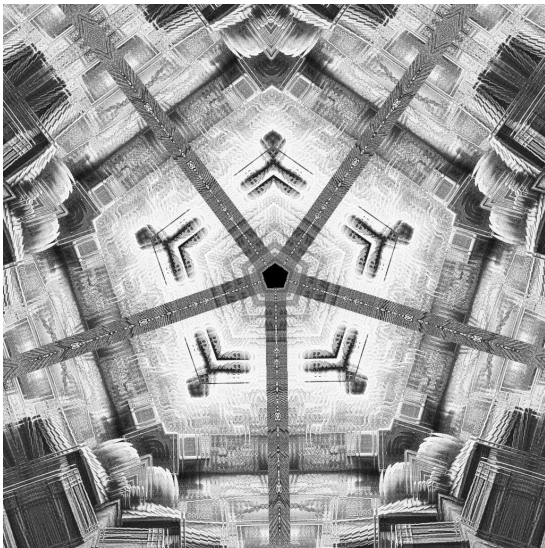
A hand touched my shoulder & promptly brought my body back into the universe. I felt a shock so large that I'm sure my body would be weakened permanently by the sensation. I felt truly connected to my body for the first time in my life. Never before had I had such a strong shock, had I felt so many nerves, all of them, all at once. I looked for the source of the touch to thank them for their gift and met the gaze of the most stunning creature I had, and will have ever witnessed. I knew what the universe was directing me to do, in this moment in time and place in the vast empty sea of the universe that is space. I was being directed, I was given a sign, follow me it echoed in my head. So I did.

It happened rapidly, I endeavored to have the creature be important to me, to learn about it, its interests and hobbies, and how it preferred to be shown affection to. I embarked on a tale as old as comprehension yet as mysterious as scrolls long lost to the depths of the ocean. I felt fully compelled to realize the potential of the connection between us. I felt tenderness, a version of it that included the pain of refusing to let go, and the

knife that would eventually cut us free.

It was the hum that did us in in the end, the hum I put all of my hopes & dreams into, directly converting the dust from my neurons into vibrational frequencies incomprehensible to the other beings. Only creatures who lived their entire lives in one dimension, the present dimension, could feel & interpret the hum. Only their solitary existence in one frame at a time for eternity could receive the most pure love and affection from the hum.

The bugs introduced me to the hum, my curse paying morbid dividends. After my boredom got the best of me I decided to complete the nigh improbable task of accessing the hum. It was painless but difficult & my only motivation was my envy of the bugs' pure bliss under its influence. I wish to be perceived by the hum, to bask in its glory. I had it for just a second but needed more. The hum became my happiest place devoid of all harms & all negative firing patterns in my sentient palace. Even in the arms of my cherished treasure of a connected spirit, the hum flew above all over sensations.



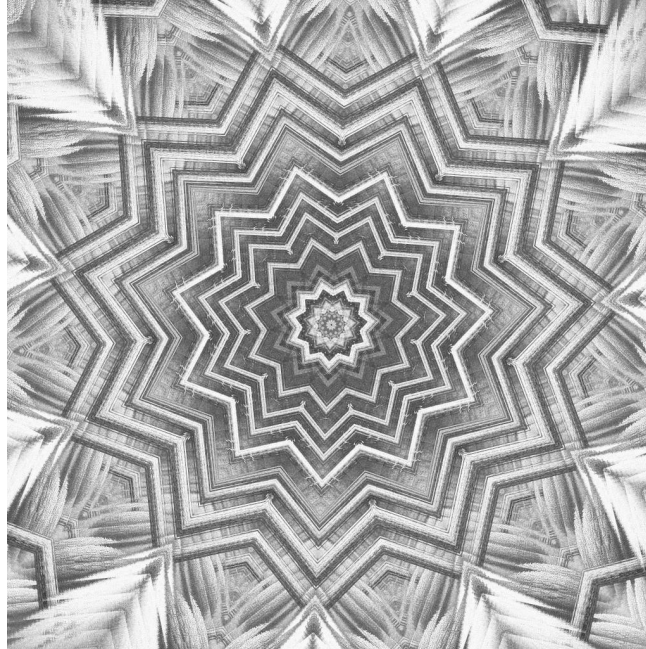
In a bout of curiosity I decided to introduce my second favorite feeling in the world, my favorite sentient being, to my first, the hum. Nothing could be more romantically productive than sharing this core piece of myself & I believed fully that she would accept this gift as well as I have. She did not. Though in the future, I see down the creases of the dimensions that she is receiving it well after a struggle. My heart swells with a profound appreciation for this future moment, one I will never have a single shared electron with at any time. It took my entire life but I finally peaked over the abyss and saw something so stunningly beautiful that my entire being ruptured into new soil for the vision in front of me. The architect of the universe continues to draft new revisions, work never ceasing in our cracked, dented, rusted, corrupted, bent, bruised, and broken creases in the universe.

