You’ve stolen the universe. And look at you, that smug grin, that glitter in your eyes. You think you’ve got it all, don’t you? Now that you’ve taken Orion’s Belt for your own and strapped it around your waist, now that you’ve drunk the oceans dry, now that you’ve played pool with the planets. But I can see through you—to the time ticking away in your eyes, to the desperation that shrouds you like a veil.

You thief. You liar. You’re nothing more than a bunch of clichés strung together. You think your time is short, so you try to make the most of it. You try to convince yourself that you’re immortal by stealing what shouldn’t be stolen.

What will you do when your dark hair turns gray? When your skin becomes liver-spotted? When your back curls and your shoulders hunch because of all the things you’ve taken and all the guilt you hold?

What will you do when the universe takes itself back, but it doesn’t vow retribution? When it continues on as it always has, like you had never even stolen it, like you were never even there in the first place?

Will you watch the clocks as they tick away those last few seconds? And, in your final moments, will you wonder how it’s possible that I seemed to know you so well, all those minutes and days and years ago?

Well, I’ve got an answer for you: I was you, once.