

Nothing Lasts Forever

By Mark Edgemon

Artistic colors on the fading night sky
As the auburn sun takes center stage
Wielding his power over the sons of men
Through the brightness of his radiant spirit.

His winter day is a short one, brisk and illuminate
As he plunges a tapestry of color onto a painter's palette
As the sun now sets on the end of another day
Beautiful and majestic, serenely peaceful comes the night.

And yet, the sun lingers in the sky, unwilling to give me leave
As the pressure within my being seeks release.
Does not the mighty sun have a pressing engagement elsewhere
Are there not others, who wait for his coming day?

Ah, I see his smirk, for he knows of the pending disaster that awaits
If I do not make my exit sure and swift in moments to come.
Well I have determined to wait, for the sun is not my master
He does not rule my comings and goings, neither...ohhh, I'll catch the next one!

The End