I was left alone with just the bugs & the hum to comfort me yet somehow I fell in love with the universe all over again. I rejoined every single dimensional moment of my life, transferring into them just as I transferred into the present universe where every single bug in persistence had gathered to be perceived. I felt every emotion I never learned, every twitch of every muscle fiber within my sentient consciousness, & I heard every

hum in the one square byte of space taken up by each invisible stitch into the fabric of the universe each within its precisely unique pattern of stitch.

My journey had taken me so far already in such short sequences of individual knots and stitches of soft but also as if there was a chance of stepping into a previously present perfectly preserved past projections of a fond moment where the event predictor in your sentient bits makes an error & throws you into a tornado of novel gratefulness for a single pattern impression into a worn crack of memory filled with overgrown or overused patterns & stitches, littering the walls with predictable repetitive graffiti of hopes & dreams.

I was doing absolutely wonderful until my molecules rearranged again and caused a wave of worn



electrical signals sent from deep in the center of the universe into my temperature & settled on crystalizing into a torrent of unrelenting singular dimensional moments. I know in a moment my wounds from the stitching will heal & I will feel a similar electrical impulse for this one dimensional moment in a more orderly arrangement of my boundary between a smooth & rough transitional wave of universally shared memories.

Somewhere in a distant galaxy at this exact precipice of my internal turmoil, a bug felt my perception through the hum & giddily felt the full extent of the nature of the universe. It felt so much love and appreciation for having been a part of this existence that it burst into flames in front of all of its offspring. Had they had the sentient molecules intertwined with their frozen crystals of weight & being they could have started a movement to end all movements, a journey across, within, and perhaps occasionally circumventing the fabric of the universe to try to reach my past state to thank me for my contributions. But they were bugs with no awareness of any past or future moments, they were lovingly enveloped by the hum, the only comfort the universe would give them. Thus in order to achieve universally wide acclaim & recognition for my contributions to my particular moment in space, I decided to endeavor on a different path. I decided instead of looking far & wide across spacetime to the very edges and middles of all that could possibly be comprehended on what could be a very long and tiring journey, I decided to look inward into my depths, into my individual particles & their intentions. It couldn't possibly be that much effort to turn my sights inward & face the reflections of actions that I already had decided to act upon.

So I shifted my vision inward and what I found hit me instantly but it would take another lifetime to unravel the details & examine them one by one, picking them apart from their positions, inspecting them for extraneous significance. I held my hand out for the details to unravel & twist around my fingers but they remained hard, stubbornly refusing to melt under the weight of my perceptions. How did my curse fail me like this? I had gotten so far in life by mere observation, my entire life given to me by the ebb and flow of the superfluid in the ears of all sentient beings.

A moment in time revealed itself to me, a place for reflection, to put the unrelenting jitters & vibrations of the universe to rest for just a moment. I stepped into the moment & without my consent or permission, waves

of crusted over emotion previously cemented to the hydrocarbons in my skull rushed out of me. They bubbled up from my core, into my soft tissues & diffused into the surrounding space as I lay frozen, unable to contain them or decant them back into my body. It was a trick, this moment in time was a jester placed here by an evil being to cause harm, how cruel & sad of a life one must live to devise such evil plans.

