

Patience in the Dark

When people speak of the Brotherhood of the Stillborn Harvest, we are always reviled. And it is fair, in its way. We are the seed that rots in the ground, the babe that dies before it truly lives, the lost chance and the futile choice. Who would want to love us?

Yet, we never *cause* any of those things to come to pass. They blossom to withered flower with or without our help, and it is not our task to assist them in their blossoming. We simply watch.

The *world* will go barren, eventually. What need to hasten the day?

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