

Cosmic Horror Identity

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Content Warnings:

- Cosmic horror-esque imagery.
 - Existential topics.
 - Death discussion.
 - Religious themes.
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I have a very hard to describe aspect of my identity that I'm going to try to describe here. This gets existential in ways, read at your own risk.

Think of the heat death of the universe. It's a thing that just will happen, no matter what. Things are slowly but surely drifting so far away from each other that life will fizzle out because there's nothing keeping it all together, nothing holding it all in. This intricate design so complicated that it can support life and is so vast that we don't know what else is even out there, is going to die. It's going to all spread out of its own accord and be alone, and cold, and dead.

It's not anyone's fault necessarily, no one directly told the universe to do it, but it's happening regardless, because by the forces of nature and the universe itself, it's how it works. From the beginning, this would happen. It's been expanding for an unfathomable amount of time, and it will do it for an unfathomable amount of time more, until it's all dead and there can't be anything else. It will be hardly a remnant of what it once was, it will be an unfathomably giant corpse that once had so much. We're alive right now, it's not going to happen in our lifetimes, we don't need to worry about it at all--our sun will envelop us far before then and even that is so far away--but we know. We have the knowledge that one day, when we're all likely already dead as a species, the universe itself will die.

No one controlled it to do so, it just is, and that's above all plans. It's calculated and planned without being either of those. It just is. Maybe someone is in control, maybe they're not, but that isn't what matters. Who or who isn't in control doesn't escape what is planned and set in stone. It's fate, in a way. As much as a lot of other things might not be a product of fate, on a larger scale, we're all bound to it simply by the universe's own slowly but surely dying body.

All-encompassing death, on a scale that cuts off the universe's own life. The universe, insanely large and unknown and right now, unknowable in large aspects, much like an eldritch entity itself, will die. The ultimate death, in a way. Something so vast and in a way, powerful, could naturally only die by its own hand. That void left after, though, is what's left. It's not something, but it is something in a way. It's all there is at that point.

That concept feels too strong to just be me being dramatic. There's something about it. I don't know if I'm death itself or if I'm something else, but something about that really.... It's something. I'm the concept of the heat death of the universe, and the nothing left after it. But there's not really a word for that.