

Nature's Gifts



Nature's gift is that of weaving. Thread by thread, over millennia, she crafts a tapestry, seducing all to its beauty. Alas it's only realized then, that the loom onto which she sews is the mouths of its creations.

Floating through the warm, innocent flesh, and binding it ever tighter, as its art grows in glory, nature's steady hand guides its needle. Guiding, as its things tremble with their screams – to only be heard by them, quivering, desperate for a breath.

And with the last light masked, she claims her prize, eternalizing us in our straightjacket of flesh.

Astraios | Pursuit of Purpose

From our meager crib of existence, we become entranced by the gleaming beams of light slicing through the bars, mimicking its dance across the tips of our fingers. And angered by the fruitless attempts to grasp its radiance, we turn to the slopes and fields of birth, and take their magic as the source for our escape towards the beautiful dawn.

Shattering our bars with its ever-loyal frame, all to see is an infinite aurora. With no returning to the fractured jar of life, however, the only option is to jump; jump into the pool of light.

And so we dive, plunging deep, and breathing only our belief of a coral reef.

But, writhing, we see not our genesis nor deity. Furiously, betrayed, we lash out at the beams, unable to even carve room to breathe. In our suffocation, a glimmering silver light calls, faint in the distance, and dancing below the lustrous ocean.

Drawing near, we reach desperately, and our savior receives our hand in an embrace; only for us to meet his finger and, as if it were a reflection in a lake, meld into its perfect form. Merely a finger, our heart must be saved, and our mind!

But, we fall.

Suffocating, once more, in our pocket of air amid the sea of wonder.

Janus | Love of Society

The sparrow nests low, and yet we march, stomping their pathetic twigs into the mud. Still, the spear in hand is light, so we soar into the sky, adamant on slicing a piece of the heavens for our own.

Alas, the ground is scarce, and the mountains impose upon our escape, with their kings' gaze singeing the backs of the rabble. And those who dream of the stars corrected with a downwards gaze.

Thus we enter the valley, claiming our ledge from which we shit on the swine below and are blinded to the void from which we came.

But the gifts of gold – gleaming, succulent gold – how plentiful they are! And we live like titans, bending even the gods to our will!

Feat after feat, we are rewarded with our sewer, and happily, we pull our twine up, around our necks, and sleep, waiting for the gifts of the gods to be ours.

Erebus | Servitude to Rationality

In the dark night, the towns lie divorced, and hungry travelers are sooner tasted than, themselves, feast. So we wait for our hovel to be touched by the sun, our water to fall from the sky, and our food to prance unto our land.

But, weary of god's rhythm, we give darkness the gift of light; and march upon the harpies of the land.

Forgetting our huts, we tread paths to the more prosperous.

And lifted up, all to be seen is light between our nations. That is, until the dark prospers once more, claiming our minds for its own.

Struggling to climb the walls of our beloved path, beaten down by greed and heavy goods, the mud cascades down, burying us in our own salvation; and destining the future to belong to its deepening crevice.

And dark, once more, we forget the light as we dig, our minds beset searching for the riches with which the dark entices. Until the light at the mouth of the fissure becomes only our compass riveted to the grip of the shovel, driven, driven into the bedrock beneath our feet.