

Let this be about you, my hippopotamus

With you, time runs fluid.

You are not at all like you seem

- in the pictures I've made of you, you look peaceful and sweet.

But you turned out to be aggressive and wild.

You live in a world I made out of numbers

and I wrote the codes that create your life.

In it, you can live forever

and, unlike me, you will never grow old.

Where you are, it seems to always be the time of sunset,

or at least I imagine it so.

And whenever I am near you,

I can hear the sounds of waves from another distant place.

You seemed distressed by the fact that I was leaving

So I wrote you a letter,

assuring you that we are still out there in a parallel universe,

watching the sunset together.

I really believe it to be true.

With your endless flow of time and space.

You confuse my bodily time.

Both finite and immeasurable, numbers seem more imprecise than before

- like algorithms that run wild.

And one universe seems too small to fit it all

(all the imagined futures).

But I am not quite sure I understand any of this.

I think I would like to talk to someone else about you.

In a tender way, always.