

## Moonburn

The sun rises. For a moment, the dust in the room gets illuminated by the creeping light, stretched out through your curtains, dampened yet present. It inches closer, until it touches your skin. Out of that slumber, you it will shake. You feel the tingling of its grasp, the way it makes you feel fuzzy, relaxed. The golden hue is comfortable, familiar, yet welcome all the same. You do not quite remember how long the last night had lasted. Perhaps it had been a week, a year, even a day.

Yet all that is washed away, and nothing but an echo remains in your mind, a seed that was planted in the silver moonlight, under bright, starlit skies, piercing the darkness, the disguise. It was there when the sun rose, and it was there when it stood high in the sky. It was there when you knew happiness, prosperity, wealth and fame. It was there when you knew love, the mind-killer's bane. You knew of the great golden eye, that all its splendour may remain. You knew of the warmth that it gave, the darkness it would brave.

Yet a seed, a sapling with power, three things it needs. It needs food, water, and light, that ancient might. It needs a place to grow, where the ground is damp, watered by tears of old. It needs food, for thought or something else, to build its hellish stem. Then, when the light touches the petals, it starts to grow them. That seed, that sapling, it turns into budding flora, a flower or a tree that grows with the darkest aura. Its roots take to the depths of your

mind, they settle. Before you know it, they take hold. Your mind starts to wither and decay, you see things you thought only the restless may. Darkness grows in the presence of light. That is when the sun starts to set, when that sapling has grown tall with pride. At first, you do not see it. You watch the sunset in awe, but then the sky starts to darken. As the sun leaves, it takes control, that deathless hole. An abyss it is, truly. It swallows you whole as you sink away. That memory, that seed, it has become something else. No longer does it abide by your rules, the things that keep you in check. No longer will it obey the things you used to bind it, leg to leg.

Some drown, others fight. Some rage against the dying of the light, and some sink away into the starless night. The sun fades from sight. The heat fades from your skin, the twilight from your eyes. You feel dull, both in body and spirit. Though the sun would set for years, you knew no debt, only the depth of the void in your head. You are alone now, free to do as you please. With no light to bind you, make future to the eye's decree. Your wings have been untied, the nails removed from your joints, but the darkness is oppressive. There is no flying in a starless void.

Sometimes, in the face of such horror, it is easiest to close your eyes. Sometimes, it is easiest to remain in disguise. Then, when that cold coma you enter, with moonburn at your center, remember your oldest mentor, the selfless repenter, as you re-enter into golden render.