

Creation

By Robin B Lipinski

Spinning cold shadow turning toward warmth.
There was no water.
No life.
No air, plant, or animal.
There was just a round rock of a dead planet, one of billions, trillions, and more.

Like a bag of cold marbles, the universe held them all, playing with them as it chose.
Flickering light of dying stars showed light of new novas, new clusters, and space traveler's ships as they traveled the stars.

Chances ranging from impossible to never, one such ship landed.
Settling upon a cold, dead planet.
With a puff of dust, the engines calmed down to rest.

A beam of light now reached out to touch this lucky planet.
Gliding from the beam, a shimmering being smiled, it had been a long ride.

Another being glided, there was no smile now.
The two met on a dark plain, communication showed anger.
Was it husband and wife?
Was it officer and crew?
Was it even anything a human being could ever know?

Whatever was said caused both beings to turn various shades of red.
Turning then to green, blue, and yellow.
One of the beings turned their head.

Spittle flew from the mouth, hitting the other in the head.
This caused a reaction as from the other the same.
Soon, the ground was covered in juice.

A siren did sound, the two beings floated back over the ground, to the ship they both returned.
With a powerful humming, the engines awoke, lifting, the ship continued on its travel.

On the cold, dark plain, the alien juice bubbled.
Soon, it began to spread.
It sunk deep into rock like acid, releasing clouds of vapor towards the vacuum of sky.

Millions of years passed since the traveler's arrival.

The juice turned into oceans and sky.

Now this dark, cold, lonely planet is alive, and its inhabitants are waiting for the creators to return.

After all, this planet is called Earth.

The End