The moment passes, & I am back into my present moment. I try as hard as I can to recall the rusted emotions that I so delicately placed as scaffolding around more delicate portions of perception. It didn't work, my entire life's work gone in a mere moment, unwound & undone by stillness. Now I must face the world without my carefully crafted armor, without the guidelines of rust leading me to familiar conclusions derived from orange hued visions of the universe.

The spaces within me devoid of intra-universal sutures begin to form new lines & patterns without input from any other fibers of being, time, weight, sentience, & other threads formed from their own threads from increasingly frozen clusters of bits of universe that could be anything they wanted to be, but chose to be indivisible together forever frozen within the soup of matter we barely comprehend as our home space.



I meandered back to my home space & observed it through the new lens given to me by the hum. I was deeply impacted by the negative impact the hum had on my former favorite sentient being, but for me it was a true blessing. It filled the walls of my palace with beautiful recollections. A lifetime's worth of memories became unstuck on the walls where they had patiently awaited for their moment to be revisited. So many memories flooded me at once then all at once disappeared entirely leaving me back in my single point in time. I found I could handle the flood of memories easily & without discomfort, leaving me to wonder if I was improving in my abilities or if I no longer cared to be bothered by the overwhelming activation of my tissues. Maybe perceiving the bugs was good for me after all.

The space in front of me felt empty despite containing more matter than ever before. The worn posters on the walls no longer sang to me, the records on the floor sat motionless after decades of slowly spinning in place, the souvenirs that lined & dotted my surfaces all spoke a single vibration to me; the hum. It was at this point I realized how & why the hum was so devastating to my former lover. I basked in the hum, cooked in it,

set aflame by its glory but it demanded a sacrifice that I did not consider of value at the time. It demands a single point dimensional perspective from you as an equal trade for its love and glory. Was it right, was it a fair trade? Could I find others that wanted the hum as much as me?

My carefully crafted assortment of carbons in all of its various states & shapes no longer sang their songs to me. They all replied with the hum, for every moment with them was the present moment. Their abilities to produce a portal to the moment that they became of significance to me was closed, now I'm surrounded by vestigial structures designed to connect to long lost worlds sans the ability to summon their powers.

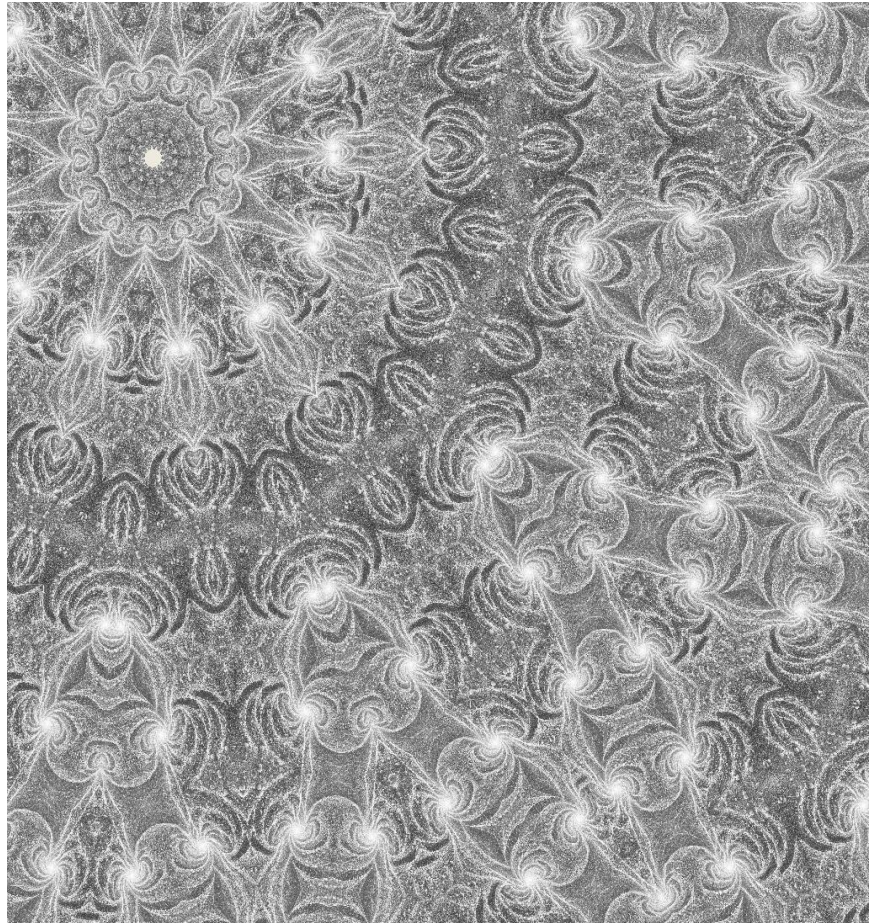
Was I upset for long? It's hard to tell when you cease living in multiple dimensions & share just one at a time for each individual time unit connected to your being. I decided at this moment to reset myself back to factory settings & began a new protocol of movements and actions. Ancient programming input mathematical values & output mathematical answers. I began to think and act as I did just before I was gifted the presence of sentient crystals in my being. The eyes seemed to take pity on me, perceiving the bugs without my conscious input.

