Twitter Thread by jess



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This story will be hard to tell...

On April 10th, 2019, which was my birthday, scientists published the first-ever image of a real black hole.

I guess because it was my birthday, it felt very personal. Felt like the universe, for some reason, had given me a black hole as a birthday present. I became kind of obsessed with the image. I couldn't explain why, but it felt extremely important.

I couldn't stop looking at it. It felt like a window open to another dimension. There was some secret there.

https://t.co/MmsM7Zfnk5

The week before, a friend and I had visited a basilica I'd never been to. There was a man there who led us around the building. He was very small with a shriveled arm and blind in one eye. He insistently urged both of us to read the book of Revelation ASAP...

https://t.co/JE7AyEicfr

It goes on to describe the locusts that arise from the smoke of the Abyss. They wear on their heads crowns of gold, coronae... "They had as king over them the angel of the Abyss, whose name in Hebrew is Abaddon (that is, Destroyer)."

I became ecstatically obsessed with the Black Hole and was struck with this very urgent inspiration to create a religious icon featuring the ■.

https://t.co/iVZaiXf139

A few days later, Notre Dame Cathedral burned to the ground.

I watched the fire burn all day, mesmerized with horror.

Somehow I knew that there was a connection between the black hole and the cathedral fire. They were both windows into the same infernal Mystery. I'm usually a very upbeat, easygoing person. But I became overwhelmed with very apocalyptic vibes...

You won't believe me, but around this time, a flock of vultures descended on my neighborhood, and for the next few months, every time I went outside they would cast their shadows over me as they circled in the sky...

I continued to feel doomed and be kinda aimlessly preoccupied with the black hole for a couple months.

Then I came across this image.

It rang all the same bells that the black hole and the obliterated cathedral did. I was buzzing with weird excitement. I somehow knew I was on the right track.

I started collecting as many "plague Christs" as I could.

They were made during the Black Death in Europe, and portrayed Jesus as suffering the same fate as all the countless people who died from the bubonic plague during that time.

(There's kind of a lot more to this story, but I'm getting tired and need to wrap it up, so I'm gonna cut to the climax...)

Late July or early August, I was on my porch watering some hanging baskets. The sun was setting, I was facing west- there were thick low golden beams of sunlight cascading over me...

Suddenly, it felt like a giant knife came slicing out of another dimension, and cut me straight in half. Time literally stopped. I saw the droplets of water from my hose freeze in the air, reflecting the orange sunlight...

I was overcome by the most piercing and powerful sense of sadness I have ever, ever experienced. It took my breath away and stunned me.

Just unspeakably profound tragedy. Out of nowhere. Completely consumed by it. Tears streamed down my cheeks and I couldn't move. With it came this unshakable knowledge, bathed in golden light, that things weren't ever going to be the same again.

This was the last summer that life would be the way I've always known it.

I'm trying to include receipts here lest you think I'm making stuff up to seem special. At the time I didn't know what it meant. I thought that maybe I was going to die. But in retrospect I think my instincts were just telling me what was coming for us all.

https://t.co/F3hLhyeiw5