

Reverence

The stupor that washed over Elysia was more fickle this cold night. The worst part was when the walls and floors moved about like snakes, the carpets filled with invisible mice. He swore he could feel there little pitter patter on his toes and the sensation drove him nuts. The air felt thick like sludge, his eye glimmered like a cracked pearl in the candle-light. No matter! This ripple of the mind wasn't going to stop his reading.

Focusing on a task that required focus helped keep himself grounded. The book was sent to him by a friend and he was excited to start reading. What also came with the book was a basket of finely assorted, handmade candles by the sender. It was a book containing poems and odes to the dead, a grim subject to most but fascinating for the likes of him.

He noted details about the written words, imagining what was silently spoken into his head. His imagination was much more vivid than the average Skirean, both a blessing and curse. If something really stuck in his mind, it was like a wildfire that could be scarcely contained, so many thoughts, pontifications and imagery flowed uncontrollably.

The poems were short. Succinct and to the point kept the pace going without having Elysia's mind wander too far. The book covers felt. . . stiff. Like it was old and had sat somewhere dry and dark for ages untold. Elysia noted that many authors were popular hundreds of years ago, mostly human entries. He noted to himself.

Hallowed cenotaphs. . . The two words stuck out to him. What was a cenotaph? He placed a bookmark between the pages and closed the book. His heart fluttered with anxiety, hopeful that his curious mind wouldn't run free and keep him from restful slumber.