

THE BEAUTIFUL BREVITY



Every flower bloomed in spring will wilt in winter cold
Every wave will crash and fall no matter how bold
Every day has a dawn but it's followed by the night
When the sun which rose so high hides from our sight
All around the world makes clear there's a beginning and an end
Causing the inevitable question to arise which is when?

But this question is futile as we can never know
When we will see the last of all things that must go
But we should not shudder at the thought of finality
For death and the end is not all that we can see

Although the flower will wilt shrivel and die
No one can ever doubt its beauty while alive
Although the wave will sink and someday be no more
We should find awe in the power of its roar
And while the sun must set every single night
Think about the beauty and the presence of its light

For while the end looms at the end of every road
There's another guarantee we should surely know
Life is just as certain just as present just as sure
Offering us endless choices and beauty rich and pure
So cast yourself not into the fear of the unknown
But grasp onto the life which is beautifully your own.

—Tatum Cempella