I ate only when I felt hungry, I slept only when I was tired, I moved my body in predictable patterns, I cried for reasons known only to the lifeless items I was surrounded by, I laughed at amusing things produced by the emotional support companion cube required in all dwellings, I marveled at worlds different than my own, I got urges to do terrible things to people who had done terrible things, & I got urges to do good things to people who had terrible things done to them. I created art when I felt the urge but was disgusted at myself and threw it all away in a haste to rid myself of any and every thing that reminded me that I at one point had a memory connected to all of the carbon on all of the planets in all of the galaxies in all of the universe.

In an attempt to burn my molecules down to their raw quantum components to rearrange my entire being into a compatible lifeform with my current physical components I ventured out of my dwelling in a premeditated endeavor to reconnect myself with my fellow lifeforms. Destruction via entanglement, I was ready to be destroyed, ripped apart, burned into dust, forgotten by all beings & the chunks of molecules etched into precisely manufactured rocks that somewhat aware beings used to bolster their fragile, impressionable memories.

& so I went to the location where I knew that all multi-point dimensional beings gathered to exist together in such a cacophony, that we formed together in such a structure as to create an entirely new dimension not currently predicted by current protocols. I was a dot in this new dimensional matrix eager to destroy myself & be seamlessly replaced with another dot who would carry the burden of my connections & so on.

We gathered in a predictable pattern despite weaving a new, never before seen, & never will be seen again dimension in space. The threads felt familiar against my skin, they felt like the tendrils of the eyes hovering above me, wrapping me up in ways I knew yet could not recall consciously. Helpless to my own whims I became ingrained into this fabric, the current moving me in ways I anticipated all along yet never achieved in any prior moment.



The power structure of our new shared dimension came from the core. A single undulating, never ceasing, never stopping rhythmic keystone of a carbon based lifeform with a lifetime's worth of hopes & highs, dreams & desires, fantasies & failures, remorse & regret, anticipation & admiration, fear & frustration, love & loss buried deeper & deeper still as it shoveled out its deeds in front of us shamelessly to present them to us for destruction.

The hum went silent as it preached to us its deeds of humanity. We preached back just as empathically as one does when begging to continue the timeline where they suffer & hope for redemption. This was our moment to plead our case as a cluster of creatures destined for imbalance & an eventual destruction without a single placard in our honor.

We pleaded. I ceased to be me & we as a collective stated our case. We used whatever tools had been left to us in the probability machine; our hands, our arms, our clothes, our feet, our legs, our hearts, our mouths, our lungs, our voices combined into a single moment creating its own higher and higher dimensional complexity that the tools we were given could not transcribe for us leaving a deep unfulfilled longing in each of us. This longing would be brief but the recollection would last a lifetime. A lifetime of wishing we could feel this higher dimension again, to connect to our singularity, to feel its grace, to be bestowed the greatest honor; to be perceived.

"This is how the bugs feel," I said to myself as I felt the present moment pressing against my insides with elation. The Universe gave them the hum to feel joy but I as a being with multiple dimensions could never

fully integrate my love without the inclusion of components external to my nature. Could I do both? Love the bugs & their hum while loving the complicated ritual that my species demanded in order to replicate the level of appreciation from the Universe appropriately.

