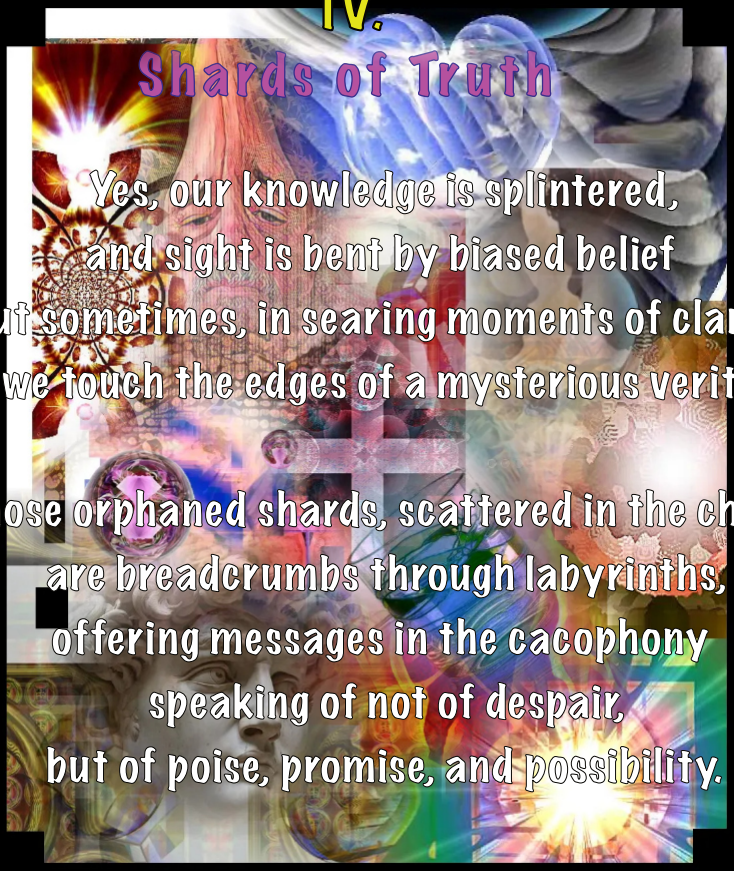
ASH TO CLAY:
Myths in the Debris

IV.
Shards of Truth



A faint line of tension etched across Soo's face as she frowned, staring at the previous poem before looking up. "Huh? Why does this author speak of civilization as trash? Isn't that overly cynical?"

Ellesha merely breathed in calmly, her gaze drifting past the room toward an unseen horizon. "It's all about perspective, Soo" she murmured. "Zoom out far enough, and everything—cathedrals, circuits, dreams—crumbles to dust." After a contemplative pause, she added softly, "There's no need for dismay: this is the beautiful and brutal rhythm of life. Alpha eventually kisses Omega. Ash transmutes into clay. We always come full-circle. The universe doesn't mourn; it merely reshapes."

Across the room, Andrei sat thoughtfully, his hands resting quietly on the scarred surface of an old mahogany table. "Don't we hunger for meanings that outlast decay?" he broke in, his voice low and measured. "We invent narratives to survive entropy. Aren't we desperate for a golden thread to clutch while stumbling through chaos? Isn't that why humans constantly forge myths? We're storytelling animals trapped in a universe that may tell no story at all."

NOTE: This piece was partially generated with AI tools; human editing was then applied.

- T Newfields
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