

Acceptance

I would return us to the World That Was, I thought as the lightskimmer cut through the morning air with rainbow blades. At this elevation, I could dive ten thousand feet before the aether built up enough resistance to stop my descent; but there was no need. My path would cut twin prisms of light through the dawn with only the slightest hand on the tiller. Beneath my craft gleamed the New City, waiting for my daily harvest of light.

Truly, I would bring it all back. But since I cannot... I will not spurn The World That Is, either.

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>