Druid Note

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nothing is what you tell me I’ve earned for all my work, but consider what I’ve brought to you and all it must be worth:
the vial sweet with golden syrup, and the neck I used to carry it, the sunrise trapped within its glass, and the box it will be buried in;
the seven digits left to twitching on my charred and severed hand—you see it and you shiver, counting, deaf to my demands.
If nothing is what you owe me for everything I’ve done, consider what I’ve given you and the nothing that I’ve won:
a hundred dawns spent by the water as the sun did its work and boiled, and the empty wrist I rightly earned when gathering the spoils;
the pain that I was forced to bear as the vial seared into my skin—
and when you tear it from
my neck, I will know that pain
again.

if you owe me nothing for
my work and missing hand,
then you may give me
nothing— if nothing is what
I demand:

nothing is a silver cowl to
protect me from bad luck, and
nothing is your severed
fingers to prod what I cannot
touch;

nothing is a silken
string to suspend my
new belief
that once you’ve taken what you
want you’ll kill me in my sleep.