

## End To Beginning

Light beam overhead  
A prophet has arrived  
Over the green, high hills  
He has walked near the  
Brown bridges over  
Grey murky waters  
A town he walked toward  
Buildings soft and quaint

A pathway he walked upon  
While laughter roared above  
The prophet seized none  
Many have wandered away  
He stood to prepare  
With a script forever unread  
On the central plaza  
He looked around to see  
A town he walked toward  
Buildings soft and quaint

One day he awoke  
Kneeling in a grotto  
To hear a strike of lightning  
He ran onward to town  
To see with sharp eyes  
A torn, bloodied canvas  
Fleeing crowds ran across  
He looked around to see  
A town he walked toward  
A vast lake of ashes

Entwined with the finest green  
A tall wall stands over  
A plush clean carpet  
A black spider crawled  
From a dangling web  
To gaze at a distant blur  
The prophet walked to see  
A fresh, renewed canvas

The prophet danced in the ravine  
A new dawn struck a cord  
That played in his heart  
For a time too long to recall  
The spider then crawled  
The prophet stood head high  
With proud astonishment  
He saw a shining path  
Hit upon his eyes  
A town he walked toward