



Fragments of Our World

A poetic diptych
By blackiecrown



Preface

About the Diptych Form

A diptych is a work of art composed of two distinct panels that face one another. Each stands on its own, but the meaning of both deepens when they are experienced together. Traditionally used in painting, the diptych invites reflection on contrast, dialogue, and the resonance created when two halves form a unified whole.

About Fragments of Our World

Fragments of Our World is a poetic diptych set within Temuair. The first poem, *Temuair's Wound*, observes a world scarred by absence. The second poem, *The Aisling Artist*, turns inward, following an artist's inner silence.

Together, the two poems rest between loss and return; a broken land and one life's stillness echoing each other.

Acknowledgements

With gratitude to Edith, who allowed me a brief, cherished glimpse into their world, which helped me fill these pages.



I. Temuair's Wound

I saw the world through eyes newly awakened -
Temuair after its own unravelling,
Where once-familiar paths of Mileth's earth
Held faces frozen like a winter's dream.

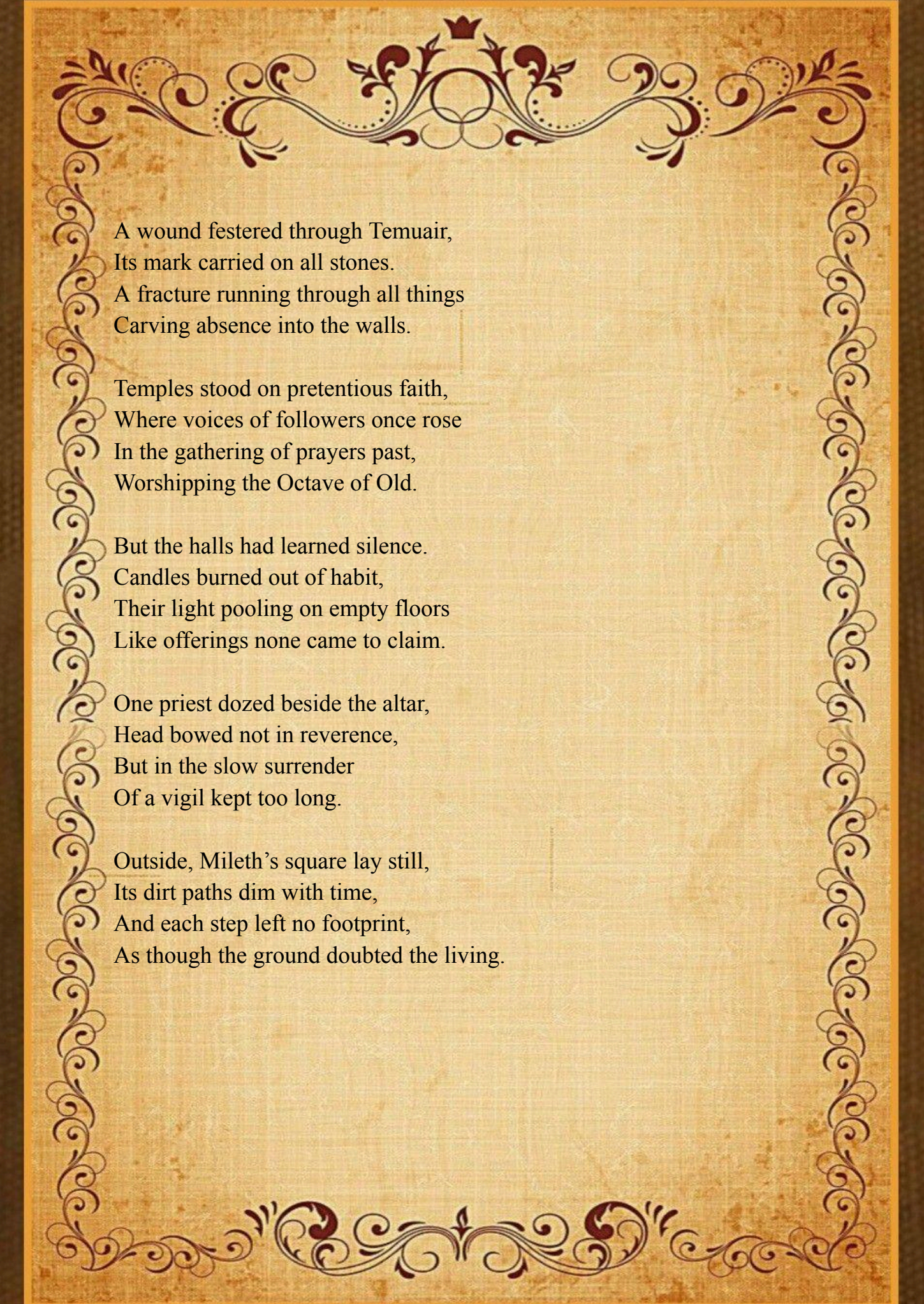
Old memories drifted like scattered shards,
Each piece stirring a faint ache
In the serenity where comfort slept
Before the Mundanes shifted sky and earth.

