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TIME

By OLAF STAPLEDON

Wherefore hast thou made the world that it shall
die, and the heavens that they shall burn out
like a flame?

What wilt thou do when the stars are all
extinguished, and there is no place for life?

The sons of men have builded for themselves a
house of beauty. It is continually
embellished.

The last of the generations shall dwell therein
and die; and the beauty that was builded shall
be no more.

A lover and his beloved have met together in the
evening. Evening shall return, but they return
not.

The home that seemed eternal is broken up and
scattered. The children remember it; they die;
it is no more.

I am heavy of heart because of fleeting time, and
because all things come to nought.
