

now that his world is lost

mazaher <2020

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Now that his world is lost --but it's not really his world: that is safe, hopefully, in the other universe-- he sets himself to do the most he can to re-build on New Vulcan. They have called it T'Shard, The Haven: a word which didn't exist before, a new word for a new concept. There were no seas or lakes on Vulcan.

He's one of the Elders; he's actually the oldest survivor. He's still good for a day's work, but he agrees with the Younger Panel: the best he can contribute is his knowledge.

What he learned at school as a boy. What he learned at Starfleet Academy. What he discovered during his voyages on the Enterprise, and from V'Ger, and later, the cold knowledge of death. What he re-learned when he found himself alive again. The lethal knowledge of Red Matter.

So he writes. Equations, schemes, vocabularies of languages not yet known. The color of the sky on Gamma Piscium 4 at dawn and the way the wind blows across the lilac plains of Hktoorr. Stories upon stories, and when the characters dance and blur under his tired eyes, he stretches himself on his meditation mat, he turns on the recorder, and he speaks on.

He rebuilds in words the archive and encyclopedia of a whole universe, which is not the one he's living in.

He hopes it helps.

His own story is very short.

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There is a centuries-old Terran poem which Spock has often in mind these days. A quiet voice:

*Had we never loved so kindly,
had we never loved so blindly,
never met or never parted,
we'd have never been broken-hearted.*¹

He read it for the first time as a young man in one of her mother's books of English XIX-century poetry, and at the time it didn't make much of an impression. However, he appreciated the matter-of-fact way the author treated the subject; he made a mental note that the same author, in a different poem, had given hints of entertaining some vague idea of IDIC.²

But now -- now that his own love has been lost, and he wasn't even there in his last moment to gather his soul in his hands -- the words pierce his heart like they were the only true thing he's left with. They take his breath away.

He repeats to himself the hard syllables of a Vulcan poem, written three hundred years before the Reform, trying to pace his breathing through the severe discipline of Old Vulcan enunciation:

*It is doubtful whether
the vast chasm of the universe has memory
and whether it can learn. But if it does,*

¹ ROBERT BURNS, *Ae fond kiss* (1791). Like Spock, I never considered it as an actual song, but rather as a piece of poetry; however, here is one song version by The Corries:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rQEHuQZB7wY>

² *To a Mouse, , On Turning Her Up In Her Nest With The Plough* (1785).

*it learns by a comparison of differences,
more and more finely tuned ad infinitum.
As the knowledge of light is bought with darkness,
so the price paid for love is grief at separation,
and existence makes sense in front of swirling nothing.*

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Hearts are remarkably solid, he's found. His own is still beating. But they are also breakable. Like eggs. Perhaps, he reflects, hearts --like eggs-- are made to be broken,³ if a living being is to be born.⁴ He takes it provisionally as a fact; although he doesn't agree with this cosmical state of things.

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He has much to do, yet he feels strangely detached. He takes care of many -- the time has long passed when he was taken care of like he does others -- and makes it the reason why he gets up every morning. The young ones love him; he validates their individualities, their creativity, their pushing against the mould, trying to find their own shape. But in another sense, for all his diligence, he doesn't care for the outcome. He knows he will not be there to see the end of the stories he's trying to make better.

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He remembers how his mother tended to her rose garden, finding ways to make it thrive even in the dry heat of Vulcan. He learned a lot about the way life grows on itself, just by helping her and watching. He thinks back to Sulu's arboretum on the Enterprise, and how his eyes would light up when a rare specimen took root. It was he who suggested the ancient Terran way to grow an oasis. The caravans of camels crossing deserts always carried a few stones, and where the ground was solid, the stones were set to form a wall, from East to West. Every time the wall grew, and the dampness of night gathered on the North side, shielded from the burning flame of the South, until a seed would sprout, or the kernel of a date would be hastily buried by the tip of a dusty sandal. Two or three generations, and a clump of palms would sway in the hot wind.

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He considered getting personally involved with the terraforming, but in the end he's decided not to. If he looks really deep inside himself with the keen eyesight of meditation, he can see why. One who wishes to die is not fit to care for living things.

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He is familiar with the constant effort of taking parallax into account. Yet, as he is grieving himself, he can't imagine that grieving for him may be worth anyone's while.

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³ OSCAR WILDE (who knew what he was talking about), *De profundis* (1897).

⁴ The Bushmen have a saying: "Patience is an egg that hatches great birds. Even the Sun is such an egg". (LAURENS VAN DER POST, *Journey into Russia*, 1964).