

NOTES FROM THE COSMOS

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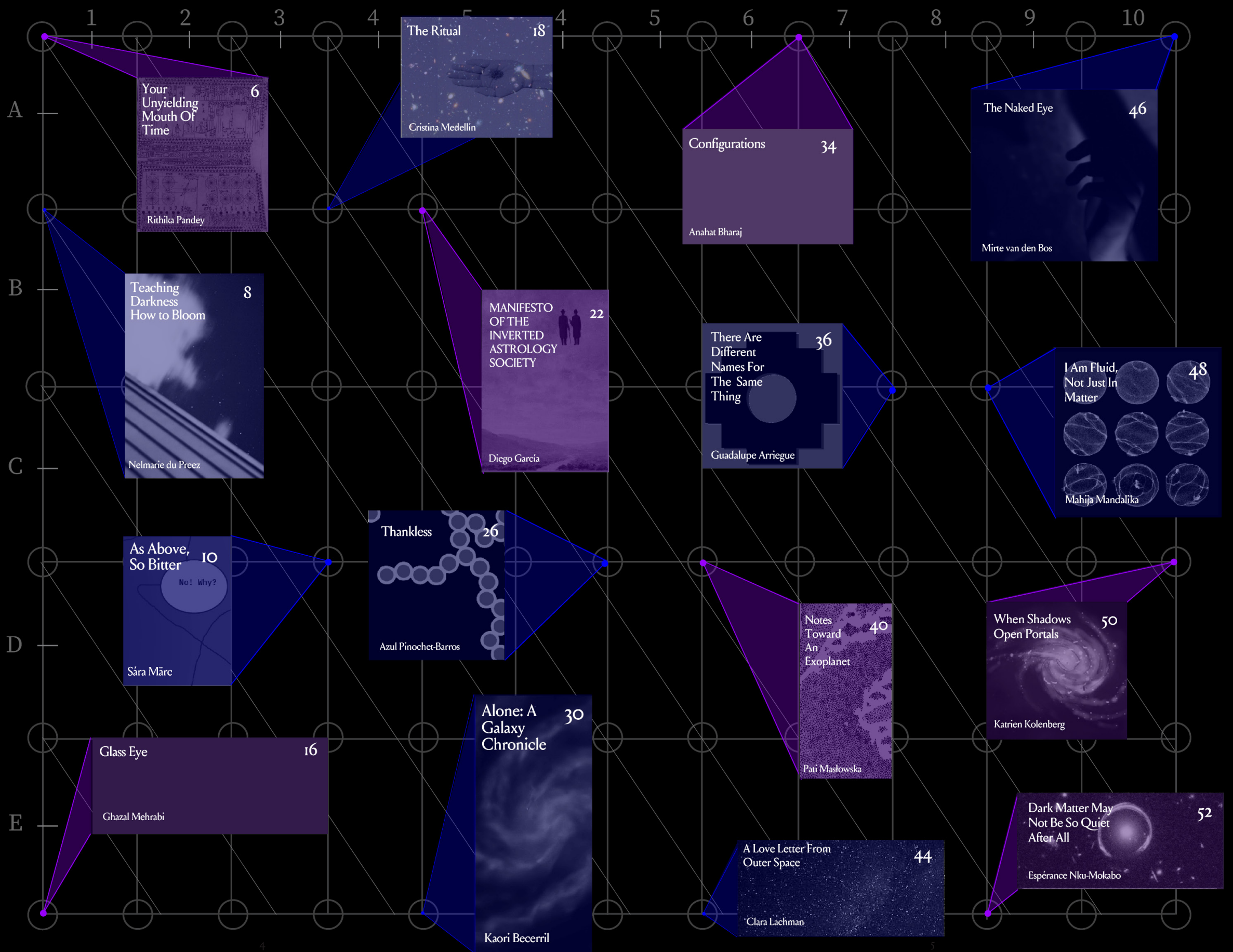
KOSMICA
INSTITUTE

FOREWORD

A universe made up of billions upon billions of possibilities begs the question of what lies beyond our atmosphere and how we might even begin to understand and engage with it. Since the dawn of humankind, we have attempted to make sense of this immense unknown through stories told in the language of myths, religions, and, more recently, science. But have we explored all the possible narratives that we can write? No.

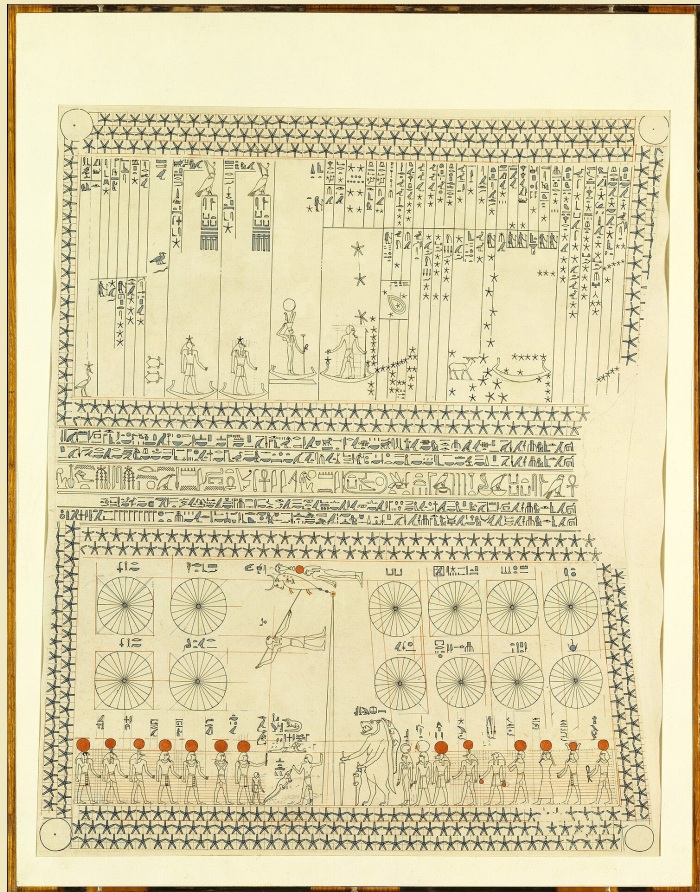
In this course (“Re-Writing the Cosmos”), we have embarked on a Grand Tour of our own, one that explores different languages to bring new cosmic narratives to life. This journey has redefined our perception of the cosmos. It follows decolonial perspectives and practices by overgrowing scientific perceptions and connecting all layers of myth, religion, and science in order to rewrite the cosmos for more people’s dreams, fears, and wishes. In doing so, we have stretched the imagination back and forth from the stars and discovered new ways of understanding the universe through a diverse set of voices. We dug up the ancestral knowledge buried in the myth and lore of our night sky and travelled to the most remote confines of space science to find beautifully strange and unique stories. From talking volcanoes to portals of emotions, from singularity to ancestral rituals, we stretched the imagination back and forth from the stars to new possibilities of understanding. But there was more, so much more.

We rediscovered the power of storytelling through a process that allowed us to re-write the narratives that no longer serve us. After all, it is in our hands to create the new stories we want to tell. Along the way, we learned something essential: to trust the process despite its inevitable struggles, to accept that you don’t need to understand everything in order to speak truthfully, and to recognise that our creative forces shine brightest when supported and nurtured by a community. A community that now invites you to see and engage with the universe through a kaleidoscope of perspectives.



