

In this, the best of all possible worlds
I'm born to die
The pain ebbs and flows only forth
I'm still drowning

Shall we cultivate
Our garden now?
Why must we hope the best
While still-injured hearts await?

And if we never find
The things we want
At least we'll be with something
New
Let us caress
The serpent that devours
Time is of the essence
And there's still much to do