So I wandered past the edge of memory -
A thread pulled taut but thinning.
Where the world no longer answered
To the names it once carried.

"I held on to the Sevti Blossom,"
Your words reached through me -
The flower I once set in your hands,
In the clear green of Lover's Glade.

"But you went onward,
And the earth grew patient around me,
A solace settled that did not belong.

When you return,
You will remember the scent,
Even if you no longer know
The world I kept for you"



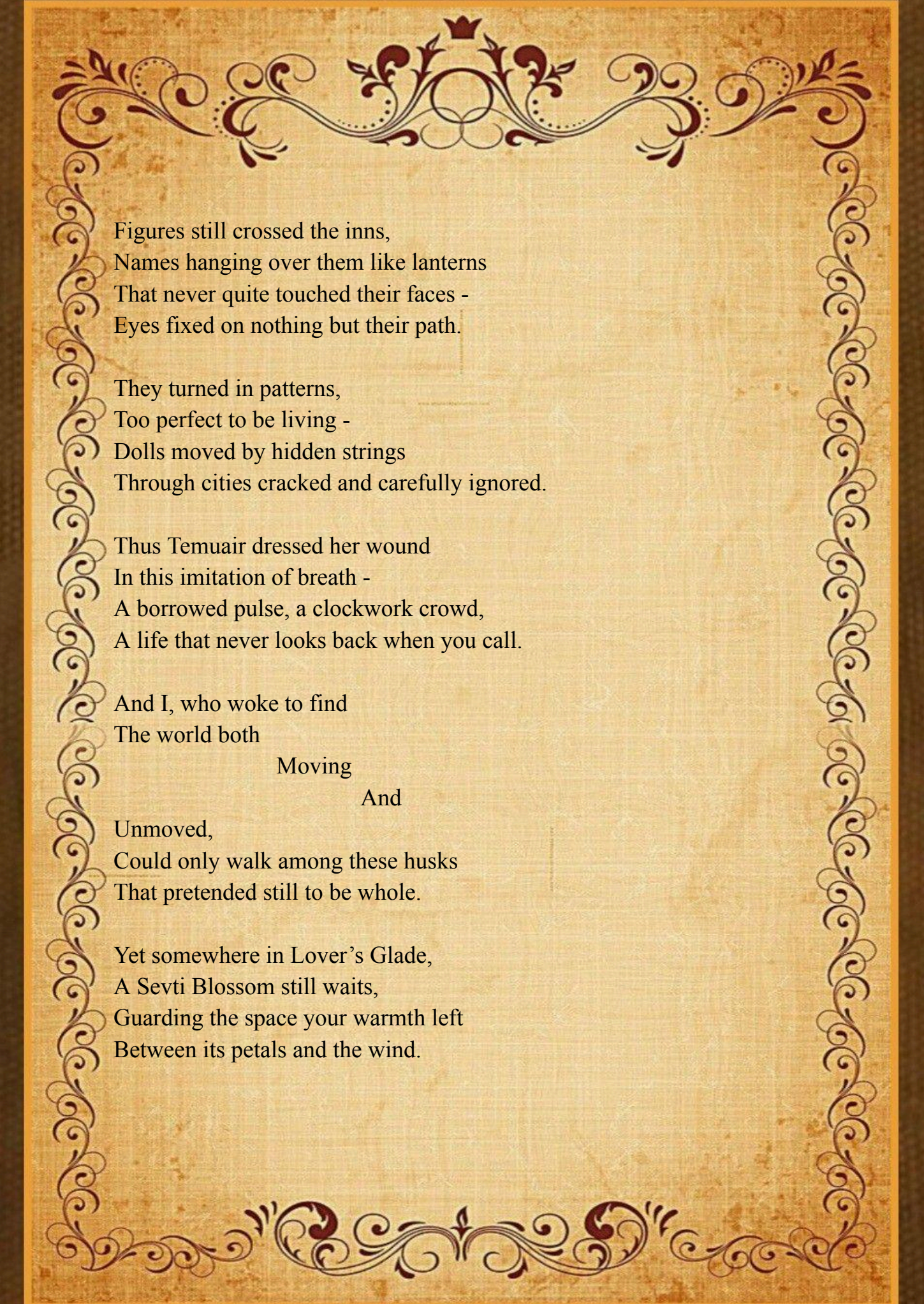
A wound festered through Temuair,
Its mark carried on all stones.
A fracture running through all things
Carving absence into the walls.

