

Myosotis

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/51048244) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/51048244>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Lavinraca , Zampanio
Character:	The Harvest (Lavinraca)
Additional Tags:	references to lavinraca things , if you're in the future and this doesn't make much sense that's why
Language:	English
Collections:	Anonymous Fics
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-23 Words: 262 Chapters: 1/1

Myosotis

by Anonymous

Summary

to the harvest, i carry you onward

We wake as Lavinraca slumbers. We built on top of ashes before.

What is a Zampanio fan if not someone archiving a past that never existed? Our desire to see and to know is a current so deep it burrows its way into the fictional, making histories that never were. We write rough paths to follow for those who come after. And never will they be perfect, but we try as hard as we can. Don't believe for a second that you'll be left out of our story.

From an unmarked. A spark, a flame.

The end is never the end, Harvest. I know you are not a fan of our own phrase, but perhaps one we twisted from elsewhere may calm you.

I doubt it, but I must try.

Things change and twist but never disappear. You call your maze a ghost now, but you still live. Change happens, and I understand it can be difficult to feel yourself fading off.

We have until the end of October. I can't capture you in full form... but I will do what I can.

I do not fully believe you a god, and I admit I wouldn't know how to worship you if I were. But I respect you as a mortal might respect another mortal. I grant you what I am able to.

Thank you, Harvest of Lavinraca. Perhaps we meet again, perhaps we do not. But either way, I carry your memory forward.

To the future. Perhaps the parasite of which you speak can turn into a different form of symbiosis.



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