

A Backward Glance From Beyond the End

On the sunrise of the first day, though a golden and joyous day,
I wept for the world and the horrible destiny that waited in store.

At the stroke of noon on the day halfway through its time,
I felt content that the end was coming that much nearer.

And on the sunset of the last day, though a sad and lamentable day,
I laughed aloud with the confidence of what would come next.