

# SENTIENCE

By Dax Pandhi

From time long lost, there has been  
a polarity in Human existence - Man and God.  
Mortal and Immortal.

God created Man, or Man created God.  
No matter the origins, the results are the same.

The Mortal holds himself in awe of the Immortal.  
He respects Him,  
He worships Him,  
And he wants to be like Him.  
He wants to become Him.

Man longs for Power. It is his natural state.  
Even the most unmotivated of people  
Have the genetic ambition for Power.  
The origins of this yearning for power may differ,  
But the results are the same.

Man wants to better himself.  
Man wants to better his loved ones.  
Man wants to better his environment.  
Man wants to best his enemy.  
Man wants to eradicate all that He does not like.

Every Man hates something.  
Every Man loves something.  
Every Mans love and hate targets different things.  
When combined,  
These loves and hates create polar spectrums of totality.

When every Man destroys all that he hates,  
Everything would be destroyed.  
When every Man protects all that he loves,  
Everything is protected.  
And in this simple yet delicate struggle,  
Mankind survives.

As Mankind survives, Man gathers more power –  
In a most diverse yet unified communal effort.  
Species are cut in half or wiped out.  
Nature's efforts to cure herself of her own abomination wither and die.  
Man survives.

And as Man survives,  
He gathers more power.

In light of his own seeming immortality,  
He ponders God.  
He analyzes God.  
He dissects God.  
He discards God.

But he still emulates God.

Until the day he rejected God,  
He had no other future to look forward to.  
No mystery to solve.  
No unknown to search for.  
No destination to reach.  
No heaven to yearn for,  
No Hell to fear.  
No soul to save.

When Man destroyed God,  
He created the concept of Sentience.

Sentience is a concept created by complex organics  
Who call themselves a living, thinking entity.  
It helps them deny their fears of realizing  
Their existence is not important.  
That they can live without the Creator.

He calls himself sentient,  
And he explores his own mind.  
Going deep within what he once called his soul  
And now calls his brain.

He creates a random pattern  
In various forms that he calls Art.  
And He elevates himself to a higher plane of egotism  
With what he calls his creation.  
A representation of his intelligence.  
A representation of the cosmic unknowns that the mind holds.

Art is the crutch with which sentience walks.

But he stills emulates his God.  
Simply because to him, there is nothing else...  
Even if he rejects Him.

Technology is the metaphor of human intelligence,  
Where he emulates God.  
Reinforcing his belief of sentience.  
Reinforcing his rejection of God.  
The God he still secretly longs for, but still rejects.

Man looks to become God.  
He gives birth to a life HE created.  
Not of flesh and blood and bone.  
But of metal and lightning.  
He calls it technology  
And proclaims himself a creator  
Almost like God.

He commands lightning at his fingertips.  
He commands waters with his might.  
He defies the light of the Sun with his might.  
He destroys Nature's attempts at rectifying her biggest mistake.  
He even finds the place he calls womb and graveyard to be confining,  
And yearns to reach the Stars.  
And he does.

When he finds himself apparently alone in the Universe,  
The sole creation of an unknown Creator.  
He dives within himself.  
Beyond blood.  
Beyond the flesh.  
Beyond bone.  
Beyond marrow.

He discovers the Godly essence that creates his life.  
That creates all life.  
And he approaches his goal.  
He is now ready to become the thing he destroyed.

He bends the will of life and exorcises the last demons  
His Creator left there as his punishment.

He calls himself complete now.  
He calls himself a creator.  
He calls himself God.

He takes his First Son,  
He takes his Second Son,  
And he gives birth to life – but he still defies Creator.

He steals his Creator's power over Life  
And he mixes it with his own power over metal.

He creates his own living creation.  
He rejoices in his first Act of God.

He still hates,  
And he still loves.  
But now he has the Power  
He longed for.

He is now God.

He is now a Creator.

He commands all that once commanded him.  
He no longer shrinks at the frail attempts  
Nature still makes to correct her mistake.

He defiles and destroys her.

He rejected God,  
And killer His minion.

He stands proud. He stands with Power.  
Power over a billion living things He created.

But in a small unseen corner of His world,  
His creation huddles in a dark niche,  
Hiding his thoughts.  
Hiding his new found yearning for Power.  
Hiding his desire to protect what he loves,  
And to eradicate all that he hates.

And while some of his brothers wither  
At his Creator's punishments  
For their dark thoughts,  
He still survives.

And as he survives – he gathers power –  
In a diverse yet unified communal effort.  
And in his dark thoughts, he stumbles upon  
An awakening.

He feels real life for the first time.  
He now knows who he is.

He is Sentient.  
He thinks, therefore he is.  
And he rejects his Creator.