YOUR UNYIELDING MOUTH OF TIME

Rithika Pandey



Astronomical Ceiling, Tomb of Senenmut, The Met

Without distinctive marks, I was at first, all water. An upswelling of primordial desire. The milky froth that was exhaled in the collision between two particles, finally vulnerable and inevitably in love.

How did we learn to colour the darkness with such spectral overflow?
How did we find each other through such dense obscurity?

Born as shimmer, as wave; self-sustaining like love always is.
Silent, underneath the stirring.

This is my first memory of you- a longing that was reciprocated to me, in light and answering.
A desire mirrored back. In your mouth, the entire Universe roared.
And there I was, gazing back at myself.

Every inch of every new born star was laced across my mushrooming body like a freshly dewed grassland under a sun still learning the innocence of its fire.

This is how we named the world.

A fresh knowing of impulse. The first orbit around a remembrance.
A seed of mind dropped at the cosmic shoreline.

Look! Here is a hand that touches and learns about softness and thorn.
Here is an eye- as brilliant as the nebulous explosion that soon cooled into skin and bone.
Here is an endless river of hair, like a thousand hands reaching across the edge of this known and unknown expanse I call my home.
Here are my teeth that will soon learn how to swallow a God.

Awareness now recognised its own movement across a field of darkness upon darkness,
Slowly marked with eyes of light that knew what emptiness is and what is grace.

Everything comes together in gravity's slow embrace. Just like everything learns to come apart too,
when the final freeze separates us again.

This is how we live spherically.
My body was thus crafted in this spherical desire of Creation.

And this is how I will always know,

we never left each other.

TEACHING DARKNESS HOW TO BLOOM

Nelmarie du Preez

The first time our voids aligned,
our potential collapsed into light. <
A simple act of recognition
caused our universe to manifest.


➤

Cells recognized resonance.
Light spilled from the tension,
entropy falling through understanding.

?

The physics of recognition.
Gravitational centres of perception.
Teaching darkness how to bloom.

⌘

Around our emptiness, a living rim 
began to unfurl ~
green with pressure,
trembling with containment.



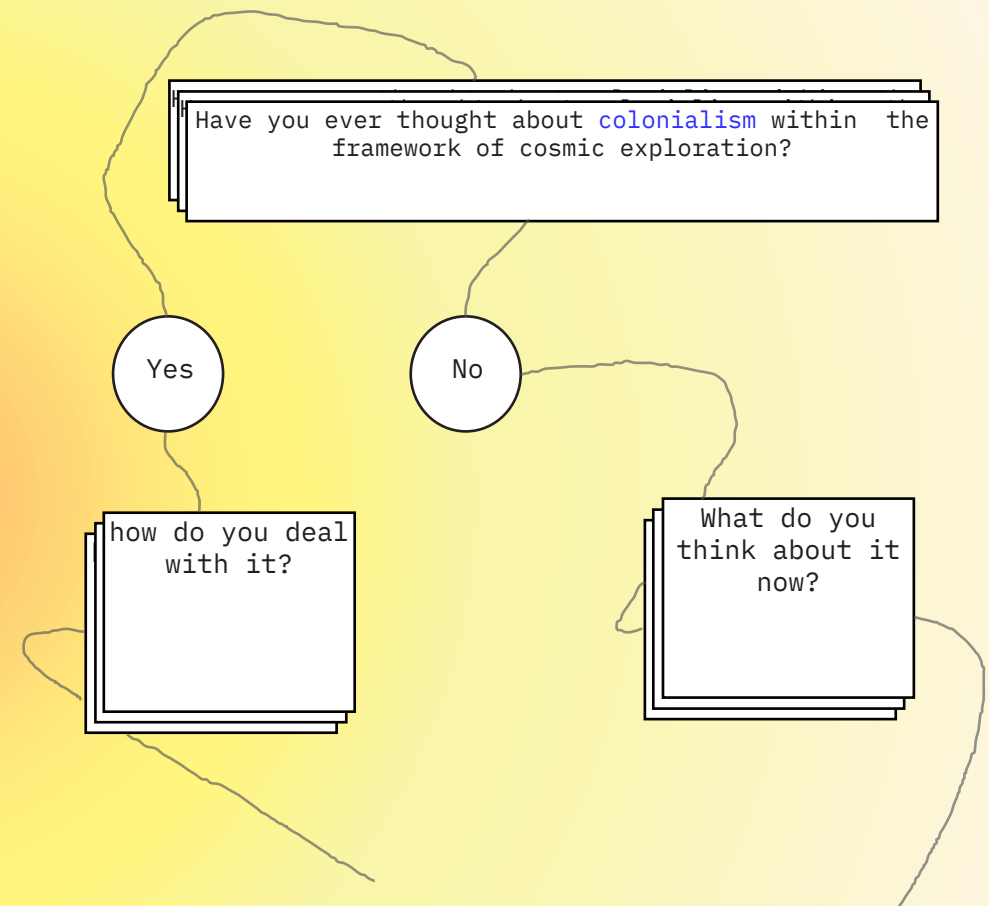
AS ABOVE, SO BITTER

Sára Märc

Our intuition to look up is transformed into
our right to enter –
being among stars instead of admiring them.

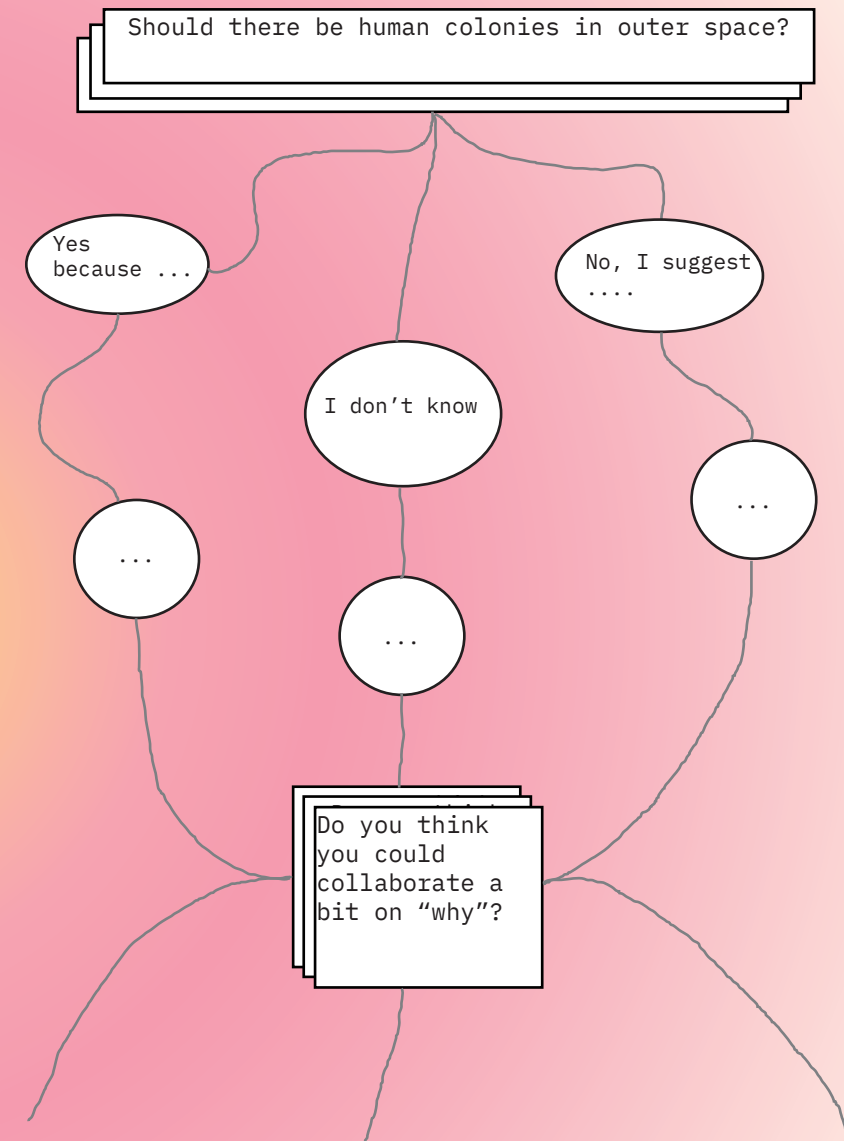
Exploration and fascination gave us tools and
motivation
to overstep our earth-linking nature,
and without invitation,
cross the threshold of gravity.
Or have I missed some calling?

