Translunaria

Atrox

Borrow my imagination for a little while. How can I comfort you? You say you like it this way. Night or day - it's the same to you.
Until that day I plant mercury globeflowers in my garden and until that night your beams make the flowers explode and spread your seeds.
Comfort? Yeah like putting plasters on a limb consumed by leprosy. Comfort? Yeah like sticking the head in the sand.
I conjured a miserable creature for you. A restless moonling always on the move. It founded its own nomadic state - Translunaria.
The moonling can never be seen from earth.
Braiding moonbeams.
How can I comfort you? You like it this way, don't you? Slowly revolving a white horizon round your axis.
Your magnetism is so week, you can hardly keep the ivory tower I conjured for you.
How can I...? You say you don't want it. You say you don't need it. How can I...? You don't care at all, do you?

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