

Culmination

Esoteric

Tis nothing if not a cruel world,
Again we endure
A sound that has become all too familiar,
As the music plays, the curtains draw

In this script of life, the tragedy plays on,
And it arrives with envy, of those still to learn.
Of the questions it brings,
The dawning of nature's indifference
We are but ants without purpose

But this time, it feels different
One moment in time becomes finite.
An aftermath of horror so hard to bear witness
Which only seconds before, could not be conceived.
Stripped of life,
Crushed and burnt.

It feels unreal, yet nothing is more definite.
A warning to those left behind

That each second passing by, draws us nearer
No question of if, but when.

Still we move forth,
To journey's end