

Smiling Sun

The darkest cloud in the sky grows,
Thunder and lightning not far behind,
The wind whips and blows,
The weeping willows begin to cry.

The sun tries shining brighter,
Fizzing, popping as it grunts with all it's might,
A ray shoots from it's face,
across the darkness, flying through the night.

The ray meets the cloud, and evaporates it from the sky,
The thunder and lightning, quiet and darken,
The wind stands still,
The tears of the willow seem to dry.

But many years from now, the cloud will rise again, as machines exhale from their daily toil,
The willows will continue weeping as their beautiful home begins to spoil,
The wind will whip, but it's workers stand firm,
The thunder will clap and the lightning will burn.
The machines keep working, they refuse to learn.

And the sun.
The sun has no more brightness left to give, he fails and darkens, he will cease to live.
He will smile his last and shine once more.
The machines will stop and fall to the floor.
The world will no longer turn.
As we caused the world to burn.

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