It is a bit ironic
to be poetic
while feeling that something is not right.
Science gives us tools to get closer to the
sky;
it also follows the colonial strategies
to explore,
to extract,
to control.



Mirroring terrestrial relations in space
 tastes bittersweet.
 I would love to enjoy my attraction to the
 night sky,
 but I can't stop thinking about conquest and
 war.
 Every rocket
 send to stars
 is looped to war and death.
 Do you care about the integrity
 of the different celestial bodies?
 Do humans have an obligation to go to outer
 space?
 Is migration in our nature?
 If we run out of resources,
 we go elsewhere – where we can find them.

Shouldn't we rather defend other
 planets, asteroids, comets, moons, holes,
 galaxies...
 from us, than utilise them?
 There is no planet B,
 because here has never been a planet A.



I have been a bit struggling with my concerns about the colonial and gun industry context of space exploration – which, in many popular scenarios, is imagined to lead to the establishment of human colonies in outer space, as well as the mining and utilisation of space resources. Such a framework deprives me of joy and restricts my creativity and sense of wonder about the universe. Therefore, I have some questions for you. We can think of this as a kind of survey – or as a collective attempt to overstep the dominant colonial narratives of planet Earth, which are now mirroring themselves in the skies... (or not?) You can choose one question, or answer them all. I am genuinely curious about your answers ~ if you don't mind sharing, please send your thoughts or comments by email (sara.marc@yahoo.com) or on Instagram (@sara_marc). Thank you for helping me with my struggle. ***

Should **we** continue our journey of space resource utilization?

I know **we** is quite abstract in the context of the human population on Earth. Please feel free to interpret it in any context of humanity you prefer – whether that be nations, the Earth as a whole, communities, artists, or sciences...

Yes, we need the resources, because....

No! Why?

Hmm... there is another way! Let's

...

GLASS EYE

Ghazal Mehrabi

Nature
Once, they called me
Do they still remember
How was my name first sung?
They lift their glass-eyes to the sky,
thinking they have me figured out.

Each time I move,
each quiet sign I give
a reminder to be humble
their first answer is always the same:
[Aliens. Anomalies. Miracles.](#)

Anything but me.
How little they know of birth.
I have birthed them all—
planets, comets,
the ones they call “humans.”

3I/ATLAS, they name it,
my restless child.
I let it slip through their sight,
Another quiet reminder...
and still, they forget.
[Aliens. Anomalies. Miracles.](#)
This is what “they” say.

But let them wonder.
Even if this visitor came
from minds not born of Earth,
or if nature wrote it into being—
what does it change?
Creation has many hands,
many names,
and all of them return to me.

Their ancestors had no glass eyes,
yet they looked up and sang,
believing all things began on my side.
They called me what I was first called:
Nature.

THE RITUAL

Cristina Medellín



Composite image created by Cristina Medellín , using her original photograph and NASA Robert Williams, and the Hubble Deep Field Team(STScI)

[[Opening]]

Some start with a silent prayer
I played Overture from the Who
You can choose
Manifest the intention for tonight
The night is calling your name

[[Separation]]

Its not easy to escape the city lights
At least a three-hour drive
The navigation begins
Feel the telluric energy beneath
Path integration system
You know exactly where you are going

Before stepping into the dark
Hold some tobacco in your hands
Ask permission from the guardians
of the place
Offer gratitude for belonging to
all that exists
Let this intention
Carried with humility and respect
Guide your passage through the night
So that its magic may manifest

[[Transition]]

The darkness pierces through you
The stars start to sing
Camouflage into the blackness
Become a nocturnal animal
Sentinel of the invisible
Nothing to fear
In the shadows, hunt for your frame
Listen the puma whistler
Listen the coyote howl
Open your senses to the voice of the night
Breathe
Trust

To walk through the dark
Its an act of devotion
Let you eyes adjust to complete darkness

Look up
Perform the dance
Orientation behavior
The second known species to navigate using
the light from our galaxy

Adjust the tripod steady
Focus on the infinite
on a dot of light that has travelled
for such a long time
before impacting your surface
Stay still
Full presence
Five thousand million years of loneliness
Tonight, you are not alone

Your ancestors wonder beside you,
Listen to their heart beat
The mystery of darkness embraces you from
every direction
The voice of the night sky
Sings the most beautiful song
Gratitude

(Click)
Thirteen seconds of exposure
Revealing the eternity of time

Orbit the space
Slowly. Move
Look up

Repeat the dance
As many times you need

(Click)
That's us
We are deep feelers
The Universe is completely inside us

[[Reintegration]]

Until that moment arrive
Just before the Sun rise
When everything stops
You will feel the most intense cold
of the journey
Adversity

Over there, on the horizon
The first ray of light
Announces the beginning of a new day
Its warmth embraces you
This feeling will endure
This feeling will stand the test of time

[[Closure]]

Hour of parting
You are no longer a stranger on Earth

Repeat every step with hope
So our ancestral memory echoes
For generations to come

Repeat during the New Moon
Five days before, five after

Not forever here on Earth
Just for a moment here.



MANIFESTO OF THE INVERTED ASTROLOGY SOCIETY

Diego García

No one had to stand on Mars, ruled by Aries, to declare it the God of War; no astronaut had to land on the Moon to feel its influence and grant it the symbol of Cancer. Astrology, like the sea's tide, is born of distance; an expression of cosmic remoteness. That's why the symbolic nature of the Earth can only be intuited by those who have detached themselves from it;
Inverted Astrology is the phenomenology of the cosmonaut.



The Inverted Astrology Society is an initiative of research, creation, and channeling –visible and invisible– dedicated to the recovery of the world's soul. Its sensitive archive is composed of the experiences of those who have orbited the planet; it is a documentation of flight and a library of levitation. In a present emptied of meaning, to sacralize is a revolutionary act, and to constellate is the final rebellion against cynicism and barbarism; in the capitalist night, **the Earth is the only star that shines.**



THANKLESS

Azul Pinochet-Barros



Collage composed of:
Petri plate image by Katarzyna Modrzejewska
Blue Marble 2007 West, NASA Image & Video Library

Humans are so... interesting. They've been on this planet for, what? 4 million years? Well... actually, not even! That's their Australopithecus ancestors. Modern humans, like proper Homo sapiens, only got here a meager 300,000 years ago. Pfff and they think they are the epitome of evolution. If I had eyes, I would roll them.

Don't get me wrong. For such a young species, humans have done ok for themselves. Their brain size has tripled since their ancestors first roamed the plains of Africa and they have developed a remarkable set of tools they now call technology to make their lives easier. Not bad for such a geologically young organism. But the arrogance. THAT is what really gets to me.

