

In the gleaming nightfall we can watch the light retreat.  
Its rays slither eastward, like snakes along the grass,  
as it leaves us to ourselves. Woods of tall trees - old,  
deformed and barren - obscuring the sun - red and tired -  
from working its way up from life giver to massive  
hydrogen bomb. We can't see the sun, but we can see the  
god rays surrounding the trees and brief dim flickers of  
light shining through them. These are rays from a god  
that is long dead. It's our final night in this place.  
There is no tomorrow. This evening we drink to the day  
the world ended.