

I've got an artificial sun in my pocket.
And a bigger one at home, on the desk.
I've got a smaller one for the bed, too, it replaced the one that broke a year ago.

I'm typing this using one our school was issued for free. It runs well, but it easily disconnects from the web of infinite information, built by our fathers and mothers. My friends don't seem to care, though, they've got decent connections at all times.

I suppose mine just has difficulty communicating to the giant chunks of metal that we threw into space. Theirs don't, though, so they can spend their lunch break talking to people far, far away.

Every year, the suns get more powerful. One of the brightest, made by Samsung, costs 120,000 USD and is curved so none of it drifts out of your peripheral vision. Specialized ones can create simulated realities that look almost identical to ours. There is no longer any need to go to dangerous countries or risk death on the tallest mountains, these ones let you do it as much as you want, free from death and pain and without ever breaking a sweat, and all within the confines of your living room.

We are the first generation to have access to a zero-pain lifestyle, if we play our cards correct. We are the first generation to be mutually symbiotic with technology.

And it's driven us all mad. We've tapped into infinity and we're all mad as a result of it. The difference between infinity and oblivion, I suppose, would be the colour of the lighting.

But that doesn't really matter.

We'll march on in our insane parade. We'll use our newfound symbiosis to break the laws of biology. We'll cheat our deaths by replacing the rot with metal. We'll climb the mountains we were never built to climb. We'll leave Earth's cradle and place our feet on the things no life form has ever seen. We'll drink heartily from the chalice of infinity, wetting our chins with information, with truth.

And soon, very soon, we'll take the suns into our own bodies. Our hearts will be pumped with pistons and our brains will be connected to our new friend, infinity.

Watch for it, folks.

Soon we'll parade through the streets. Humans made more of thought and information than flesh and bone. We'll go down Main St., a merry crowd of beautiful abominations. Our limbs made of metals and carbons and our brains latched to the absolute truth. Our eyes, lenses taking in the light of a thousand suns, latched firmly upon our own artificial sun. Those of us--if any of us--who look around will see a crowd of bowed heads, silently telling the world of our

existence in standard 140-character barks. Our drummers will wave to the crowds as the subwoofers strapped into their backs belch out slurries of chemical bass and treble, mingling with the brazen mouths of the brasses and the silver valves of our woodwinds. A chemical slurry sounding of data, calibrated to sound amazing. The music will resonate in the ground, through the sidewalks and up the skyscrapers and all the way beyond. There, the world will know peace in their madness.

It will be grand.