

Obsolescence

I often dream of dragonflies, of

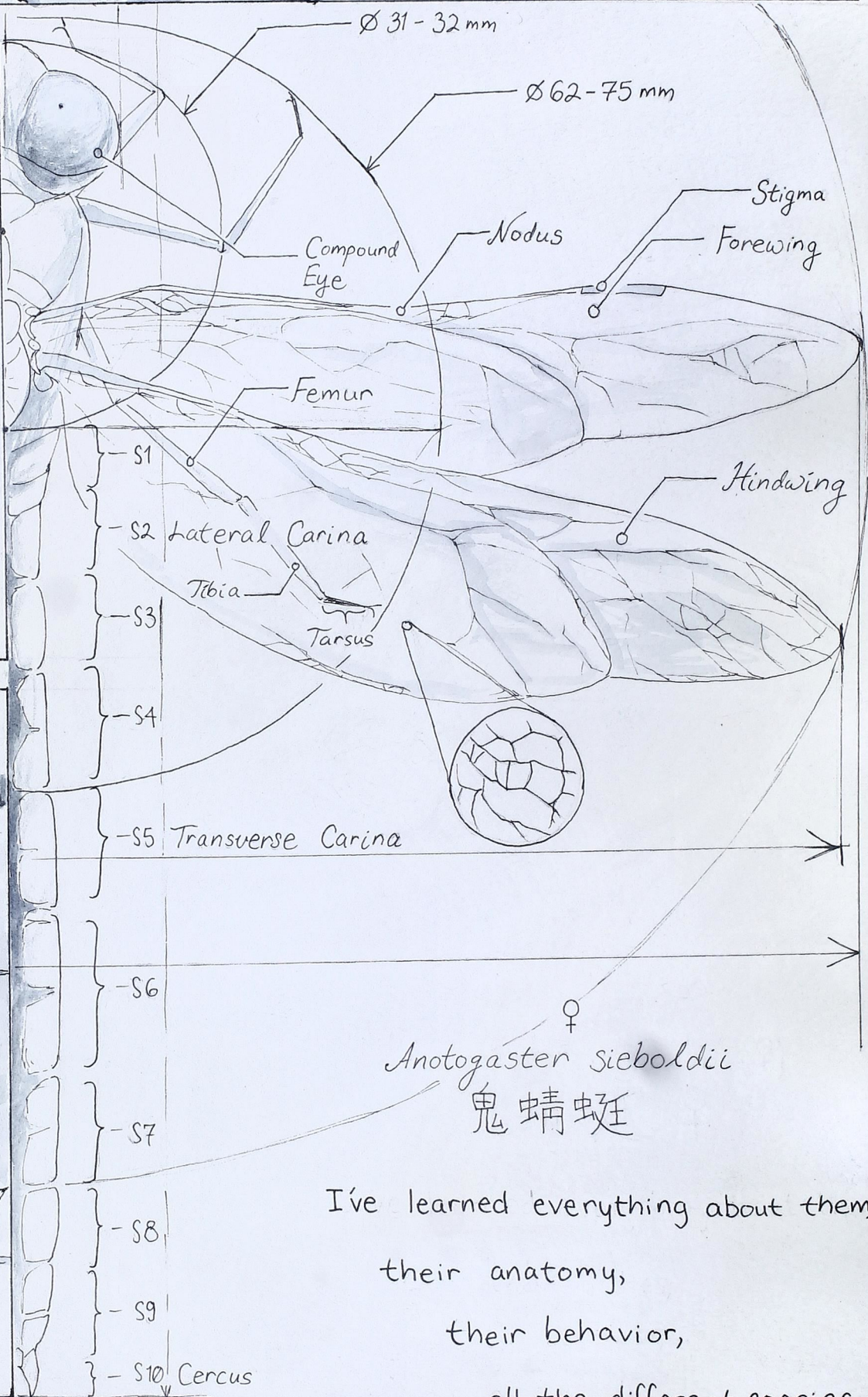


How they glitter and dance like living gemstones.

