

The past
Is a desolate thing.
One which brings Pain,
Without Solace,
To the hearts of many—
To become few.
Pain in concept,
Is a thing of beauty,
And in time,
A Suffering so prolific,
It renders humanity to its knees.
Prepared for its most feared outcome.
Welcoming an end to the Pain
At any means.
Pain.
A beautiful knife,
Slitting the throats
Of all who hold it.