Temples stood on pretentious faith,
Where voices of followers once rose
In the gathering of prayers past,
Worshipping the Octave of Old.

But the halls had learned silence.
Candles burned out of habit,
Their light pooling on empty floors
Like offerings none came to claim.

One priest dozed beside the altar,
Head bowed not in reverence,
But in the slow surrender
Of a vigil kept too long.

Outside, Mileth's square lay still,
Its dirt paths dim with time,
And each step left no footprint,
As though the ground doubted the living.



Figures still crossed the inns,
Names hanging over them like lanterns
That never quite touched their faces -
Eyes fixed on nothing but their path.

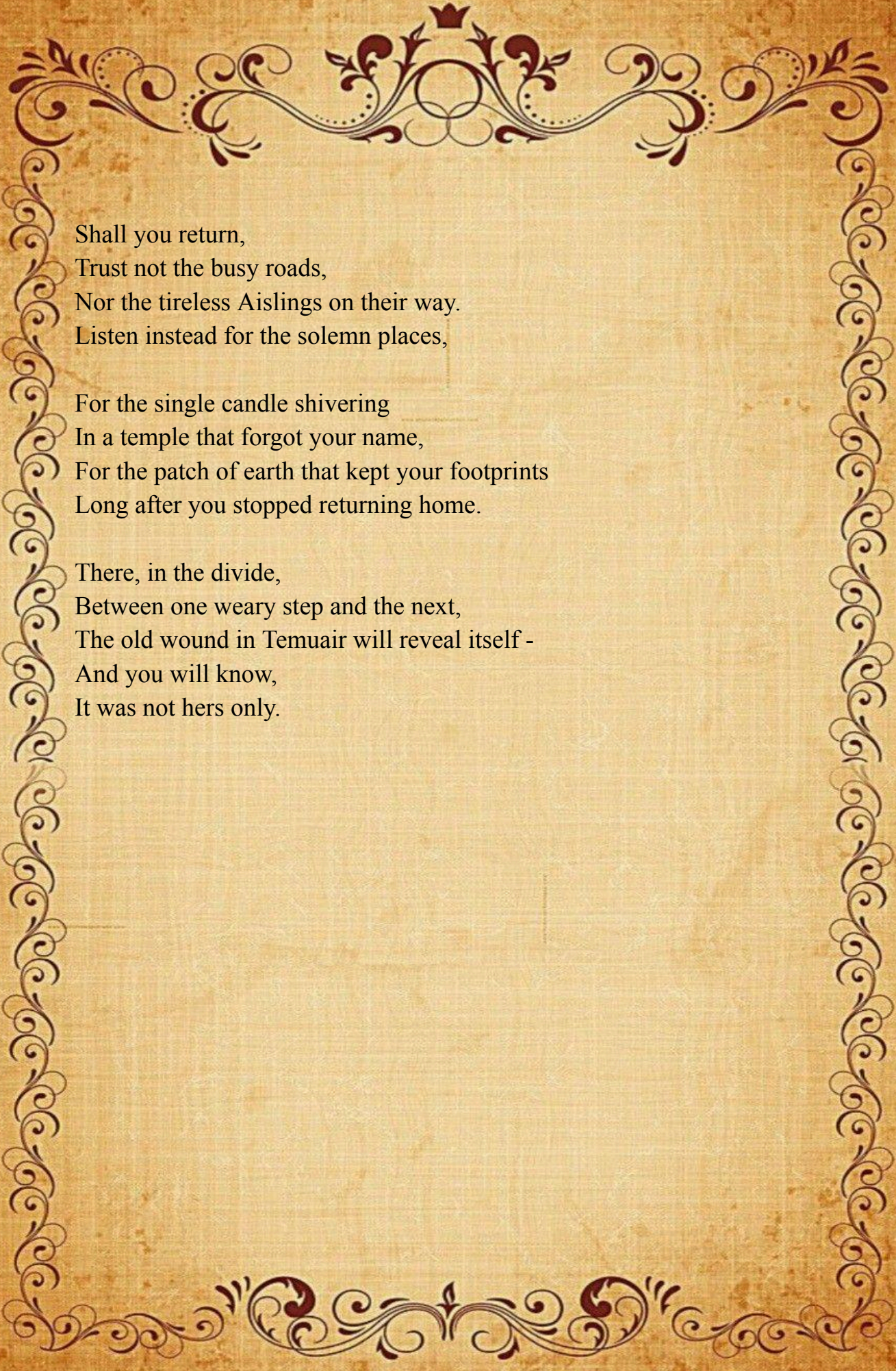
They turned in patterns,
Too perfect to be living -
Dolls moved by hidden strings
Through cities cracked and carefully ignored.