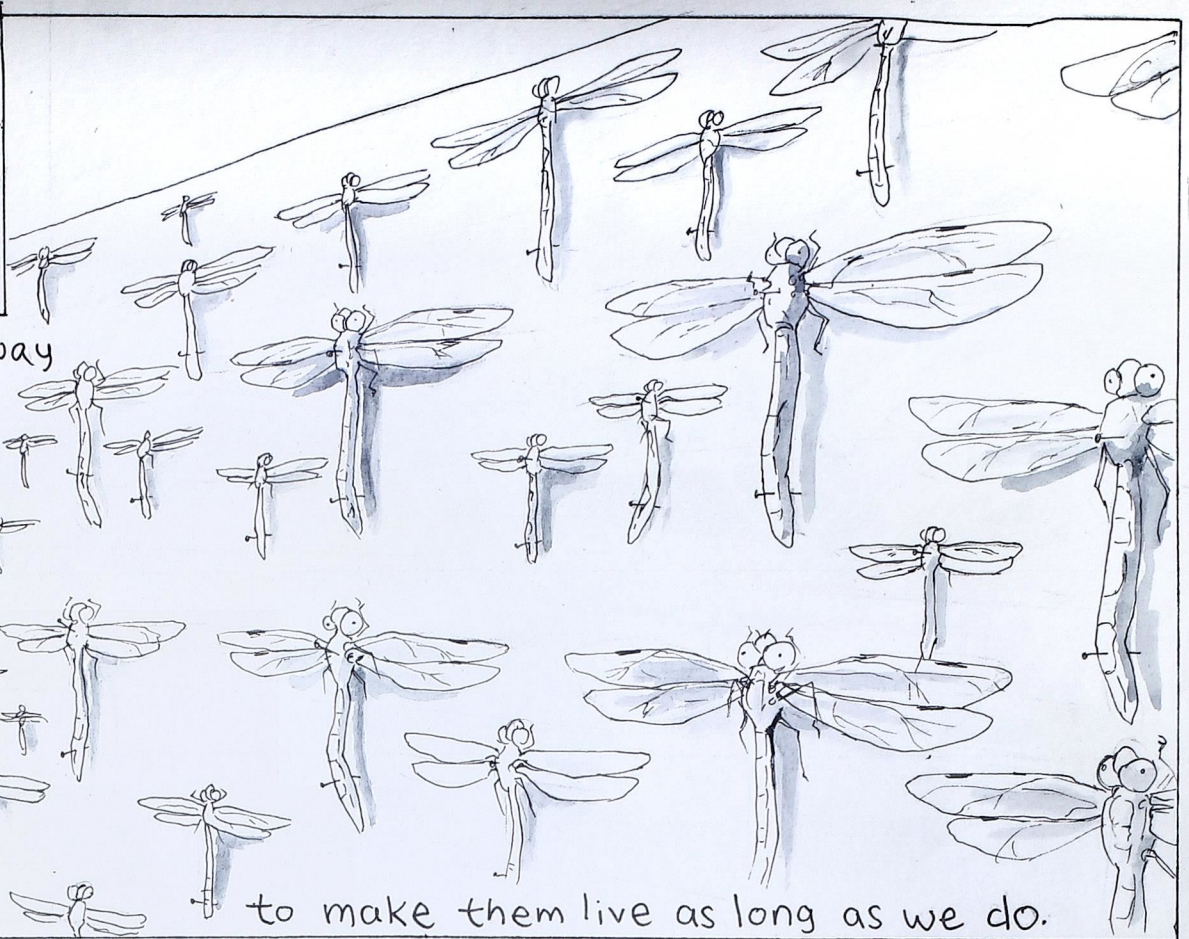
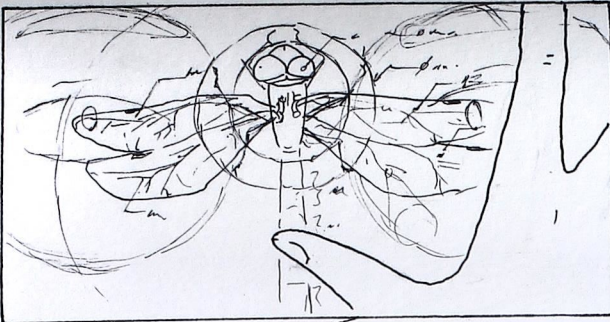
But they never stay for more than a moment in my dreams,



just like in real life.



