

Power to the Flame

My sole purpose in life is to provide light to the inherent darkness that seeps into the cracks from the bitter outside. I flicker as my life is questioned by the somber winds, yet they let me live because without me they would be engrossed in black, darkness, and gloom that is our world. I am what prevents the evil from conquering the room. I am the knight in shining armor with the flame as my essence. I've protected the room consistently when called to battle, and will do so until my bitter last breath; yet I still ponder and dapple in why I'm challenging my invader. What is wrong with darkness? Why must I hold a flag of war ablaze?

Throughout my life I've sat and watched as humans try to avoid darkness as if it's done them wrong. But doesn't my existence rely on the very darkness they fear? For the concept of light to exist there must be some shape or form of darkness. However, these humans run around chasing the concept of preventing the dark, yet they must accept that it is impossible to prevent darkness due to its existence being the sole creator of light.

If the humans were to accomplish their quest and slay my invader then wouldn't they now become fearful of me, the light. The reason I feel that they are so fearful of the darkness is because of the correlation of evil actions that transpire during that period of time. But wouldn't those actions occur no matter the presence of darkness or light?

Throughout my time in the room I've observed the dichotomous nature of light and dark, and how that's a reflection of good and evil. I've seen as many people have entered the room seeking sanctuary from the evils of the outside world. The walls stand firm acting as barriers to the lingering social constructs, greed, and violence that have consumed the human race. These parasites cloud the windows of the room in a mocking manor, as if attempting to creep into the refugee's heads. Victims are poached by Evil's desire to consume its inhabitants with unjust thoughts, and bring about immoral actions. This however brings about the question of what makes something unjust? For an act to be classified as unjust it must be the opposite of "just". I've seen and heard how humans complain about the injustices in their lives, yet in doing so they're inherently falling to the parasitic invasion of greed, so aren't they thus committing an equal injustice. But on the other hand who decides what is just or unjust, or what is good or evil? There is no known entity that has that great of a power or ability.

For many humans lighting me ablaze is “just” and encouraged, yet mother nature setting it’s own forest ablaze is considered “unjust”. I’ve realized that humans use the same mindset when deliberating over the justness of an aspect of their lives, which circulates around whether or not the act caused substantial harm or not to their species. If the act doesn’t cause much harm, but rather is driven by selfish goals it is considered “just”. Every human has their own opinion, which I think is what plays into the lack in ability to decide whether something is just or unjust.

Many decisions that humans make are made based on previous experiences or opinions, which is what leads me to the concept of perception. The way one human may see an element may differ from another, thus leading to that rift in definition. However, in general if it does hurt them, even in the slightest, they automatically believe the act to be an atrocity. Once again how can we really decide on what’s just and unjust? Isn’t it all based on perception?

*Fairness, dare I ask where your loyalty lies
Do you drink from the pools of darkness and sprout from the light
Are you mere an object that holds no opinion
Solely relying on orders from its owners
Why is there no manual for your occupation
For only there’s light and dark
Fairness, dare I ask again were your loyalty lies*

Many nights I spend alone longing for a champion or another flame. Why must I be the one to guard a room that is built for the very humans that cause the darkness outside. It is them, they are the source of my eternal entrapment. I’m stuck in a world where I’m ordered to constantly defend a room that I have no interest defending. Why must I be the only one to understand that it’s not my responsibility to rid these humans of their darkest dilemmas. Their greatest desire is light, so that is what I will provide.

As the candle tips over the very light that was once craved for turned into pitch darkness as the room that was once heavily guarded was now a blaze.