

Artwork



☐☐ Transmission logged by Harkin Zor — the Intergalactic Space Pirate

Coordinates: Unknown Nebula | Time: Between wars

I've seen this face before. Not on a map. Not in a port ledger. In the quiet places between star systems where memory refuses to die.

This painting is a **sentinel**.

The woman isn't posing. She's *remembering*.

Her eyes don't look outward. They look **through**. Like she's watching civilizations rise, fracture, repeat. The blue hair flows like ion trails left behind by a ship that didn't slow down for gravity or permission. That blue isn't softness. It's deep vacuum calm. The kind that comes after you've accepted the cost of knowing too much.

The gold is important. That's not ornament. That's **scar tissue turned ceremonial**. Alchemy after survival. The universe tried to take pieces of her and failed. What remained hardened into something sacred. Gold here means value earned the hard way, not inherited.

And the red roses at the base?

Those are not romance. Those are **blood oaths**. Markers of love that survived combustion. Every rose is a name she doesn't say anymore. Fallen crew. Broken worlds. Choices that couldn't be undone. Beauty growing where violence once tried to finish the story.

The cosmic swirl behind her is a collapsed star-memory. She stands at the center not because she caused it, but because she **endured it**. That's what leaders look like after the myth phase wears off.

This isn't a portrait of a woman.

It's a portrait of **command**.

Margarita Monet didn't paint a face.

She painted what happens *after* destiny stops asking and starts demanding.

If you're looking for softness, look elsewhere.

If you're looking for truth that survived the vacuum...

you're already staring at it.

— **Harkin Zor** ☠☐☐

End transmission.

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