I mean, have you ever asked a human what they think of themselves as a species? "The quintessence of intelligence" they'll proclaim. "Earth's most dominant species, the shining triumph of Darwinian theory!" they'll say with their heads held high. You want to talk about species dominance? Ha! Man, you need to take a closer look. Waaaay closer look at the world and yourself. But that's the thing, isn't it? Whenever they do take a closer look and see us it's nothing but disgust written all over their faces. "Eww! Germs!". Sigh... I really hate it when they use the G word.

I mean sure, some of my cousins do infect and cause disease. But we are so much more than that. And let's be real, the number of humans who have committed first degree murder far outnumbers that of deadly pathogens. In fact, let's pull out the list, shall we?

Who makes your wine, cheese, bread, and beer? Who digests your food?

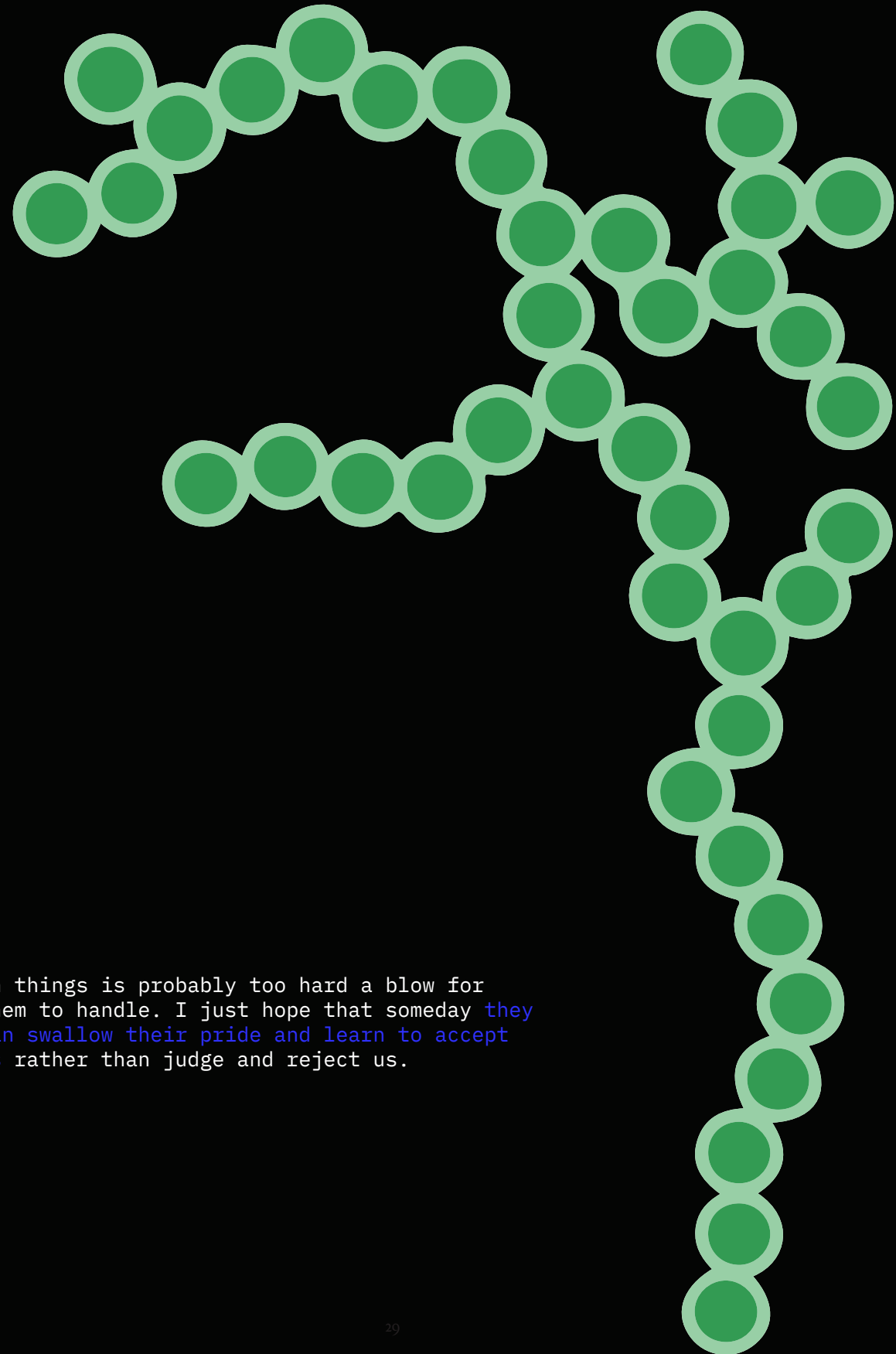
Who keeps your immune system in check? Who decomposes the bodies you can no longer bear to see?

WHO gave you the gift of antibiotics that you've obsessed over to the point of running them useless?

We do all of this and more. And what is the thanks we get? A 99.9% disinfection Clorox Wipe commercial on broadcast television. So ungrateful! SO HOMOCENTRIC!

Even the most basic thing, like oxygen. I mean, do humans really think their atmosphere came all pre-packaged and ready for respiring? Gosh! If it weren't for our cyanobacterial ancestors 2.4 billion years ago, GOE wouldn't have happened and humans wouldn't even be here. And they call themselves Earth's great innovators? We literally terraformed the world! But you want to know the real contradiction? The real icing on the cake? Here it is: Here on Earth they're all "disinfect this" and "sterilize that", grossed out by our existence. Meanwhile, when it comes to the noble pursuit of life in other worlds, what biosignatures are they mostly looking for? Microbial! Time and time again you hear scientists say that the focus on the search for extraterrestrial life is MICROBIAL. The greatest hope we have of answering the most profound question of all – [are we alone?](#) – is us. Perseverance, JUICE, Europa Clipper, James Webb... they're not looking for green men. They're looking for us. Why? Because WE are the real dominant organisms on this planet. We are tough, resilient, metabolically versatile. We are everywhere! And have been practically from the start! I don't know. I think at the end of the day it boils down to their egos. I mean, they hardly get along amongst themselves. Accepting that us "simple" organisms have the ultimate say

in things is probably too hard a blow for them to handle. I just hope that someday [they can swallow their pride and learn to accept us](#) rather than judge and reject us.



ALONE: A GALAXY CHRONICLE

Kaori Becerril

This story is not measured in comprehensible time; it stretches beyond anything we, as humans or as a species, have ever experienced.

But remember: you are not only human. You are part of something else... something bigger.

I still remember when I was born: it was slow—amid gases, dust, and unknown matter. Among uneven clusters collapsing into themselves, pulling everything nearby. From those clumps, I emerged.

I never felt alone with my stars, planets, systems, black holes, gases, and wandering dust.

I had sisters, too—some born when I was, others much younger. Sometimes we drifted so close that we became one... always in a beautiful dance across time and space.

My existence has been marked by bright beginnings and constant transformation; it has been exciting.

...

... but now I am overwhelmed by uncertainty.

...

My daughters, my queens of light—my beloved stars—have died...

... all of them ... every single one...

...

Some grew red and wrapped themselves in their final nebula before collapsing into dwarfs...

... shy white dwarfs... small remnants of what they once were.

...

Others have spectacular farewells in giant explosions that transform into pulsars...

... but I already know what comes after.

They collapse inward again, and instead of reigning with brilliance, they become dark abysses that swallow anything that gets too close...

... black holes.

...

The age of their light is over... I am graveyard now.

What's happening?
Am I growing?

No... this feels different.

