

The Dead Light (Part 1)

Fen

Eyes pointed skyward
A broad shroud of world-death illumination
Against a backdrop of absence
Accretion discs scythe the heavens

Quanta bombard
Carried on unseen aetheric streams
Shards of energy
Weightless
Soundless
Yet carrying the stories
Of countless conflagrations
OF untold worlds
Birthed, cooled, enriched, given life
Verdant patterns of myriad civilisations
The rise and fall of empires
The ebb and flow of awareness

And when all is put to the scour
The flames awash and spheres scorched to rock
Uncountable entities extinguished forever

Sentience unravelled to bear no trace
Upon the lifeless crust of dark matter
The purest silence this most mute of crowds
Singularity reclaims its own

Still the stories travel
A tapestry of the past plays out
Solar death-throes glitter
Envoys of destruction unimagined

We see death without bearing witness
We see genocide bereft of extinction's bleak finality
Litanies of ending drift unheard
The void is little more than a cauldron of silence

Debris
Dust
Not even memories are left to the hunger of elemental rebirth