

At Last the Horizon is Still

At last the horizon is still.
The time has come to rest weary bones
Atop a dusty, neglected throne.
The sword is replaced by the quill.

Many tears are shed for the lost,
Though soon the painful memories fade
Like the bloodstains on a pitted blade.
They slip away like winter's frost.

But some wounds never fully heal.
Regret will take its relentless toll
On the frail heart of a war-torn soul.
True peace comes under earthen seal.

At last the horizon is still.