

# ASH TO CLAY: Myths in the Debris

## I. Blossoms from the Wreckage

Can blossoms bloom from civilization's decay,  
or composted kingdoms rise while others fade away?

Can roses rip through crypts of sealed lies,  
rooting in places where cyber-rot mixes with lies?

From the swollen guts of our gluttonous decay,  
where petrol spills coalesce in noxious glades,  
will radioactive remnants sprawl across plastic-laden seas,  
becoming part of our final elegies?

Contemplating this, I wonder  
what sort of mutant offspring  
might come into being.

## II. The Mirage of Golden Ages

Are golden ages merely fevers before frost,  
ephemeral shimmers before brilliance is lost?

Is every summit we climb  
merely a lead-in to inevitable decline?  
Is there any brilliance resisting fade?  
Is there a splendor not courting decay?

Perhaps golden ages were never real—  
just pyrite promises glittering in our small hands.  
Are they grand illusions invented to mask a retreat,  
as worms gnaw gently at our tired cancerous feet?



### III. Voices from the Rubble

Dig your hands deeply into history's slag-heaps!  
Sift through scorched dreams shorn of gleam,  
as you navigate the darker, invisible sands of history.

Among the wreckage of rusty gears and chromium rods  
listen to the lost whispers of mechanical gods.

From ancient ruins, strange futures are sheaved.  
Today's decay might be tomorrow's vogue chic,  
as bone-dust excelsiors create new icons,  
forging shapes from jaded juniper or gilded swans.  
From splintered stone, glowing phoenixes are grown!

### IV. Shards of Truth

Yes, our knowledge is splintered,  
and sight is bent by biased belief—  
but sometimes, in searing moments of clarity—  
we touch the edges of a mysterious verity.

Those orphaned shards, scattered in the chaos,  
are breadcrumbs through labyrinths,  
offering messages in the cacophony  
speaking of not of despair,  
but of poise, promise, and possibility.

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**Andrei:** *(thoughtfully, hands resting on an old mahogany table)* Don't we hunger for meanings that outlast decay? We invent narratives to survive entropy. Aren't we're desperate for a golden thread to clutch while stumbling through chaos? Isn't that why humans constantly forge myths? We're storytelling animals trapped in a universe that may tell no story at all.