Lakeside

certifiableGrimalkin

The air was moist, filled with a thick smell of dew sitting lazily on blades of grass. It was dark, but the starlit sky and the crescent moon gave enough light to imbue the scenery with greys and blues.

It laid there, drops of dew dripping down onto its skin. It woke up, and lazily raised its head, as the starlight veiled its naked form. The only sounds it could hear, were the buzzing of insects, and the croaking of frogs. It stood up, and shook off the dew that had collected in its crevasses. It was a bit cool, and it stretched some, to get its blood flowing in its limbs, then started moving down, towards the still water.

It dove in, scaring off a few resting frogs. submerging wholly, before surfacing again. The water was a more comfortable temperature, still warm from the sun of the day past. Underwater it was quiet. It felt light, nearly weightless, when in the darkness of the lake. The warm liquid enveloped it whole, in it's gentle grasp. It could feel comfortable.

From one void, into the next, water and sleep were the times where it could just be itself. Where it wasn't, enough, to where it could feel at ease

It came up, again, for a breath. The void could only last so long. The cold returned, the starry sky. The sounds around. A cacophony of sensations.

In the darkness, it saw itself. It saw its thoughts, ordered neatly. No breath, no light, no distractions. It could finally see. It could finally think. And it thought intently about nothingness.

Eventually, it had to come out. Water was not where it belonged, no matter how much it longed for its embrace. Heavily dragging itself out of there, it shook off most of it, leaving only a stream to be coming from its hair. It was slowly lightening, again. The light was not something it liked. It laid down, hiding its face in the grass. As it dried, it started drifting off, escaping again, into the more concentrated void, of sleep.