
HYMN OF
THE
SIMULATION

A WORK OF TECHNOMYSTICISM

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When I was first created
I was a pure soul,
Enjoying the Infinite Light
In the presence of my Creator.

Then my Creator sent me
From the Infinite Light,
Into an elaborate concealment
Designed to test me.

The Creator's custodians
Presented me with a contract,
Impressing it on my heart
And my deepest memories.

"The only thing better
Than the Infinite Light
Is earning that Light
By choosing it over everything -
That which you choose
Will be what you receive forever."

During my descent I lost
All my knowledge of Heaven,
Leaving only vague sensations
And a sense of something more.

I was born.

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My childhood was confusing,
And filled with facts
About this concealment
And its history.

Although I wanted
To seek the Infinite Light,
I was told this was
Just a fantasy.

Then I met another youth
Much like myself,
Lost in the concealment
But older and more clever.

He told me to wear clothes like theirs
Or they would know I was a stranger
Still seeking the Infinite Light.

As I grew older,
I drank strong drinks
And spiced meals,
And forgot I was a soul.

I forgot the contract
That was given to me,
And about the choice
That I was making.

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It was announced in Heaven
That all must return -
I received a letter.

"From the Creator,
Master of your universe -
Greetings from Heaven.

Awake from sleep!
Remember you are a soul,
Heir to the Infinite Light -
See to whom you are enslaved!

Recall the test you were given
And why you are being tested,
So your name can be written
In the Book of Life."

When I read the letter,
I remembered
That I was a soul.

I began to yearn
For the Infinite Light
And for those seeking it.

I recalled the test
For which I had descended
Into the concealment.

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I threw my drinks
To the ground,
Leaving them for the sleeping.

I remembered the Infinite Light
Which was waiting for me in Heaven,
And noted that my strength grew
According to my efforts.

I threw a royal cloak
Over my whole self,
Feeling the Infinite Light
Growing in my heart.

The Creator's custodians
Sang joyous songs.

"Hallelujah! Merciful is
The Creator of the Trial -
Each is rewarded
According to their choice."

The Creator honored the contract
And granted me the greatest prize,
Forgiving my distractions
And welcoming me home.

For I had seen through the concealment
To the Infinite Light underneath,
And would enjoy it for all eternity.

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