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Good-bye World

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PHILLIP J. CELATA

GOOD-BYE WORLD

In ancient days, back in forgotten times,
There was a war without reason or rhyme,
Whose beginning no one seems to know,
But each continued to fight with their mortal foe.

Battles and lives have come and gone,
Yet the war still wages ever one,
Friend dies beside friend again,
Never just a single soul to send.

Millennium pass and here we stand,
In the folly and faults of man,
Still with greed and power hungry stare,
Does humanity wield its destructive air?

Till finally none live to see,
The final soldier continue to bleed,
As the earth lay scorched and scorned,
By these creatures which God has borne?

And thus I stand here, on a hill,
Staring down at the sea which is filled,
Nothing but blood and horror do I see,
In this world ruled once by humanity.

And with the final stroke of mind,
The human race takes out for a final time,
Its frustrations and ignorance upon the world,
And thus all that was made is finally unfurled.

When God returns there is nothing but dust,
To mark the existence of the once prosperous,
And thus humanity sees its own end,
Because of its own faults and trends.

God remakes the world again,
The experiment begins anew,
With a race more conscious than humanity,
Who had died from their own lack of sanity.