

To Entropy

Sooner or later,
The stars grow estranged from one another
Like a destroyed family,
Or maybe,
One that grew up. One that
 Saw it all,
Broken apart by you, in futile attempts
To evade your grasp
Heard the trumpets
 calling over the hill called
 Expansion
And heeded the call they did.

Now the night knows no moon,
The sun shines, but somewhere else.

It's warm light, which travels for millenia,
 falls nowhere.
It soon crumbles into stardust.

One who blows the trumpet
Until there is no air for it's sound
 And no brass to grasp

 And no trumpet.

This is who you are,
Lorn universe,
Never again will you know
The pleasure of a warm, still atomic coffee
Or a clean, orderly desk on a sunny morning.
Never knew finality, or death
 of a reason to care.

All you knew was
How you were destined to
 Consume your own children as Saturn once did
 And consume Saturn as well.
You cry only for none to hear you.
The heat death.

The lone survivor.