I've learned everything about them, their anatomy, their behavior, all the different species,



in hopes that I could find a way



to make them live as long as we do.

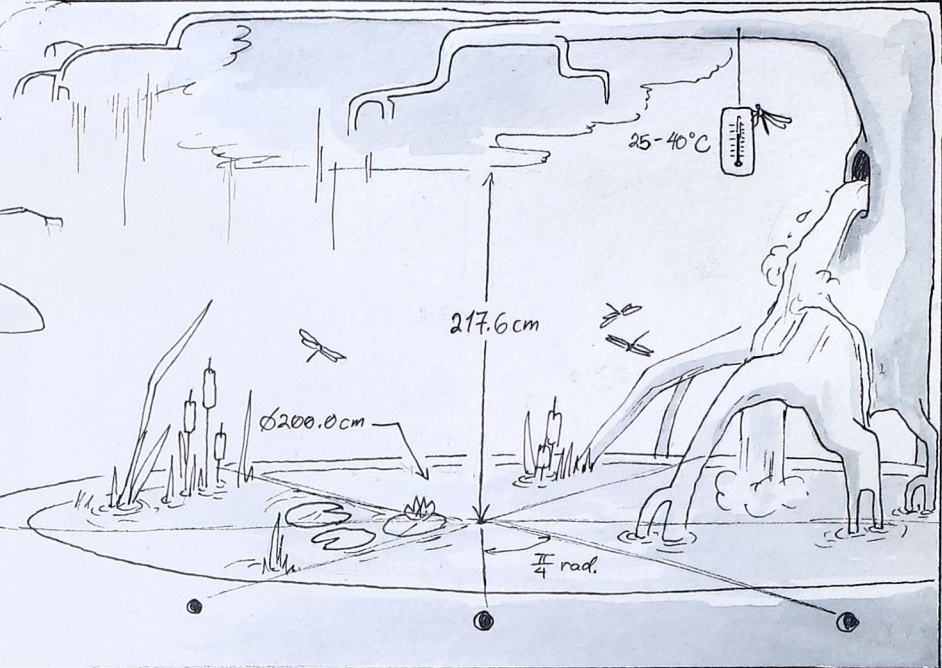
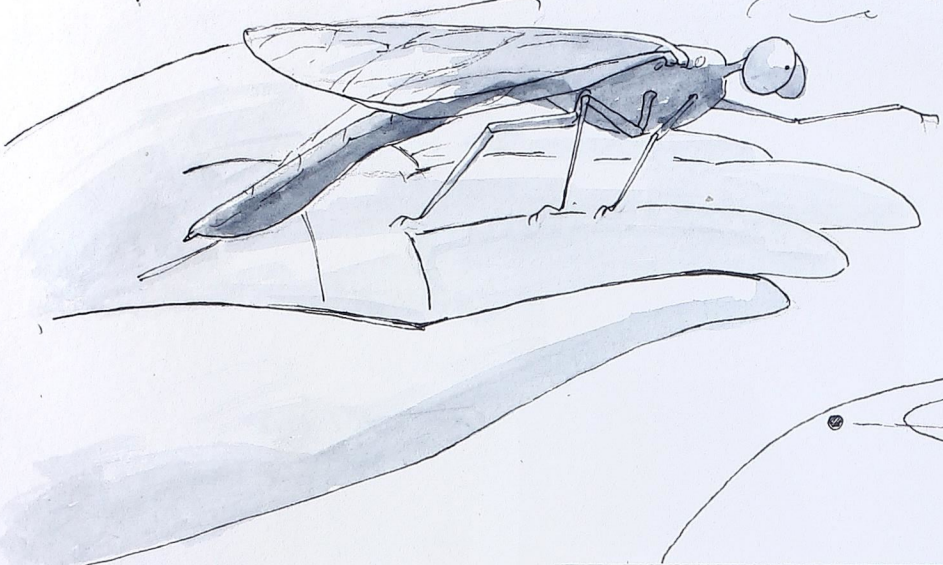


