

A queen of kingdoms wide and golden hair,
Her subjects only knew serenity,
For she could conquer every foe and dare,
And people said it was divinity.

Yet in her secret heart she knew of war—
That war, if not in body, did exist—
And so she stood atop the Cliffs of Mohr,
And gazed at all that never would be missed.

And in the season of the darkest hour,
With shadows closing in and growing bold,
There lived no more the fortitude and power,
But, in their place, the knowing of the old.

Clothed with strength and dignity and glory,
Her only words: *vivere est mori*.

Like pebbles rounded in the raging sea,
Or flowers in the midst of summer drought,
Or someone weeping in deep misery,
Uncertain certain sorrows are, no doubt.

To each, the aching of her heart is most,
To each, the pain reverberates the worst,
And of our sorrows often do we boast,
Yet, too, as burdens, carry from our births.

What fights we put up now mean little else,
Than shaking fists above at distant gods,
For while our toils are the bane of self,
They, in the scheme of time, are but a nod.

There will be more for centuries on end,
And in our place will soon march us again.

The embers in the fire are dead and gone,
The roots of haunting hallows have decayed,
The battle's done and one or none has won,
And yet there still is something to be paid.

Pay heed to molten ashes in the fire,
Beware the quaking graveyards of the old,
The swinging of a sword does never tire,
The deep wounds of the heart cannot be sold.

To bury a fair maiden in her robes,
Or swallow keys to long forgotten pasts,
Or forge with grit the unattempted road,
Is simply to expose the eve of last.

The future is the past and still we dream
That fires die and "be" is like to "seem."

I've heard long tales of stellar intellect,
Old men aged wiser, the youthful trained smart,
And yet from neither speech nor analects,
Have I unearthed the workings of the heart.

The wise men from the east may carry gold,
Some sense or other carried by the bright,
Some man will help a mystery unfold,
Or take some study to a higher height.

Yes, reason but in name does still exist,
But reason of a deeper brand is yet,
For physicalities cannot be missed,
While the other is left to dice and bet.

And if there do exist these men of wise,
How can truth perpetuate in lies?

To stare out as far as is possible,
Is to stare inward as best as we can,
For the void of both is uncrossable,
And the darkness we fail to comprehend.

The stars of our own might can't be deferred,
The constellations drift in outer space,
What little do we utter can't be heard,
Across the barren pit of time and place.

And yet still to the stars above we cry—
Surely our mistakes are someone else's—
And failure never hindered us to try;
Maybe earthen truth is worse than hell's is.

Either gravity is understated,
Or in all our glory we are fated.