

As the Snag Sees

A hollow breeze blew through the dead trees, *my lost kindred*. The air carried the kind of chill that settled a dreary fog over the land and seeped into the bones of any being who dared traverse its twisted roots. *I have no need for bones*.

None alive dared. *I was once alive*. All but one it would seem, for a particular figure drifted across the dead ground as if they had not a care in the world. *The world no longer cares*.

They took no heed to the biting wind and the eerie whispers that tailed it: *my legacy*. Paid no mind to the dull creak of old, dying wood and the shadowed tendrils that extended from the broken bases like claws grasping for prey: *my conquest*. No nod to the heavy silence that thrummed with unquelled decay: *my might*.

For naught might unsettle the entity, unlike a mortal such as ye. *I am no mortal*.

With every staggered step, the subtle flex of boned appendages echoed a crackling sound that would send any sane creature fleeing. *I cannot flee*. Then, with a slow halt, the being turned, hood masking all but a pale and weary smile. *I cannot smile*. It spoke to me; *I forgot the words*. It reminded me: *never forget*.

So here I am, the remains of a forgotten memory cemented in this earth as the final question of meaning: *What is life if not the time to make death matter?*

Word Count: 249