The time before sleep is when my mind truly travails. From the most small and insignificant problems to the most perplexing life questions. I sometimes think of things I will never have, children I won't conceive. I picture if they look like me or my partner. Do they have our good qualities or a lot of our bad ones. I try to think of the moments I tend to forget. The days where we couldn't find enough time together to the times we almost lost each other. I just lay there thinking of anything I can while I can just be still and allow my mind to wander, hope and dream. I wonder about other lives. What is it like to be someone else or somewhere else. What is it like to be raised with expectations or to have people expect nothing from you. What is it like to believe in a god. What it is like to really struggle. What is it like to only know comfort. I wonder and eventually dream.
Science is my solace. It makes me remember that I can see myself as small or as big as I want to. To an ant I am a god but to the universe I am a blip.

It's a pleasant thought to think in a parallel universe somewhere I might be doing better off than my current circumstances or if I'm being a little self important, I can think, I'm surely doing better that other me in that one dimension.
A REAL CONVERSATION

I bet if Trump wins the election he will tell us about the aliens.
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