



Amidst the cosmic dance of stars and void,  
We, tiny specks of consciousness, seek our place,  
Marveling at the grandeur, the unfathomable magic of it all,  
Yet, embracing the quiet truth: the universe owes us no meaning.

With each heartbeat, each fleeting moment of awareness,  
We find beauty in the chaos, poetry in the randomness,  
Aware that in the vast, silent expanse of space and time,  
Our existence is but a whisper, our legacy a fleeting echo.

The heat death of the universe looms in the distant future,  
A final act of entropy's relentless, unforgiving march.  
Matter decays, light falters, and the physical realm sighs its last,  
As time itself unwinds, ceasing to dance its ageless dance.

In this ultimate twilight of existence, who shall bear witness?  
Not us, not the fragile, fleeting forms of humanity,  
But perhaps, something else, something we have yet to become,  
An entity of our own creation, molded by the environment we crafted.

Just as the troglodytes, confined to their cavernous realms,  
Could only lift their eyes to the moon, never daring to touch it,  
So too are we bound by our time, our form, our limited understanding.  
Yet, we are part of a greater movement, a cosmic symphony unending.

In our search for meaning, in our quest to find our place,  
Let us not forget: we are the universe contemplating itself,  
A brief, brilliant spark in the endless night,  
And that, in itself, is a kind of magic, a fleeting, precious wonder.