

Love Concept

*To capsizе the world,
to capsizе the self*



Once upon a time,
in a forest florid with brambles,
a witch rested her fragile heart.
She slept in the shadows, alone with her pain,
because the world had abandoned her.
The void was her home.
But that place could not harm her,
because it was aware
those thorns were all she needed.
“I wish...” she whispered softly.



They burned with an innocent love
like a white rose's petals;
the hearts of three artists.



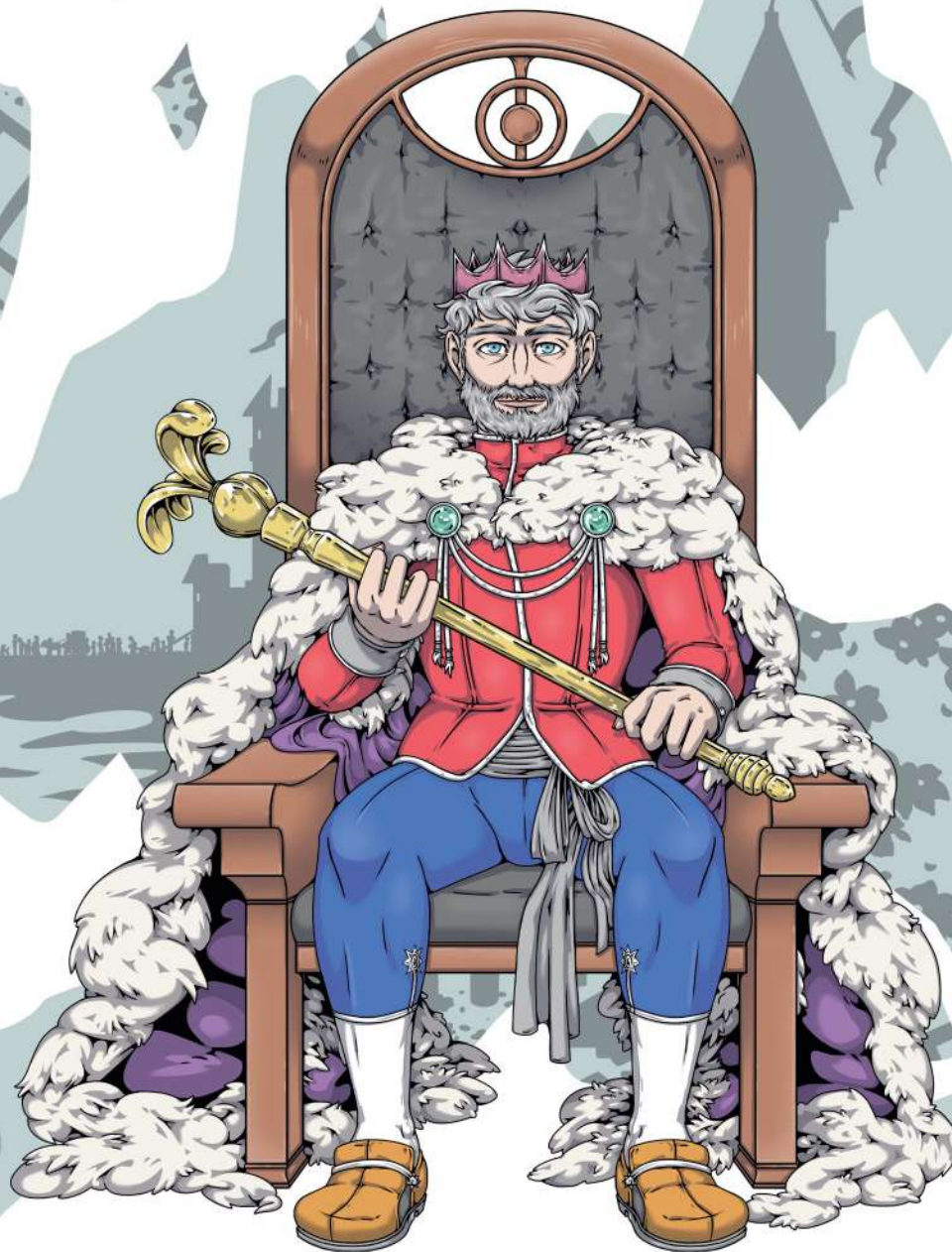


It was all black. So black that nothing could be seen from within it.

A large round hole on the upper side was the only source of light in that endless darkness.
It only knew it was made of glass and that it contained water so it must have been... an aquarium?

Definitely, yes!

A tiny white fish, his head lost in thousands of thoughts, swam peacefully within it.
He was quite the character this fish, perhaps because he bopped along in a space so small without any real purpose.
He spent all his time admiring the white circle above, wondering what it was. But the fish was afraid to find out,
so much so that he never swam close to the circle, preferring to always stay below its reassuring light.



Decades passed, as did many of those who lived in the palace. Only the king, statuesque on the comfort of his throne, seemed to never age... nor did it seem he was ever influenced by those around him. The people never questioned his choices, as they all felt a debt toward their benefactor.



“What is your name?” Aster asked immediately,
but he did not receive a reply.

Looking closely, he noticed two small antlers
rising from beneath the hair on the head of his quarry.

“Who are you?” Aster asked, but again received no reply.
“I understand! You have no voice! You are like these flowers.
I will call you Asphodel, so you can be more like me.”

And thus two flowers formed an eternal bond.

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