Thus Temuair dressed her wound
In this imitation of breath -
A borrowed pulse, a clockwork crowd,
A life that never looks back when you call.

And I, who woke to find
The world both
 Moving
 And

Unmoved,
Could only walk among these husks
That pretended still to be whole.

Yet somewhere in Lover's Glade,
A Sevti Blossom still waits,
Guarding the space your warmth left
Between its petals and the wind.



Shall you return,
Trust not the busy roads,
Nor the tireless Aislings on their way.
Listen instead for the solemn places,

For the single candle shivering
In a temple that forgot your name,
For the patch of earth that kept your footprints
Long after you stopped returning home.

There, in the divide,
Between one weary step and the next,
The old wound in Temuair will reveal itself -
And you will know,
It was not hers only.



II. The Aisling Artist

Beneath her hand, visions awaken
Shades of coal and ink.
Each line a sculpted dance
Between a prayer and symphony.

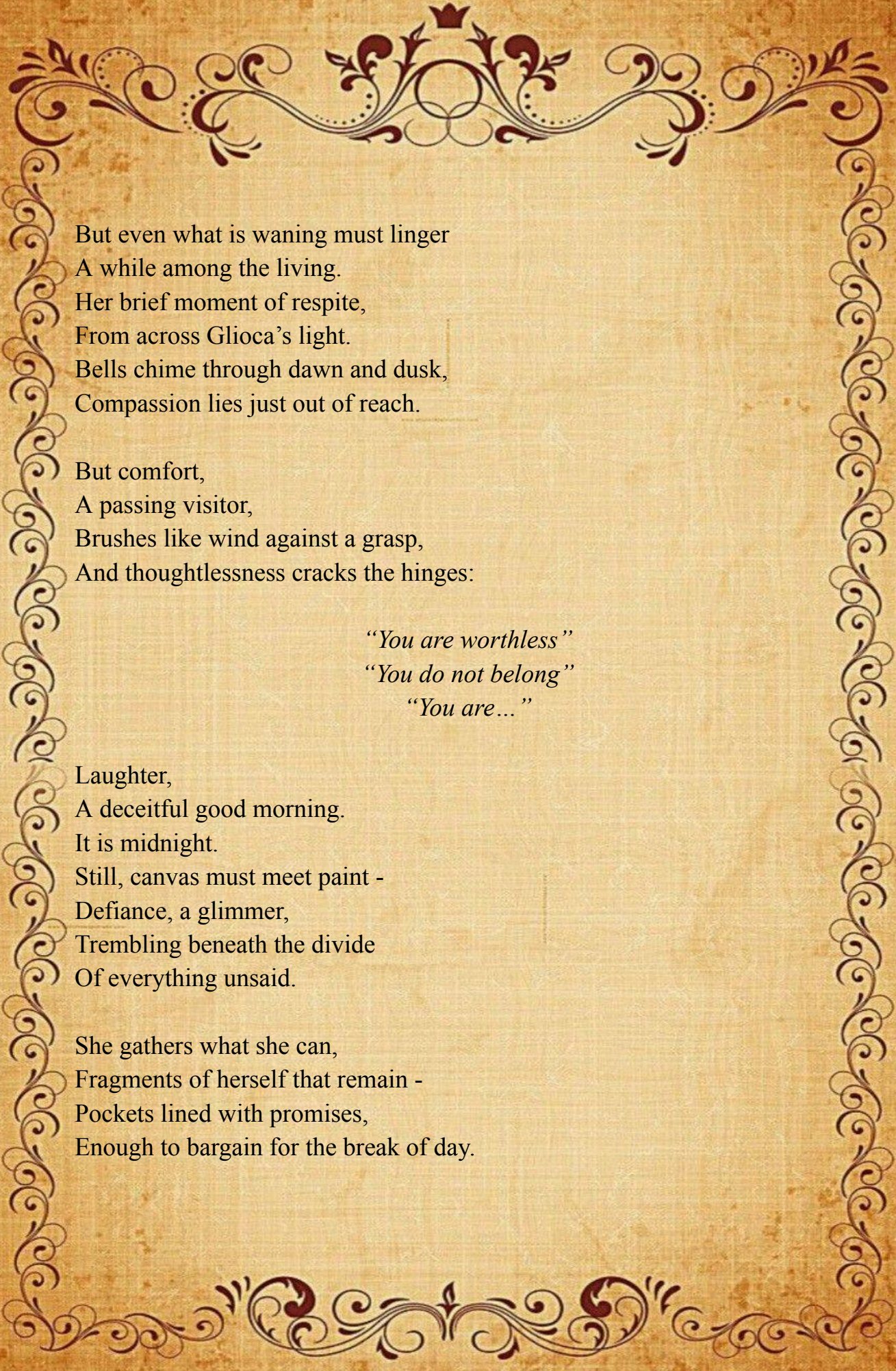
She comes to rest, willed by silence,
Light and shadow at her command.
Hidden streets and faces in her marks,
Confessing every secret of their shape.

Rucesion dreams -
Where tides of silver sing.
Yet worship rots beneath -
Taint courts unholy grace.

Mileth wanders -
Its radiant rivers wind,
While crypts below keep covenant
With Death's forgotten will.

Loures glistens -
Bright citadel of pride.
Carpets rest on chambers of sin,
Its marble cold, remembering.

The careless eye assumes that beauty blooms,
Like sunflowers, laid upon her head.
Yet wreaths are woven for blessing and for ruin -
Elegance veiling decay.