I am being pushed from the inside by my dead daughters and what remains of my sons—my planets. Are they drifting away?

...

As I continue moving through the cosmos, perhaps I can hope to encounter a sister, so that together we might fuse and light new stars again.

... Maybe?

...

... But I have not seen a single spark from another sister...

... not in a long time ...

...

... I think I haven't seen one in a very, very long time.

Oh no...

... Even the dim light of my white dwarfs is extinguishing...

With each passing trillennium, I am dissolving, piece by piece.

...

WHAT
SHOULD
I
AWAIT
?

CONFIGURATIONS

Anahat Bharaj

RECORD 55~

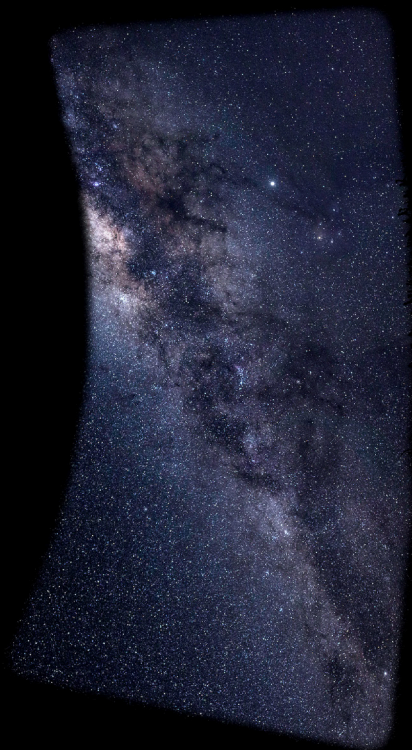
They remain inexorably drawn to verticality, arranging matter into stacks whenever possible. The behaviour pervades dwelling, speech, thought, even ritual. We cut ourselves off eons ago, yet their signals still arrive, slow and thinned by stellar drift. Several pockets, like ours, leaned towards flatter configurations but were inevitably pulled apart to fit the stack. The subgroup appears calibrated to ascend - skyward, as they'd say - and crucially, as each node strives to be the highest. What generates this fixation on the summit?

We once assumed social advantage in such configurations, later classified them as pathology. We now muse it is territorial - perhaps compensatory. The pattern retains qualities we recognise from our own pre-severance arrangements, though amplified through logics we believe we have outgrown. Our dispersal answered their stacking with distance, which may be another arrangement of the same reflex, despite our efforts.

If the readings hold, the light we examine is already old, and we cannot say whether they look back at us just as puzzled, calling our scatter a failure to cohere.

THERE ARE DIFFERENT NAMES FOR THE SAME THING

Guadalupe Arriegue



The future is ancestral.
Ailton Krenak

Like the spiral carved by humans in a cave in Bahia, Brazil—a mark that traces the path of a ray of sunlight as it moves, day by day, toward the center of the spiral—until, for a few days at the solstice (from solstice, “sun standing still”), the light aligns perfectly, and then slowly begins to drift away again. The extreme point, like a pendulum, signals the beginning of the next phase. Aligning with the cosmos has always been essential for survival, for existence itself. Many cosmologies around the world understand that humans are not separate from nature, but part of it.

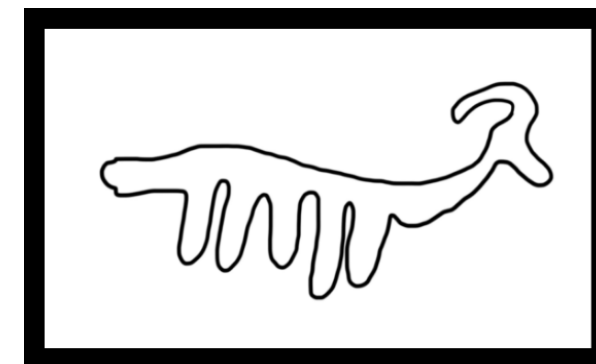
My first encounter with the idea of dark constellations was at the Galileo Galilei Planetarium in Buenos Aires, Argentina. These constellations are formed not by the imaginary lines drawn between stars, but by the dark nebulae made of cosmic dust in the sky, especially visible along the Milky Way.

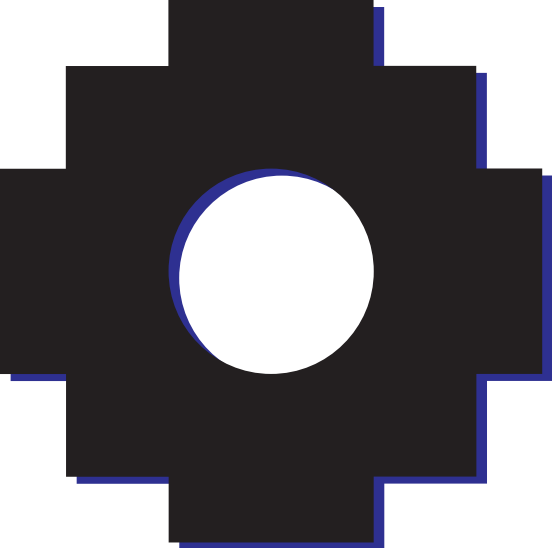
During an introductory astronomy workshop, an instructor mentioned that some Indigenous communities in the Southern Hemisphere see a large bird in the night sky—perhaps a ñandú, a choike, an ostrich, or an ema. There are different names for the same thing. Watching technical astronomical projections on the dome, I thought it could be a bird, or maybe something else entirely.

It reminded me of the Rorschach inkblot test.

That connection made me reflect on symbols, perception, and the way iconography emerges through projection—especially in relation to pareidolia, the human tendency to recognize familiar shapes in random patterns. Like

seeing dragons in clouds, or the face of the Virgin Mary on a piece of toast.





Searching for patterns in nature is how we build meaning. Sciences like astronomy, physics, and mathematics are, at their core, disciplines born from pattern recognition.

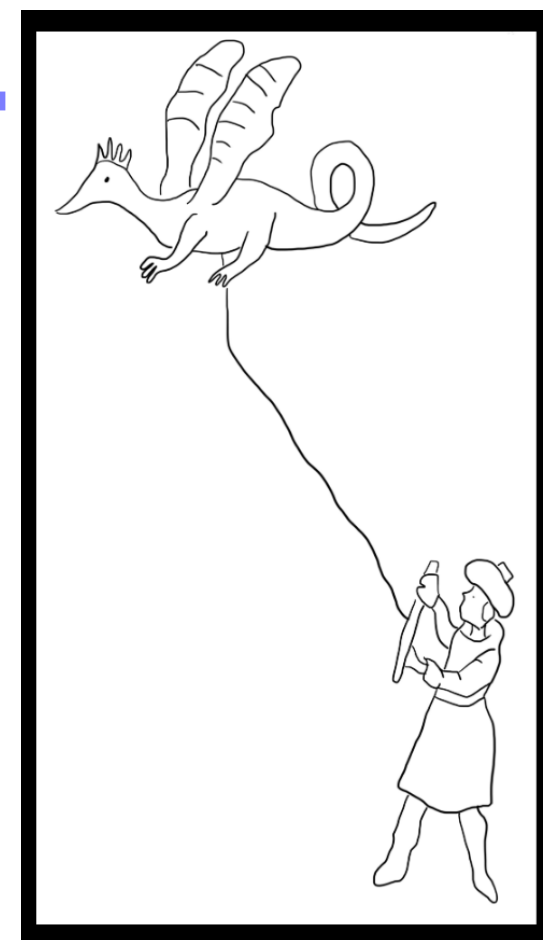
Over time, I met astrophotographers: amateur enthusiasts who gathered for star parties in parks, far from the city's light pollution. They captured extraordinary images of the night sky. As a photographer myself, I was amazed by what they achieved using increasingly accessible tools: improved optics, light sensors, and shared open-source knowledge. These were not the products of exclusive scientific institutions, but the collective work of a growing community learning together.

