

I Was You

In death and age there are secrets hid,
A shroud yet veiled by time.
And the fleeting years hide a prophet's word
Learned late by the youthful mind.

For the elder eyes but scarce reveal
The hope, the pain, the truth.
What manner of Fein hath ravaged their prime,
And stole the wine of their youth?

Can we divine your future?
Oh yes...
For in part we have been there too.

Can you escape our grieving?
Not so...
In our heart we are young as you.

In the palace of age the regals gather,
Their throne enshrined on wheels.
Their sumptuous feast a bland confection,
Their play a tepid thrill.

The mighty days have all but vanished.
Forgotten? No, but dim.
Still a certain truth grows ever certain,
And clear, if also grim.

Can we divine your future?
Oh yes...
For in part we have been there too.

Can you escape our grieving?
Not so...
In our heart we are young as you.

The void of the grave is quick to consume
A truth learned late by its prey...

What's here will pass.
What's past will be.
Till all shall pass away.

-- Flint McGlaughlin