

Marie-Antoinette

Dear Mother,

As I sit on this desolate balcony, my eyes are drawn to the ethereal lilac hues that grace the evening sky. A strange calmness washes over me. The delicate blossoms of flowers, tinged with a melancholic beauty, hold my gaze. It seems the world around us is falling into chaos, consumed by flames and the shrieks of despair. Yet, in the face of such horror, I find myself writing to you as if it were a dream.

The garden, once vibrant and enchanting, now stands as a stark contrast to the surrounding devastation. The scent of smoke hangs heavy in the air, blending with the fragrance of wilting flowers. The flames dance mercilessly, casting sinister shadows on the paths that once brought joy to those who strolled through them.

Oh, Mother, how detached one can become in the face of such calamity. The crackling of burning timbers serve as the backdrop to my words, but I can only offer a passing mention of these horrors. It is as if the grotesque spectacle has woven itself into the tapestry of our existence, as those who carry the weight of the crown.

There is an eerie beauty in the destruction, Mother. The glow of the fires illuminates the darkened sky, casting an otherworldly hue upon the ruins. It is a macabre ballet, orchestrated by unseen hands. The crackling flames, the collapsing structures, they seem to dance to a wicked melody that only those who have lost all hope can hear.

In the midst of this pandemonium, I cannot help but ponder the frailty of human existence. We build towering edifices and cultivate exquisite gardens, only to witness them reduced to dust in the blink of an eye. It is a humbling reminder of our transience, of the impermanence of our accomplishments.

Oh, Mother, as I write this letter, I cannot help but wonder what future lies ahead. Will we too succumb to the merciless flames? Will our existence be reduced to mere ashes? The uncertainty gnaws at my soul, yet I find myself strangely fascinated by the creeping dread that surrounds us.

I pray that you are safe, Mother, as we navigate these treacherous waters.

May you find solace in your own resilience, for we are survivors in a world that teeters on the brink of oblivion. Hold tight to your strength and courage, for they are beacons of hope amidst this encroaching darkness.

With love and a heavy heart,

M.A.