

Craft

"Void"

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In the gleaming nightfall we can watch the light retreat.
Its rays slither eastward, like snakes along the grass,
as it leaves us to ourselves. Woods of tall trees - old,
deformed and barren - obscuring the sun - red and
tired -
from working its way up from life giver to massive
hydrogen bomb. We can't see the sun, but we can see
the
god rays surrounding the trees and brief dim flickers
of
light shining through them. These are rays from a god
that is long dead. It's our final night in this place.
There is no tomorrow. This evening we drink to the day
the world ended.

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