Curiosity of Eternity

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss1/4
Splendid songs and holy grails,
A moonlit nights with fairy tales,
Everything we do this day,
Will so soon be washed away.

Fire, ice, sun, and stars,
Never can I travel far,
Earth, water, and the moon,
Wish I could be home soon.

My fate it seems takes ill of me,
The blinding oblivion of tragedy,
But nothing seems to come to me,
The entertainment of irony.

As I creep from this sorrowful place,
Saddening expression on my face,
Life holds still its magic glow,
Yet never has it burned so low.

Planets spanning 'cross the sky,
Can never willingly my thoughts deny,
Wings of feathers crossing near,
Never held secrets so dear,
To me the mystery never fades,
Till the coming of the end of days.