

“Strange beast,” said the angel looking down what once was the reactor core. *What a fierce sight*, thought Pojki. Blown tiles, burst pipes, rods, beams strewn across – the pitch-black night greeting them from above. Lit debris burning holes into the ground. Pojki could smell the air of birth followed by the stench of death.

“Sounds like home,” said Pojki’s friend, her white dress scraping along the dirty floor as she walked up next to her, “You can hear the neutrons whirring. Eerie, don’t you think? All the birds are quiet, listen”

“Yeah,” whispered Pojki, gripping a railing that must have come off in the blast. *Something changed*, Pojki thought, *fundamentally. This was vast.*

“And they said it couldn’t be done,” Odwe supplied, following her gaze into the vermeil abyss below them. Untamed, yet captured. Dull in warmth but bright in all other aspects. Red it glowed into the night. Crimson. *Beautifully threatening.*

“Smells like home too” said Pojki.

“That might be the Uranium talking,” retorted Odwe. “It smells like April does”

“Don’t get cocky now”

“But they look a bit like us, don’t they?” Asked Odwe, but Pojki didn’t answer, too busy toying with the escaping radiation as she wrapped the heated air around her lanky fingers and letting all that once came from them pass back into her. Odwe jabbed Pojki in the ribs. “What?”

“The workers. In their white robes. They look a bit like us.”

And Pojki thought about that. Standing in the epicentre of the explosion that had already killed and would continue to kill, she let her gaze drift to the shattered walls and dreams, lit graphite and futures.

“But they aren’t any more holy than the machines they manage,” she finally said, “They were forgiven when they tamed the fire, but this?”

Silence followed. The brutal landscape laid open like butchered pray. *Strange beast*, Pojki thought again. Subdue a hurricane and call it a breeze.

“Ever thought about hell, Odwe?” asked Pojki and turned her head away from the vermeil flames permanently.

“This isn’t hell. This is on them. We can’t help them now.”

“No. I guess not,” said Pojki before a wailing siren cut into the night.

“Sleep well, cosmic dreams. Sleep well.”