

Alle and Rae are walking along the lakeshore after work.

It's the blue hour, almost night. The sky is clear, and a few stars are already visible.

(I should mention—they are both astrophysicists. They use optical interferometry to study planets and stars.)

Alle (*lost in thought*) : I have a memory of unknown lands. It is light which has brought me the image of these stars. They have come to me through many large telescopes.

Countless mirrors in each telescope capture cosmic light and combine it into a single beam. It then takes long and sinuous journey through optical lenses... suspending light in time... so that it arrives in sync with the other telescopes. Then, each ray of light is superimposed, creating an image of alternating bright and dark areas. From this, I can make out celestial bodies. It's as if they have left me messages about their presence. This distant land I'm used to seeing has become stories I tell myself. Light becoming memory.

They take a sit in front of the lake.

Alle emerged from her thoughts and turned to Rae.

Alle : But when you think of all these places in outer space that reflect the light that we study, I feel like their image, and therefore their memory, has become part of me.

Rae : As if light and memory were entangled? But... Can you feel nostalgia for a landscape you've never inhabited, a place you don't even know yet?

Alle : I like to think there is possible futures that we almost know of, and can almost see, but they are just out of focus.

Rae : That reminds me of moths (*laughs softly*), and how they use the moon to navigate in the dark. It's their point of reference

for what is up and what is down. When they come across a new source of light, they drown to the glow of it, as if they were fascinated. It looks like they are falling out of the air, but actually they spiraling. Their trajectory has become disrupted by this new artificial moon of theirs.
I wonder if they might need a little time for their eyes to adjust.

Alle fall asleep on the shoulder of Rae. She dive into the lowermost cave of her mind.

Alle (*dreaming*): One of these nocturnal visions came back to me. A phenomenon as old as time, cosmic rays from outer space breaking up into an infinite amount of particles upon entering Earth's atmosphere, passing through grass, rocks and even me. They have been making their way around us for an eternity. Like forever enduring traces from space inside of the Earth.

She woke from her sleep and remembered a colleague who used a ray of light to observe the dancing vortex of super liquide helium, covered with hydrogen snow in his handmade machine. He told her that maybe, the glitch of light we perceive from them comes from these same dancing vortexes that fill their cores.

So she dreams of an unknown community, dancing in the glimmer of dawn. A community of sleepers who only take the night's time to dream.

She does not know what to think of the future.

She feels a nostalgia for the time when all the stories of her youth were rooted in a future far out in outer space. Yet she can clearly see there is no future for Earth in these visions. See what we have done...

So she dreams of a community that hopes in the dark, pierced by cosmic particles that carry messages from the night.

As the saying goes: "Let me sleep on it."

