

The Sky Can Never Die!

I often find myself
Gazing up at the looming sky.
You ask me why? Simple.
The sky can never die!

I stare at the lights,
A cold and tender night,
Wondering when they fall.
But they don't, my dear,
They simply die.
All that's left is the sky,
Which can never die!

I look up at the sun,
From springtime to fall,
Shining brightly without fail!
But in the winter she keeps away.
What could possibly stay the same?
The sky of course, which can never die!

I find a winged bird, its brilliant cries signal
A departure to fly, in the shape of the wind.
They turn south and fall as their kin.
What could then stay the same?
Well dear, the sky of course,
Which can never die!

I see a thicket of smog,
Spreading above mountains tall.
It spreads from spring to fall.
The seasons are gone
And all is forsaken,
Everything is gone.
All that's left is the sky,
Which can never die!

Lands filled with dread,
Husks of all that is dead.
The fruition of bone marrow
Stains the earth in change.
But what remains the same?
The sky of course,
Which can never die!

As far as I'm aware
There's nothing better
Than lying down thinking,
How great it was to be alive.
For, my dear, you see that
The sky remains the same.
The sky can never die!