

Another ending

22 September 2016

I guess this is the end.
I'm not sure what of.
They say time is no friend.
Things slip away.

I guess it must be so.
But how should we know?
Something moves about,
and I can hear it rumble now.

So I write this down.
Embark with me I pray.
Other thoughts have flown,
or gone some other way,

But within is the promised stay of woe,
and that is where the old roads go.