

## Achromatic

### Virulence

The imposters emerge from Pandora's box as masterminds of transfiguration: A deceiving temptress, a slayer of souls, a plague of human pride, meddling and conspiring in the shadows. . . .

Wind, water, lightning, and ice infiltrate every corner, setting the perimeter ablaze. Memories erode into avalanches of ashes, depositing graveyards of withered passion and empathy. "*Don't fly too close to the sun,*" they shriek, "*else you gamble with the reaper.*" Color drains with dystopia's lethal kiss, melting into mockeries of singed greens and grays. Weathered and weary, slain souls retire into the poison-laced earth.

### Resurgence

And then, a spark: Pandora's white flag. The ashes nurture a seed, and from the earth, they rise. Nature has a way of healing itself; destruction has given way to new life.

A phoenix emerges, resurrected from the ashes, wax crystallizing into amber and rubies. Her countenance is formidable, her spirit wise, and her aura majestic. She, the healer. "*Mirage or miracle?*" the souls whisper. Her metamorphosis is unveiled and the universe glows red—rejuvenated, but not complete. Peace is never eternal within our modern earth. . . .

### Transcendence

Peace, then —

Acid and volcanic rain infiltrate the earth. Sulfur and lava invade the sea, depositing a familiar chest—Pandora's box. The inception of the world's iniquity, requited by hope, presents a peace-offering, an escape: an eternal candle, flickering of seraphinite, scarlet, and sapphire. The beacon burns day by day, its integrity untainted.

Like a siren, she emerges from the waves, the candle as her scepter, the chest as her throne. Her elegance is reminiscent of bioluminescence, her stance of roots, and her fortitude of petrified wood. Shaped and polished by the sea like phosphorescent glass, she was youthfully fossilized into her enduring form.

Her name is Pandora: The first and last woman on Earth. Nature destroyed, resurrected, and preserved her, and she transcended nature with eternity. She harnessed and defied the elements, mutating from embers to incandescence, foam, and dust of galaxies. Floating off the edge of the world, she creates a soft universe, wrapped in a cocoon of warmth and light. This is not a utopia, nor a dystopia, but a separate existence of unknown elements and hues: a timeless world apart from worlds; an enigma.