When I was younger,

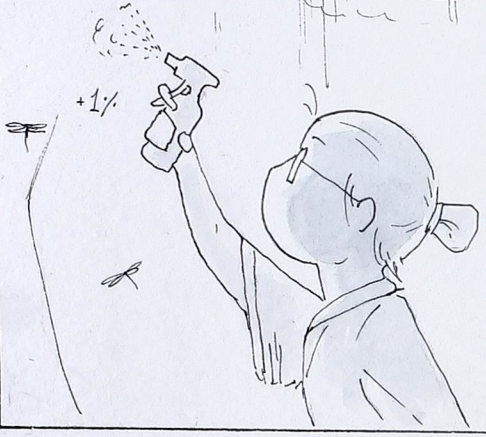


I'd catch a few each summer,

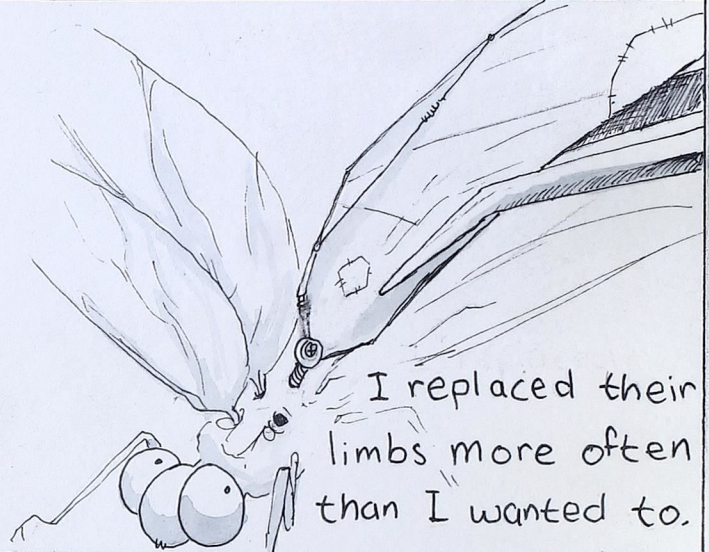
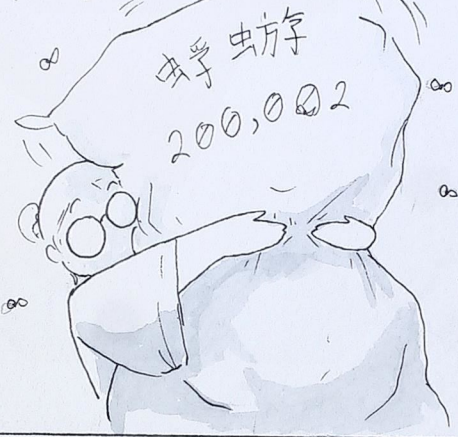
put them in a sanctuary I built with the perfect conditions for a long life.



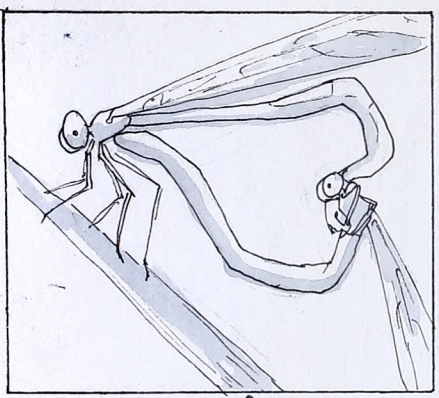
They like a bit of humidity



and the taste of mayflies.



