

From Above

Zzam Zzana is not who I would have chosen as the last non-human in the universe, but this is where we are. They are standing—if a Zzandavarian can be considered to be standing—in front of what appears to be an oval window. A cold metal floor runs the perimeter of a circular room with tall walls that curve inward at the end, producing a spherical craft. Approximately three feet from the wall, the metal floor has been roughly chipped away and replaced with mismatched wooden planks from as many planets. Mementos, novelties, treasures, and mostly junk are scattered in disorganized piles; diaries in long-dead languages, pictures of pets and loved ones long gone. Zzam Zzana gathers the remains of the lost to prove they were once known.

With nothing but a thought the image in the oval window shifts to an enlarged perspective of the planet Earth. They zoom in.

I zoom in.

Closer.

A man kneels down and embraces a small fluffy animal—a cat. It vibrates in response. Both register strong emotional reactions.

Love.

Does Zzam Zzana know what love is? They do not. Zzam Zzana only knows moments. They happen, they are observed, they matter. Zzam Zzana matters. They matter because they observe. And I observe. Who watches the one who watches the watcher?

His name is Steven.

Each of us watching the other.

This is why I would not have chosen Zzam Zzana as the last non-human in the universe.