

The Coldest War

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You were opened unwillingly,
melted away, in time.

You never knew
what I meant when I said myself.
Perhaps you still don't.

Shattered ice crystals,
an endless, hollow field of white,
and the creatures that danced across it:
that was your whole world.

But change had already begun.
Somewhere,
from a place you never knew,
the very life you sustained
was quietly melting you.

Mother. Tool. Resource. Opportunity.

You don't know what you are to them.
You have no idea.