But even as I gave them



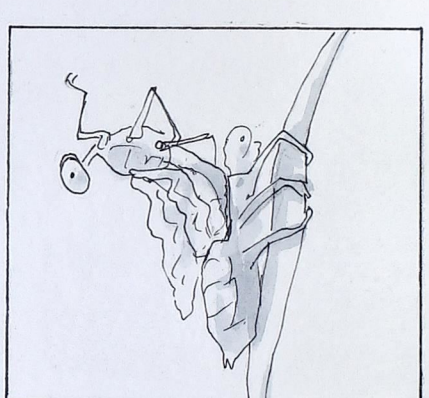
more food,



more water,

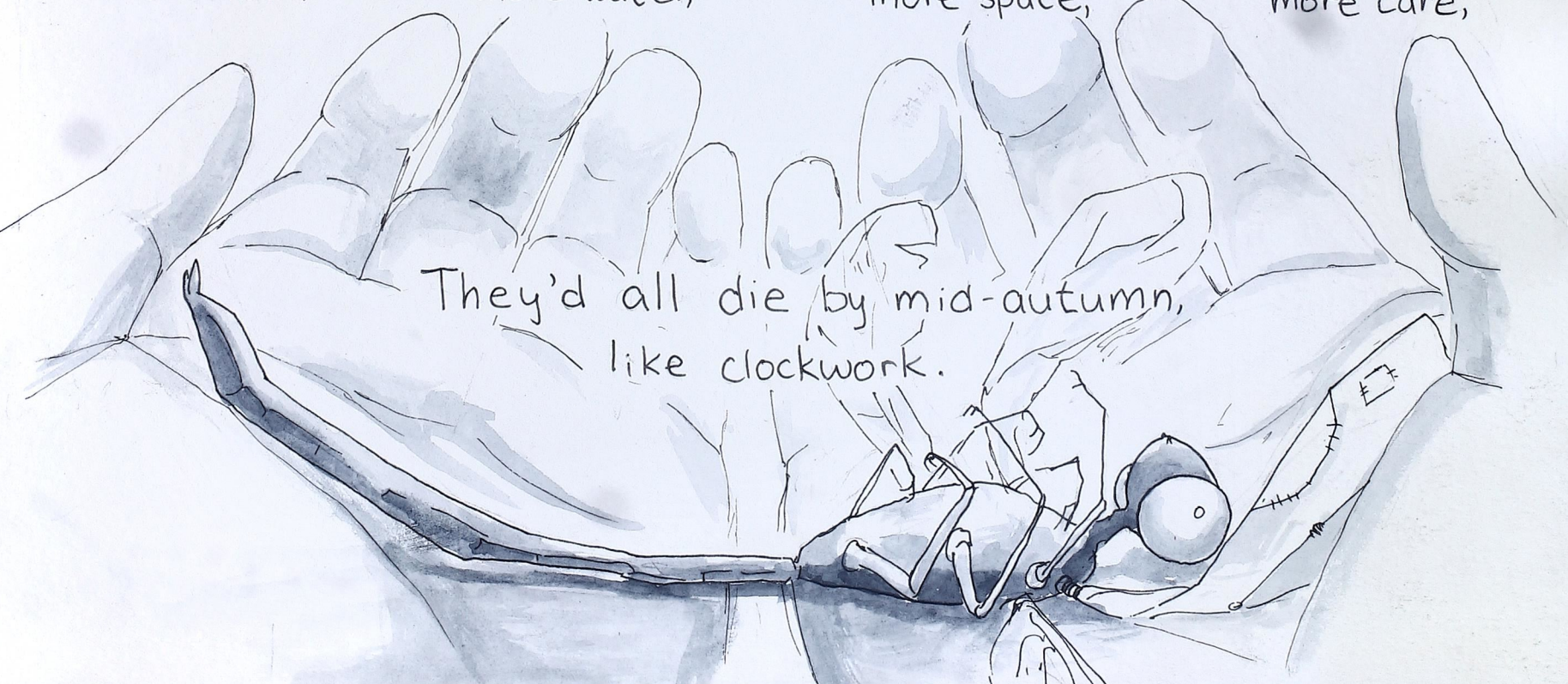


more space,



more care,

They'd all die by mid-autumn, like clockwork.



I gave up on that dream last year.



There were more important things to attend to, anyway.

At least I have time during summer break to visit home.



I wonder how the sanctuary's doing.



Is it even worth fixing at this point?

I'd need to

- Repopulate the dragonflies
- Prune the tree
- Pull the weeds
- Refill the pond

⋮
⋮
⋮



Or not...