

The Automaton

by whitesilence

Not everyone is as they seem...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Of all the people he thought he'd lose, of those few,
Never had he imagined it would be her.
When a lonely boy's flickering candle,
Pushed back the night, unveiled a brand new world
She had frozen, motionless, lifeless, at his side.
A statue of the girl she had once been
But she was no girl, instead they found,
A changeling of *his* creation.
Born of mud and magic and craft
Unearthed from ancient forbidden knowledge
Created as a companion and protector to
A lonely boy, upon whom the world rested
Service *he* demanded, sacrifice *he* received.
She breathed her last upon that battlefield
Shielding him from the curses of that lonely boy
Protecting those in her charge,

Never would he know the reason why or how
She knew, not of his innocence, but of his Vow.
He, still a lonely boy, stands now,
On the other side of time, facing
Her empty gaze unseeing, closed to his mind
Her face, as fresh as the day she stood still
While his, lined and aged with untold tales.
He wonders if *he* gave her a soul,
And if in time, he'll see her again.

This was inspired by this article over on Red Hen Publications: <http://www.redhen-publications.com/Deconstructing.html>

This is the original version of the poem as I intended it to be, however a minutely less ambiguous version can be found on Ashwinder:
<http://ashwinder.sycophanthex.com/viewstory.php?sid=13583>