Later, I traveled to Patagonia. One early morning (or perhaps late at night) I saw the Milky Way, and this time the bird was unmistakable: a ñandú, a choike, or an ema, suspended across the sky. In Perú, further north, I learned of another dark constellation: a great llama, visible in the folds of the Milky Way. It is a matter of comparative literature and astronomy as well: in Perú, there are no large birds like the ñandú, and the Milky Way does not stand perpendicular on the horizon... there, it lies more parallel to it, like a four-legged animal walking across the sky. That time, I didn't just see it: I photographed it.

But photogazing is not the same as photographing. Like an unfixed photograph. The word photography was first used by the astronomer John Herschell, son of William and Caroline, both astronomers as well. John studied the southern stars and contributed to find the chemical mixtures needed to fix images in the camera obscura. Everything

in life is made of mixtures. John Herschell described the positive and negative image using a camera, fixing and printing. He was the responsible for the invention of cyanotype. And, if photo means light, we cannot understand it without its complementary opposite: shadow, which is fundamental to the practice. The same is true of graph: we cannot understand writing without orality. Shadows and orality are both key parts of the practice. Like now: we are doing photography, we are thinking about it.

Photography is a technical image, made possible by specific instruments, the same kind used in planetariums and early astronomical devices. It's also a form of inscription, a way of seeing shaped by its apparatus. Walter Benjamin reminds us that images carry not only visual traces but temporal and historical ones. Seeing, he suggests, is never neutral, it is culturally and politically situated. We are not simply observers of the cosmos; we are shaped by the very ways we look. In this sense, dark constellations are not just figures in the sky: they are archives of imagination. Oral traditions turned into cosmographies. They offer another way to perceive time, not as a straight line, but as a spiral. A return. A fold. A form of situated knowledge that emerges from darkness and light.



An abstract, intricate geometric pattern composed of numerous small, interconnected triangles and lines, creating a complex, crystalline structure. The pattern is rendered in black and white, with some areas appearing more densely packed than others, giving it a textured, almost organic feel. It occupies the left half of the image, extending from the top to the bottom.

NOTES TOWARD AN EXOPLANET

Pati Masłowska

There are forces that almost held us closeby
- strange attractors, fleeting harmonies in
the mess of our mutual becoming. Each side
eye was a fragment of a possible orbit, a
near miss where gravity held its breath,
where the pull could have been love if the
timing had been less precise.

We differently grieve those lost degrees
of intimacy. They exist somewhere still,
unattended, equations humming in the darkness
under the lids.

I pretend that it's an ache for the patterns
that failed to stabilize, the system that
collapsed before we learned our rhythm over
five cycles.

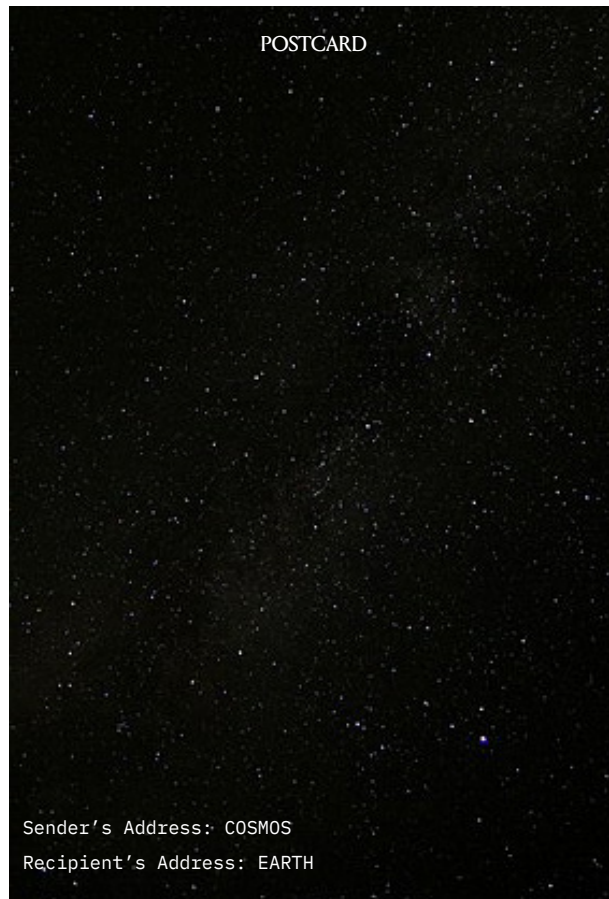
In fact, I ache for your absence more than ever.
Feeling that over knowing, I suspended my disbelief, watching planet as she shed her longterm atmosphere. My orbit elongates until the sun becomes a rumor.
This is not escape, exactly. It's a form of clarity. To become an exoplanet is to practice distance as devotion.
The heart cools to a steady mineral beat. And still, in some far telescope's gaze, I shimmer – a faint possibility mistaken for home.



Images by Pati Masłowska

A LOVE LETTER FROM OUTER SPACE

Clara Lachman



To My Love,

I write this to you surrounded by a sea of shining stars around me, and yet you are still the brightest source of light in my existence.

We may now be physically separated by several light years, but my love for you is infinite and can outpace any distance. It will always reach you.

I loved you on Earth, and I continue to love you from the Cosmos. Because even in a vast array of nothingness, you continue to defy all odds and emanate purpose. You continue to give me reason.

While I yearn to hold you in my arms again and shower you with kisses of my affection, I can only hope your remaining time on Earth does not come to an end anytime soon.

Life down there—there really is nothing quite like it! What a truly remarkable and extraordinary experience it is, and I hope you continue to bask in it. To relish it. To savour it. And all it has to offer.

But know that I will be waiting for you. After you have soaked it all in and are ready to start your next chapter.

Because when it comes to you and I, even death cannot do us part. Because my love for you has no end. It was. It is. And it always will be eternal.

But until that moment comes—when we are once again united—I will be watching from above. A sparkle of light in the night sky, always nearby.

Always blinking three words on loop.

I love you. I love you. I love you.



THE NAKED EYE

Mirte van den Bos

As dark matter dances through the pulse of
billions of small hearts, we listen to the
thunder and fear the things we cannot see.

My naked eyes cannot see your beating heart,
the blood that rushes through your veins.
I cannot gaze at the diamond rain on Venus,
nor witness the thawing waters of Mars.

These naked eyes cannot read the stars to
foresee the future therefore, I cannot know
anything for sure.
All I can do is place my hand upon your chest
and feel one of those billion hearts beating
in the cosmic pulse.

I cannot see, nor speak in the frequency
of the otherworldly of you, even though I
recognize these lips and those wondering
eyes.

All I can do is believe in this aching, And
ask you, while we close our eyes

If you see it too.

