

A dreary day has ended,

Drizzles, gusts, drought, tornado, lightning.

Shining puddles, blowing dandelion feathers, elegantly shaped branches, turned up fertile land, rainbow.

But you were all used to it. It didn't matter. Not anymore.

So you...

Stand on the brink of time, awaiting something new.

Pale and wispy, completely different from the gold, vibrant sun.

That was gold, this was silver.

The familiar warmth leaves your bones.

On comes a refreshing coolness, totally new, totally alien.

The moon lurks just beyond your reach.

You can feel it, you can prepare for it.

Chilling howls, looming dark, toppling unknown, pressing fear.

Striking a match.

The brave and naïve press their backs against the fear, pushing it back, un-toppling the unknown.

Without knowing that they'd done anything.

Head forwards, facing the murky new.

Face it head-on.

Back towards the depleting old.

Turn a cold shoulder to it, but don't forget it.

You might want the shred of memories to give you rays of light in this new land.

The beckoning whispers of the future, and the laments of the past.

Ready?