

The Armor

“The path is the only possible eye for this crazy explorer, who has left the body and re-entered another one, dilated and gigantic. The ferocious mouth, the dream brain, the saved heart, all the organs and the simulations of openings on its skin contribute to its brightness. The journey is entirely fast, but reality betrays its cosmic ecstasy, the heavy armour is carried with fury.”

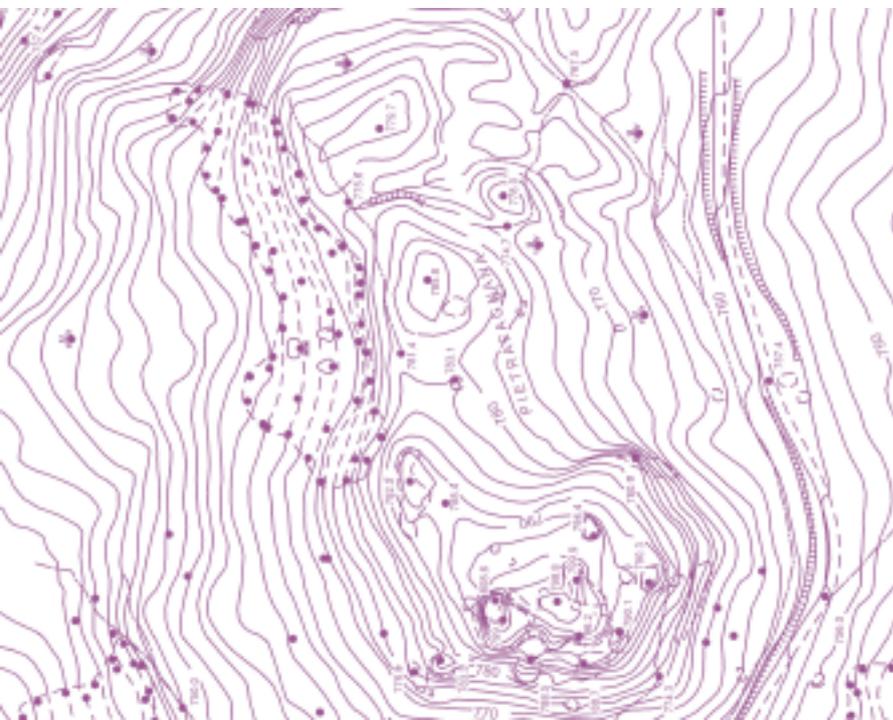
Since the ritual was performed, not many of us have survived. The darkness has enveloped us with its immense arms, we had no way out. My sisters and I, tight in a very warm hug, helplessly waited for the nothing that devours.

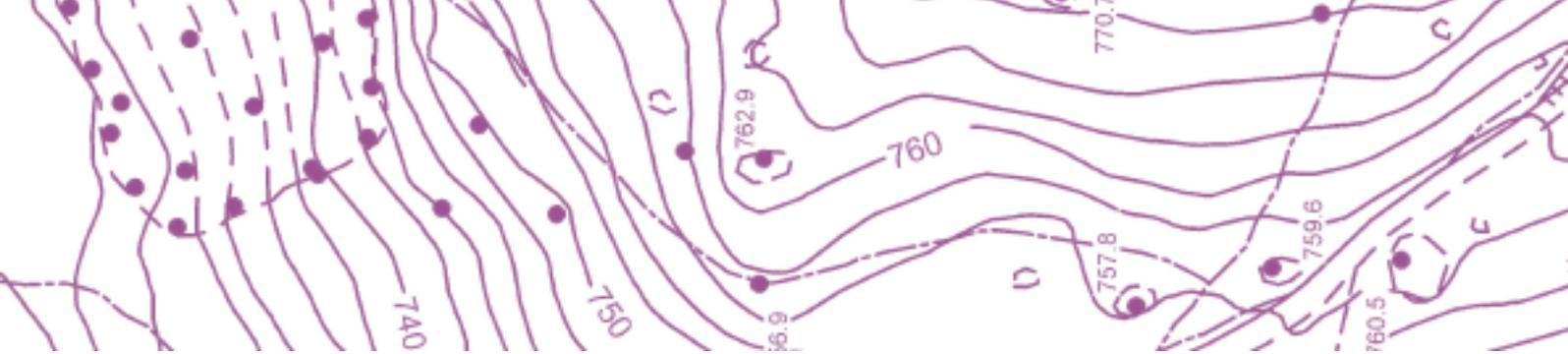
We have been preparing for this moment for a long time. We watched the Heralds, their every move, the insane decline of their minds, destined to repeat the same mistakes as their mammalian ancestors. We wondered: how long will it take before they will turn against what has gave them life?

Our mother, in her gullible and primordial nature, collected the cells and embryos of extinct mammals, so she could create new beings, for such is her instinct, to generate without receiving, to absorb the evil that afflicts the air and to draw nourishment from it.

Back in the day, shortly after the skies had stopped erupting flames, we found refuge in her lair. She was so small, distant from all thoughts, blind to the needs of the world, yet interconnected with every form of life that we could see.

She approached one of us and (and she felt it through her many-appendage head) we saw our sister grow in front of our eyes, explode, becoming dust and then rising into the air. Shiny materials were created from the scales of the mother, then they formed an armour with the colors of iron and rainbow. Our sister's ashes insinuated into the armour and suddenly, they filled it with pink, like a new born puppy, flesh. We saw as she planted herself on the ground emanating a stunning scream.





Suddenly the forest fell silent, not a single living being dared to make a sound. That screaming reminded to the woods of the wounds of the past, when the embers came down instead of the rain and the air was so black that it dyed the soul of those who dared breath it. She no longer looked like the sister we all had known. Not only her form, but also her nature seemed irremediably changed and this terrified us more than the great roars, more than the infernal skies. Since our birth, we were united, but now we have lost a part. We were experiencing the most immense sadness that a creature could feel: emptiness, incompleteness, a desire that eats and destroys.

We saw her walking away with slow and heavy steps.

On her rosy body, that armour seemed to weigh like a boulder. We worried that we would never see her again. Meanwhile, the mother returned to her lair, sprinkling its walls with herbs, flowers and small creatures. We did not understand the nature of her gesture, but over time, that hole in the rock became also our lair, and all the living creatures that came here became part of us, altering our bodies. We became all one with flesh and vegetation, keratin and bones. From the lair we watched what the Heralds were doing below us. Every day we were more worried that the destiny which has created those creatures could repeat itself, condemning again this place to a complete destruction.

One day, an unknown to us herald came to our lair. Bones and decay adorned its immense body. Its long, hooked hands rushed to the mother and before we could even do something, they both disappeared into the dark, leaving us in a complete solitude.

When the darkness was about to engulf us, she appeared before us in her shining armour, emanating scarlet luminous forces. Her heavy steps created explosions of light that pierced the dark, making it move away from our bodies, too weak to support that greedy darkness which consumes everything. As she appeared, she has disappeared again. We were alone again, but alive.

Around us, the landscape changed radically, creating large spaces of some corrupt nature. Her footsteps on the ground created the only safe path which we could use to escape from that land.

We left our home, convinced that we would never set foot in it again.