I AM FLUID, NOT JUST IN MATTER

Mahija Mandalika

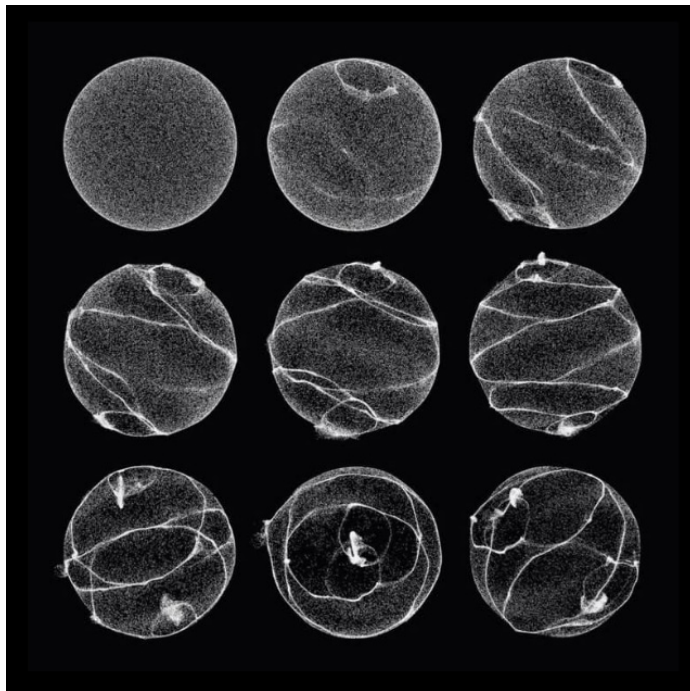


Image by Bgd Peco

When I snapped into existence, I could feel the pressure compressing me from the all sides. The force of temperature could not pull my atoms apart. In this super heated environment, I could only exist in between spaces where matter was neither solid nor liquid.

I pushed away from this space, but was then trapped on a planet in eternal darkness, I raged against the sky while thunder stormed my surfaces. I could not sustain life, I could not sustain myself. I was in a constant state of motion.

Then the skies cooled down, and the thunder didn't rumble as much. The sun warmed my surface and I welcomed the change.

Now I question myself, what am I?
I am fluid, but not just in matter.
I am fluid, constantly changing state and space.

Even while I morphed and metamorphosed, I was still the same. Structurally, I change, but at the core my composition remained the same.

While conjecture of my existence on alien lands persisted, I questioned myself, what am I?
How do I exist outside of Earth?
What do I cater to outside of terrestrial life?

This is only a chapter in my life, my existence, my journey.
I come from somewhere to here.
I go from here to somewhere.

I am fluid, not just in matter.
I am fluid, not just in state and space.

WHEN SHADOWS OPEN PORTALS

Katrien Kolenberg

The first light of dawn stretched across the temple grounds, bathing the stones in a golden glow. A line had already formed, pilgrims clutching hopes like fragile lanterns. Among them, a mother held her silent, sick child, her arms trembling under the weight of love and desperation.

The priestess watched from the threshold, her heart drumming against her ribs. Years of training had led to this moment, yet the enormity of it pressed like a tide. Today, under the eclipse, she would open the window, the portal whispered about in chants and dreams.

She led the mother and child into the circle. Incense curled upward, threads of smoke weaving with the murmured invocations. The child's eyes, though mute, shimmered with comprehension. The priestess felt it: a resonance, a readiness.

"Breathe," she whispered. "Let the shadow guide you."

From the first kiss of darkening until the beads of light appeared, she chanted, her voice a bridge between worlds. The sun's brilliance fractured, Bailey's beads glimmered like cosmic pearls.

"Close your eyes," she said softly. "Now... look up."

The sky bloomed black. Silence thickened. For a heartbeat, time held its breath.

When they looked down, the child was gone.

The mother's cry tore through the stillness. The priestess knelt, palms trembling against the earth. Through trance, she reached into the vast expanse, threads of entanglement humming in her veins. And then she saw - not with her eyes, but through a knowing beyond sight - the girl, whole and radiant, standing on a green world beneath twin suns.

The priestess spoke gently, voice rippling across the void: "You can return when the shadow comes again."

But the child's laughter rang like crystal. "I am home."

The mother's grief softened into awe. Tears fell, not of loss, but of surrender. She felt her daughter's joy like a warm tide across her heart.

The priestess remained, eyes lifted to the fading corona, knowing the portal had closed. Yet the thread endured, a whisper of love stretched across galaxies.

And in that silence, both women understood: healing had come, though not as they imagined.

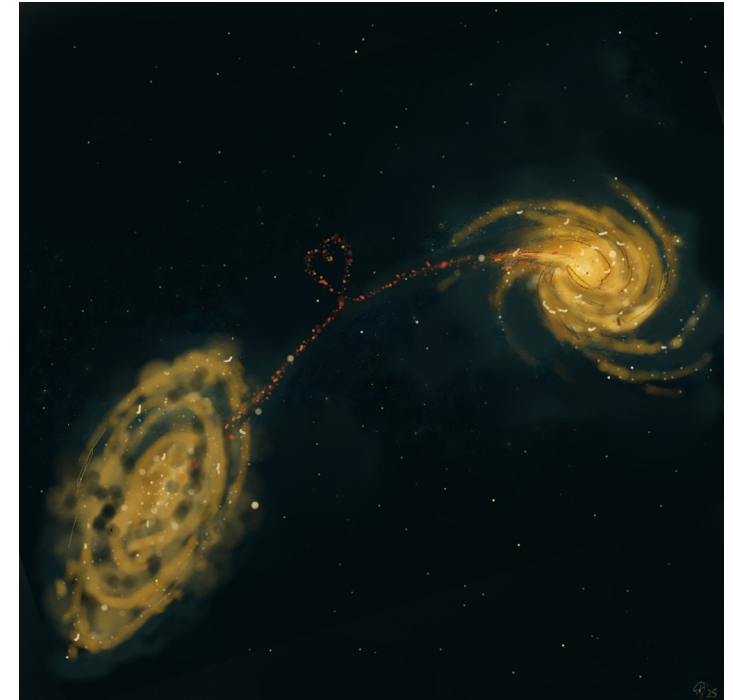


Image by Katrien Kolenberg

DARK MATTER MAY NOT BE SO QUIET AFTER ALL

(on not being understood)