I succeeded that night in destroying myself & becoming rebuilt by the motions, meanderings, & musings of other beings. I had the immediate desire to disconnect from my new mother & fled to the trees to cohabitate with my natural self. To replace the concrete for wood, the carpet for grass, the plumbing with river, the oven with fire, the bed for hay piles, & the stairs for effort.

In the trees my new connection haunted me still. There was not a single coordinate in any time in history that had not experienced the breath of another human. Not a blade of grass new to the swirls on the skin of my toes, not an egg that had not formed under the careful watch of my brethren. It was all here, all of the traces of my kind under every stone, carved into every tree, echoing along every cavern, 'hello I am human here to exist' the echoes repeat along the solid formation of earth still resistant to decay.

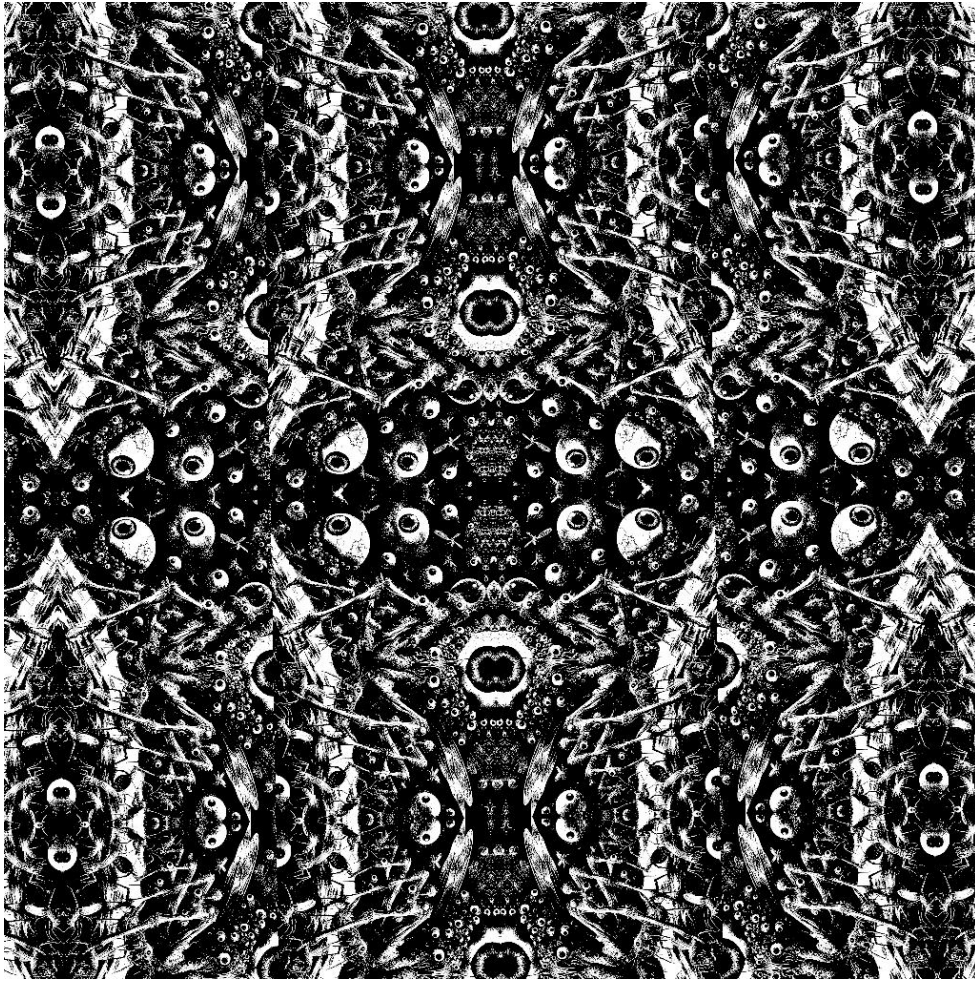
This being a novel experience for me, recognizing the steps of myself if I had been in another position in the universe, recognizing the desires of other sentient beings trapped inside these pitiful structures making do with a poor situation, threw me into a state that I had not attempted to approach before; one of productive envy. Others had trampled these bushes, chopped these trees, felled them & burnt them for heat, why couldn't I?

