

## Eden

She fell to her knees as the realisation hit her like a torrent of stone. Her world had crumbled and faded into a barren wasteland, her friends and her kin, her entire clan, were all but gone and her life simply no longer mattered, or went at all acknowledged, by anyone but herself, and even those meagre shards of pitiful self preservation she had left were beginning to dissolve into nothing. Soon she would be naught but a shell of who she once was, a discarded memory in the perpetual cycle of life and death that was creation. She no longer cared.

Her green eyes, once so full of life, were now glazed and vacant as if her very soul had lost the fundamental essence that supported all life, as if she had been spiralling towards an enormous vacuum, accompanied by an incessant resonance of fate, throughout her entire existence, and had abruptly broken through the flimsy threshold of the oblivion that was awaiting patiently beyond.

She drifted blindly through the depths of her conscience searching for the will to live, the instinct to survive, that would draw her out of this reverie of indescribable hopelessness that was relentlessly consuming her tainted heart; but instead she discovered a thin stream of golden light. Weak at first, it flowed slowly towards her, with a subtle grace that silenced the cacophony of anguish which moments ago threatened to destroy her. Delicate tendrils stretched amicably towards her, startlingly brilliant against the backdrop of seemingly impenetrable darkness which enveloped her core. And as the light seeped across her outstretched fingers, dancing across their tips, a heavy pulse reverberated throughout the pervading space.

She felt a sudden rush of insuppressible emotion surge through her being, overwhelming her frayed senses as it crawled beneath her pale skin. Returning to her surroundings, to the exsiccated soil and the skeletons of aged trees now broken remains of a past that no longer existed, white curls fell from her face as she stared into the sky, palms upturned, knees pressed against the dusty turf, eyes wide in an expression of untold stupefaction, and limitless grief.

“The grand blue plane that only ever seems to end when it collides with the ground and sinks into the earth.”

Her eyes brimmed with tears and her vision declined to a misty blur as the sorrow, desperation and unfocused rage she had stored inside of herself for countless years finally rushed out of her as dammed water released from its inescapable confinement.

And as the first, and last, tear fell, time seemed to slow and she saw vibrant colour for the first time in what seemed like an eternity reflected in its iridescent sheen.

She followed its descent from her fair cheek until it reached the surface of her decrepit homeland, where it burst into several tiny droplets that were absorbed by the land. Deep silence ensued as she clung to the frail amounts of her renewed ethos of life.

She could feel life seeping into the earth through her before she witnessed the faint golden glow that emanated from the spot where her very tear had marked the ground. She sensed a strange power awakening inside her, as strange as it was familiar, as familiar as it was ancient. Ancient as the earth. And she felt it spread through her bones, out of her flesh and into the cracked earth beneath her.

A dart of jewelled light streaked across her vision, fluttered, and hurtled into the distance, into the vastness of the sky above her.

Suddenly the world around her exploded into life. Fields of lush green grass grew where sand filled cracks, grand trees grew high into the sky and sprouted fresh leaves, and beautiful flowers bloomed where just seconds ago there were mere blackened patches of infertile soil, river beds brimmed with fresh, clear water gleaming in the sun, and the air tasted of nature and life beginning anew.

She stared in disbelief at the rejuvenated world surrounding her, overcome with the energy that poured forth, and for a rare moment she felt truly happy. The corners of her mouth pricked upwards in the slightest of heartfelt smiles.

Hope flared within her chest, the hope that she could carry on, and live in this realm reborn. An Eden of her own, wherein the outstretched arms of tyranny could no longer reach her, and steal that which was most dear to her. That which was now already gone, as ash into the wind.

Never again would she have to face the pain of the immoral segregation of her kind and their power that was laid upon her since she had been born, now that she was cocooned in this Eden that she had borne.

She vowed that she would protect her sanctuary.

And that she would never leave again.