



# THE CREATOR

TRANSCRIPT

WRITTEN BY  
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## THE CREATOR

Sodden trudge I, through the painful memories and brutal rainfall,  
Deafened by the ghostly choir of winds with mournful baritone.  
Here I gruel, and grind, and grovel; in my home, a windswept hovel,  
In an ocean, truly awful, on a barren spire of stone.  
To this outcast ocean planet, nothing here but sea and stone,  
I was sent to work alone.

I recall the young idealist, who unwound the double helix,  
Then received the Empire's edicts; "Make for us a living drone."  
While he dreamt of fashioning genomes, toiled to join the scientist phenoms,  
Poisoned by Imperial venoms, all his dreams were overthrown,  
When they stole away my family, my desires were overthrown,  
Far too late to now disown.

When she calls I can't ignore her, In my mind I do implore her,  
Begging of my long lost Nora, "Leave me to my fate unknown."  
Then, in silence, if she leaves me, I am nonetheless uneasy,  
For the legacy bequeathed me, and the fiendish craft I hone,  
Haunted by the unborn victims of the twisted craft I hone;  
Forge a slave of blood and bone.

Out amongst the ocean's bleakness, one long evening I was sleepless,  
All at once I'm startled speechless, by a sudden nearby groan.  
"Yes, excuse me?" I envisage someone from the nearby village,  
To distract me with their visit, "Can't a man be left alone?"  
Where there should be answer, there is silence; I am quite alone,  
With no heartbeat but my own.

I remember how I longed to have the will that once belonged to-  
Someone lost, and someone strong, whose mettle used to dwarf my own.  
Foggy memories restore her, conjuring a dawning horror,  
Gripped with fear, I whisper "Nora?" in a shaky undertone.  
Deep within the terror hid a darkly hopeful undertone.  
Silence. I am quite alone.

Up I leap from off my bed, to shake this ghost from out my head, to-  
Settle firmly, "I should get more sleep, this is no ghostly moan,"  
"Stop. These thoughts and fears are facile," though my traitorous gaze did travel,  
One brief moment, to the capsule, over which a sheet I'd thrown.  
To the tall, foreboding capsule, over which a sheet I'd thrown,  
Then, again, there came the groan.

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Panic crept from toe to temple, "This must be some temperamental-Bracket steel, or creaking cable..." my disquietude had grown. In my psyche lurked the image, the familiar phantom visage, Waiting, watching, from behind the mantle of the grim unknown, Stood behind the veil of death, a terror I had never known. Was it hers I would be shown?

As I wrenched aside the curtain, I'll admit I was uncertain, But my fears of facing Nora's aspect there were overblown. After all the bluff and bluster, waiting there was nothing but the Mercifully foreign aspect of the still and lifeless clone. "Not the spectre of my wife then? Just another failed clone." Then, again, there came the groan.

Startled nigh to take off running, I hear that familiar humming; I had left the console running, feeding power to the clone. "Ah!" I cried, "A reflex spasm! Every nervous system has 'em! Now I see there's no phantasm here, and I am quite alone! I should think to shut it down next time, so I am left alone, To the silence of my home."

Having closed the main computer, shaken from my fearful stupor, I was somewhat disappointed I would hear no further groan. Just another case-log squandered; once again, no soul was conjured, I was left to ponder; Was it worse that I was on my own? Was the dread of triumph worse than being trapped here, on my own? Frightful was the thought alone.

Stirring from this grim disturbance, still I felt some dour observance, Slowly turned I, tense and nervous, back to face the dormant clone, There, a twitch, a sudden motion. Had her eyes begun to open? From within, such strong emotion, voice as no mere corpse was prone. Ice consumed me, as she spoke the basal words that struck me prone, Simply "You are not alone."

"Now, Creator," she did mutter, "Now I'm living, can I suffer? Should I render unto others the example I've been shown?" O, this ghost so resonantly, did announce so eloquently, With such abject discontent, the inner thoughts I had not shown, So I bargained, "This is but some sleepless vision I've been shown, Not some psychic haunted clone!"

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Though unearthly semblance filled her, something struck me as familiar,  
Recollections of some conversation, aped in monotone,  
That had bore these words before her; late nights pondering with Nora-  
Scientific ethics. "This is but a memory I'm now shown!"  
Trying to inoculate myself against what I was shown,  
That my wits could not condone.

My Creation was not sated, in my mind she was translated,  
Afterimages conflated, fused were ghost, and wife, and clone.  
Haunting voices now did dare me, "Do you think I judge unfairly,  
All the pain you could have spared me had you left me well alone?  
Had you had the backbone just to leave this project well alone,  
Servant to the Empire's throne?"

"Can't you see?" I pleaded vainly, "I have strived to forge humanely,  
Evils that, had I not tamed, the Empire would have forged alone!  
All could see the time was nigh and, had a crueller hand than my hand-  
Sequenced artificial life, the power would be all their own!"  
She replies "Are you so certain they'd have done this on their own?"  
This, I know, could not be known.

Overwrought by spectral verdict, and with judgement overburdened,  
I did crumble, bleak and fervent, clawing, pleading to atone.  
Then, as quick as it had come, the errant haunting, swift, was done, the-  
Countenance before me now was of the frightened newborn clone.  
Would I rather she have died than lived, this quick and conscious clone?  
Too far gone to now disown.

Soon did come the dreadful hour, and my research they did scour;  
Bolstered their collective power, made the universe their own.  
I did wish so unabatedly that I had not created  
Life, I pled the germinated seeds of pain had not been sown.  
That I had not populated Hell with countless corpses sown,  
O'er some blighted combat zone.

I still look on what I started, to this day I'm broken hearted,  
As a trillion souls are harnessed for the Empire's smoking gun.  
Though I'm gone, I leave them with it, they possess her boundless spirit,  
Only their bespoke resilience lets me live with what I've done.  
Threaded through the Empire's fabric, they will see its seams undone.  
By the end, I pray they've won.