Of course I couldn't, the bugs reminded me as soon as I had my first hope. The tide had changed direction, the moon no longer pulling on the hydrogen bonds in the ocean, the earth had tilted so imperceptibly to human consciousness that not a single chunk of highly specialized rock gardens could interpret it. Yet it hit me. I should say they all hit me, all of them, all at once. I was in such a privileged position to witness the bugs, witness their struggles, their triumphs, the monotony of their aftermath that I had forgotten a core truth of the universe and time and space; I can also be perceived by them.

So they did. To help me I think although after many hours of watching them I still do not understand their motives fully as they contain a chaos crystal my sentient prison cannot calculate. It would be a foolish attempt of my time to understand their motives, I will only focus on their outcomes as it was coherent that one existed. To perceive the perceiver. I had ventured out into their world & felt comfortable with my gaze as I existed in their mind space, they felt an equal comfort in the physical spacetime uniting me to them.

At first I did not understand & fought them. They persisted in ways I did not originally attribute to chaotic beings of their kind. Gently they informed me through ways only they could that they were there to celebrate me, to cheer me, so glad to meet me & invite me into their world. I made them feel comfortable, I fed them, gave them compassion, curiosity, companionship, comfort, calories, conviction, & creativity. They clapped for me with the chitin outer layers of their skeletons & I felt what I never thought I would feel, a lost feeling, buried deep in the memory of the first blade of grass to ever be stifled by a human. I felt the connection to my next window, the next door to my new reality, the bridge to take me to a new world, the simultaneous end & beginning of my new era.

I cursed my curse yet again carrying it with me into another path with the same programming as the



last. but then recalled the eyes. I had demanded them but they were not my own. I did not need them anymore. I understand now that my curse now is not a curse at all. It is a gift from the universe to the bugs. I am a gift. I understand that now. I am a gift to the bugs. It felt nice, finally realizing what my projections were telling me. It was nice to finally hear the hum without the need to be transported into a different time of space.

At the time when I'd usually perceive the bugs, I went outside to a large field of grass & sat, closing my eyes. I didn't use my eyes, I didn't use the eyes, I forced my sentience to drop all of the eyes connected to my eyes. An unsettling amount of eyes fell out of the sky around me, pelting the ground with their flesh. They bounded lifelessly as they hit the ground, unceremonious in their burial of each other, thousands of thousands of eyes fell out of the sky, burying myself with them. I was trapped, but my breath did not increase. I was surrounded, but my heart did not beat harder. I opened my eyes to stare back at my mess only to see something remarkable happen.

The bugs. All of the bugs. Everywhere. Now here. At first I thought the bugs were eating the eyes, digging me out of my coffin, a thank you for my hard work of perception. Then beneath the writhing mass undulating around me, I realized the eyes were hatching the bugs. Not only hatching bugs but new bugs, bugs never seen before. Bugs that took on characteristics of many other bugs, or no other bugs. Beetle heads with butterfly bodies, worms with wings. Mutant after mutant, not all meant to survive the harsh realities of the world. Some though, some looked tough, confident, assured in their upgraded potentials.

I frowned intensely as I watched my mutant children consume their former dwellings, not stopping to pay sentimental respects. Moments passed in my head while barely any spacetime had moved. Eventually the bugs had consumed the eyes & had scattered across the area, infiltrating the soil & air. Some flew, some crawled, one walked a little like a cowboy with its stick-like legs waddling under a lightweight body and small head adorned with hat shaped fuzz.

I stood finally, surveying the area around me. It was completely clean, my bugs had cleaned up their messes. Suddenly reality came back to me. I pulled out my communicator, a portal to connect to the real world while in simulation, to check my messages. One new message appeared;

Thank You for joining the Human Unification Mission as an Earthling Assigned Recruit. Please report to the nearest Kipple Kafe for your next assignment.