For the Children of Syenon

Babes, all of them. Hatchlings thrown out of the nest and forced to fly with down feather wings. Their bones are just as thin, as breakable, as tender. I wish with all my heart they did not live in this consuming beast of a place.

I pray for the infants fresh born and the adolescents on the edge of their full growth, and all in between. Please, lord of the stones, turn your back to them. Please do not let them meet you in the line, please do not let the bag rattle for them. If they must die, let their pulls be clear. Let no weight break their tiny bodies. Please do not take them into the cycle. They are so young, their spirits still dance and change and form. They do not need to be made anew again, they have barely even started. Please, turn your back on them.

But if ends must come, please let ends be quick and painless.

For Syenon Itself

If there is any place upon this world that we can call your domain, it must be this one. Sunset comes and your line snakes through the alleyways as the cord of a noose so long it could strangle the life from this world. The corpses come back to haunt us on every scape, the weight on this city is like a millstone. So I beseech you, make that weight a little lighter tomorrow. Find yourself a new roost.

For the Life and Heart of my Daughter

Tree of Life, root of my blood, the holy trunk from which the branch grows, please take the heart of my daughter into your hands. I do not seek out your altars or make offerings anymore, but I throw myself at your mercy nevertheless. Please turn her away from darkness. Please seek out the goodness in her soul and nurture the seed of it. Please be merciful to her. She will not sacrifice to you, mayhaps she will spit on you and all you do, and I know she would hate me for this prayer. But I have long since come to understand that everything I have to give, my blood, my care, my patience, my anger, and all the love in my body and soul, is not enough to help her. So please, guide her, and shield her from the ill she will do.

Death, the beginning of beginnings and end of ends, please turn your back on my daughter. Do not find her in your line, do not let her hand meet your bag. If she must die, please let her stones be clear and her weight be negligible. Please do not take her into the cycle. Please do not make her no longer mine.

For my own Soul

I know what you want from me, and I cannot abide it. Please, do not take me. Please do not drag me down to that place, please do not make me yours. I feel your bony palms upon my shoulders and I cower in awe of you, but I do not want you. I beg of you every day and every night, but I do not want to leave this place. Please, if you are a creature that can love and you love me, leave me be.