

Elysia

I find myself drawn to the touch of fabric, like the gentle moth is to the flame. Albeit the consequences are far less severe compared to burning up into a brittle chitin husk. All fabric across Skire has purpose, a specific distinction ordained by something higher than itself that found necessity in its resource.

Every thread, every fiber is intertwined with the same singular goal in mind; to be brought together for something greater than one strand could be alone. It's the prospect of a goal that precipitates the efforts to get there.

One of my favorite flowers is the Blue Flax, and do you know why that is? Not only does this floral specimen have its roots deep in the history of ancient textiles. This little, charming bloomer, the bearer of five petals that show the softest blues like a morning sky, plays a part in the worlds of medicinals. It's ground up into a poultice to soothe upset stomachs, treat eye infections, and alike. My interest lies more in its transformation into some of the most widely used textiles known to exist. Softer with each wash yet never sacrificing its strength to retain that texture, a marvel in it of itself.

Even from the earliest moon, this flower-born fabric has found its place in the hands of many a master of their craft. From its fibers, baskets, ropes and shoes for the survivors! Then came an age of refinement, those above wore it elegantly, believing it made them pure and above the commonfolk. Finally, its cultivation brought it to every caste, and soon no one would be a stranger to this shared wonder.

Do they think to thank the earth from which these flowers grew? The earth that bore them the trees, flowers and breeze? I can't say for certain. Perhaps they give thanks in ways I've yet to understand and I've only one life to live.

I run a sanguinous toned thumb pad across a fabric that feels far too familiar, and the friction jolts me with a charge. The world feels like oil, slipping all around me in thick coils like snakes that create a thick drag when I move. My crackled, hazy eye sees the world differently than most. I can scarcely focus on any singular thing, yet with enough practice I can shut out the world just for a moment. I peer down at the fabric in my grasp, the edges start to fray and pull out into the world. Its undulating movements are captivating as the stray fibers gently sway in the ethereal current, leading out through the window and into the night sky. The flax linen seeps into the world like a fish being bled out while still writhing in the water. The strings creep into my fur, into my flesh and I want to scream. I witness the world falling into a gaussian spiral; my lips move but the resonance is stolen from my breath like a spectral thieftance.

*I don't recall when the episode ceased. **Every. Single. Time,** this happens it feels like the window of my sanity is pulled open, the dissonance flooding inside my head and suddenly I'm left as I was but a little more shaken than before. The transitions blend more evenly as the years go by, a consequence of my constant ponderances into things that only matter in my head. I feel the fabric in my hands, my pads mindlessly run over the fibers as if to remind me that it was still there and I was here with it.*

My claw catches on a small pull, creating an even larger one that bunches the fabric. Hm, what a shame. I'll have to find another piece.