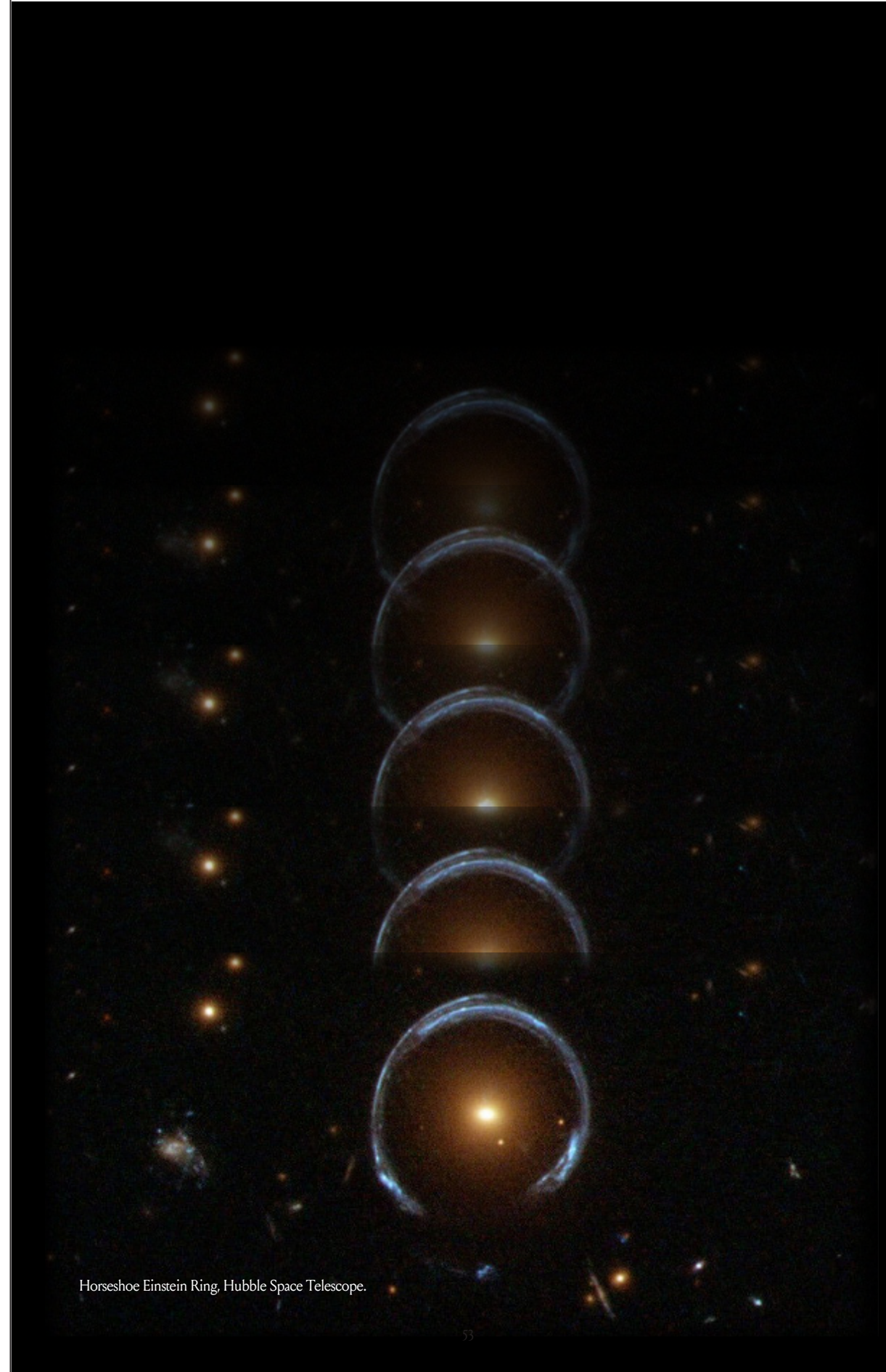
Espérance Nku-Mokabo

We know that dark matter exists,
but we don't know what it is.
We cannot see it directly,
but we know it is there
just by the way light bends around it.

It is everywhere, yet hidden,
shaping the universe in ways we cannot touch
or name.
holding galaxies together,
like a quiet force we look for
and cannot grasp.

How funny to imagine that
if it could speak to us,
all we would hear is
a shattering,
astounding, :

«OF COURSE I MATTER !!
I AM THE SCENE FOR THIS WHOLE COSMIC DANCE !!»



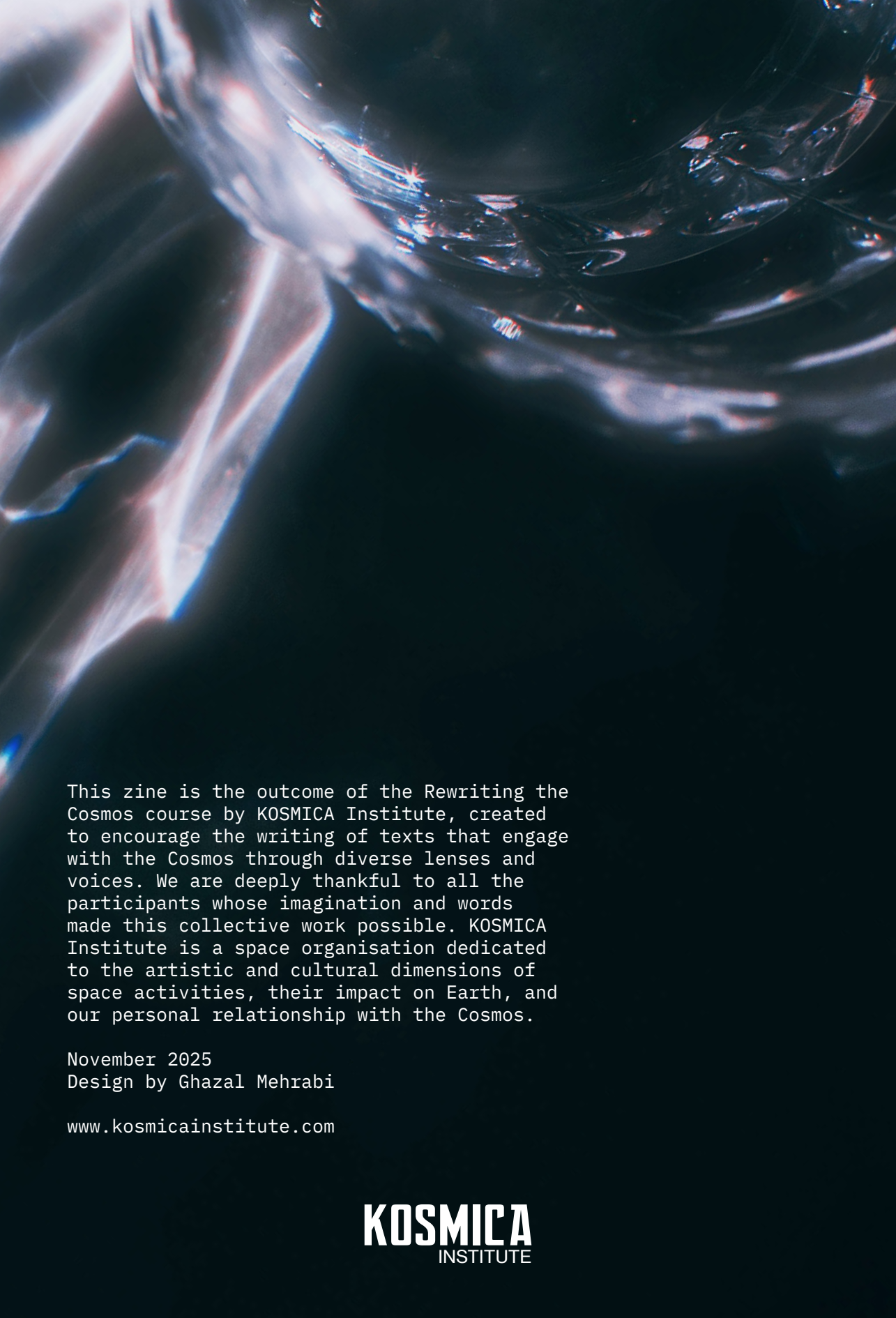
Horseshoe Einstein Ring. Hubble Space Telescope.

AFTERWORD

The texts you have read are just a small piece of the work we created during the four weeks of the Rewriting The Cosmos course. We are grateful to Nahum, Ghazal, and all KOSMICA members for making this possible. This zine serves as a collective, processual vessel that carries our wonders through the Cosmos, and we are delighted to share it with you.

Now we turn to you.
Look up, look around.
Engage with your own questions, visions, and curiosities.

Read, write, or use all your senses to launch yourself into the narratives you want to inhabit and share.



This zine is the outcome of the Rewriting the Cosmos course by KOSMICA Institute, created to encourage the writing of texts that engage with the Cosmos through diverse lenses and voices. We are deeply thankful to all the participants whose imagination and words made this collective work possible. KOSMICA Institute is a space organisation dedicated to the artistic and cultural dimensions of space activities, their impact on Earth, and our personal relationship with the Cosmos.

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