

Night

M83

I do not value sunshine and sparkling fountains,
in the way which children do with enthusiasm.
I love the darkness and the shadows,
where I can be alone in my thoughts.

I come from an older generation.
Time is an abyss, a thousand nights deep.
Centuries come and go.

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People can't do things as they get old, it's terrible.
Death is not everything, there are so many things that
are worse.
Can you imagine that one outlives centuries,
but sees every day as equally unimportant?