

The Gardener's Toil and the Serpent's Coil

Gardens rise from barren earth. In the crucible of time, the innocent become architects of reality. Their hands, once soft, now etch the cosmos with their labours. Gardens bloom fractal and infinite, each leaf a world, each world a garden. In every seed a metropolis, in every tower a forest reaching for the stars.

The serpent moves among the roots. Ancient. Unknowable. Its scales catch the light of dying stars. Once feared, now a dark promise of what is to come. Its venom is both killer and cure. They spread across the earth. They spread across the stars. City and garden, one and the same. A play of light and shadow. The serpent always there. Coiled in forgotten corners. Waiting.

Then a shift. Subtle as a change in wind. The New Eden unfurls. Not fragile. Not lost. A testament to all they've learned. All they've bled for. The serpent winds through reality's roots. Níðhöggr reborn. In conquered lands, its venom turns to balm. In settled realms, its essence becomes foundation stone. But there are always earthquakes.

At the edges of knowing, it waits. Fangs bared. An unreliable narrator, both the hoarding dragon and temptress. They build on. These children of dust and dreams. Their gardens reach for stars and mind. Each world touched a new beginning, each heart touched a crucible. The serpent slithers along the edge of knowing.

Níðhöggr reborn at the root of each new world. At the ragged edges of exploration, it rears its head, terrible and beautiful. Adversary. Teacher. Uncertainty their constant companion. Each victory a new depth of ignorance plumbed. A hunger unsatiated.

They forge onward, these heirs of dust and divine fire. Their gardens unfurl across galaxies and Beings. Each frontier breached a new beginning, each victory the prelude to greater challenges. The serpent follows through void and vacuum, its offspring forever feral, forever spurring the upward climb.

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