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Its forehead is finally soft.

Ashsured

Darkness is a wonderfully dubious friend. It's the scariest of things, and at the same time so utterly comforting. It reminds us of our frail existence and small lives, giving even the strongest of souls a place to hide.

It invites us to surrender and submit, to just drift through the void and simply not exist. No matter your past the darkness never judges nor rejects, it swallows everyone equally.

The titan floats weightlessly through space and time. Shrouded in lovely loneliness it smiles peacefully as if finally blissful. One of the biggest temptations of death is finally getting to rest.

No longer burdened by itself or its principles a moment of tranquility is experienced, slowly seeping into every fibre of its body. Almost as if reborn, all the imprints of life have faded away and only the vessel is seen.

Its forehead is finally soft.

As an unknown amount of time passes its armour slowly dissapates, weapons and all, then age and experience. As if time was nothing more than a function of memory, the inner child manifest.

Shortly after an infant floats alone through the void.

Many experience inner death at least once, but titans do so differently. Whilst they have the heart of a human their blood is that of demons.

To most death is a crisis, a horrible fate that brings pain and destruction, to the indestructible however it's a release. After yet another cycle of awareness the titan is finally able to let go and return. The curse becomes a blessing simply because death is not available.

Having shed itself and returned to the seed it begins to reform. Albeit different than last time one thing is certain: the titan remains: the incomprehensible power pulsating though it's veins simply will not surrender.

Who knew that ashes could be hungry.

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