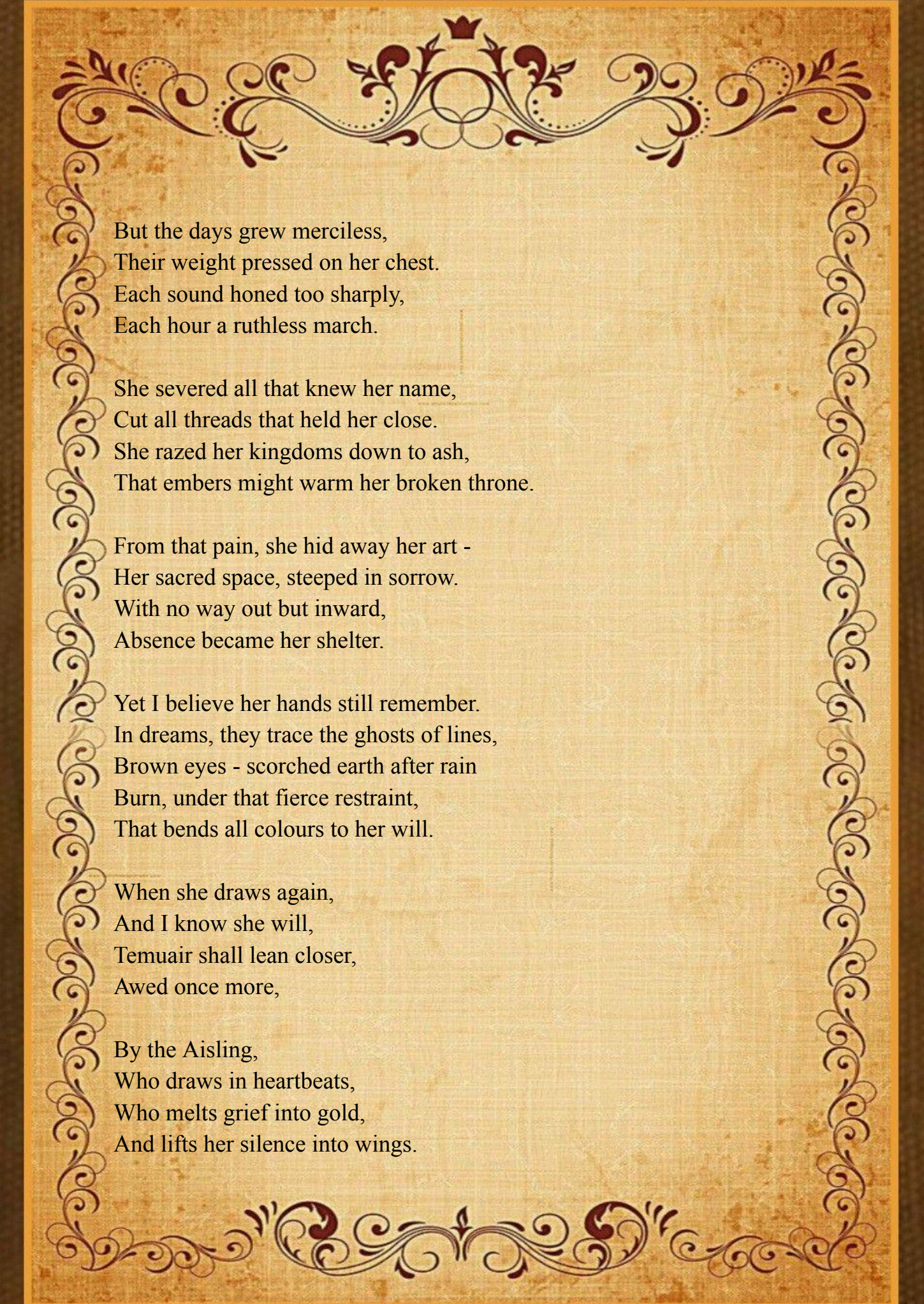
But even what is waning must linger
A while among the living.
Her brief moment of respite,
From across Glioca's light.
Bells chime through dawn and dusk,
Compassion lies just out of reach.

But comfort,
A passing visitor,
Brushes like wind against a grasp,
And thoughtlessness cracks the hinges:

"You are worthless"
"You do not belong"
"You are..."

Laughter,
A deceitful good morning.
It is midnight.
Still, canvas must meet paint -
Defiance, a glimmer,
Trembling beneath the divide
Of everything unsaid.

She gathers what she can,
Fragments of herself that remain -
Pockets lined with promises,
Enough to bargain for the break of day.



But the days grew merciless,
Their weight pressed on her chest.
Each sound honed too sharply,
Each hour a ruthless march.

She severed all that knew her name,
Cut all threads that held her close.
She razed her kingdoms down to ash,
That embers might warm her broken throne.

From that pain, she hid away her art -
Her sacred space, steeped in sorrow.
With no way out but inward,
Absence became her shelter.

Yet I believe her hands still remember.
In dreams, they trace the ghosts of lines,
Brown eyes - scorched earth after rain
Burn, under that fierce restraint,
That bends all colours to her will.

When she draws again,
And I know she will,
Temuair shall lean closer,
Awed once more,

By the Aisling,
Who draws in heartbeats,
Who melts grief into gold,
And lifts her silence into wings.