

THE BALLAD OF DUSK & DAWN

Beneath the trees at forest's edge, on the bank of a gentle stream,
In a peaceful prairie paradise, like something from a dream,
There met a pair whose days and nights have long since come and gone;
Hearken to the topsy-turvy tale of Dusk and Dawn.

One was pulled toward darkness and the other drawn by light—
Dawn would rise to greet the sun, while Dusk embraced the night.
Dawn would dance with butterflies and songbirds in the thickets;
Dusk saw symbols of their love in fireflies, owls, and crickets.

But together, each night, they'd play a lovely, lilting lullaby;
Dusk would sing the lower notes and Dawn would sing the high;
A strange duet—so magical, their twilight serenade,
The whole world turned to marvel at the harmonies they made.

Wintering and summering between the falls and springs,
Dusk and Dawn had found the perfect place to spread their wings,
Basking in the morning sun and bathing in the moon;
Alas, the shadows shifted and their peace was gone too soon.

The Others staked their claims along the Seekers' ancient trails,
To grind their harvest into dust and cart it off on rails;
They blocked the stream and, to a steely spire of barbs and spines,
Piped the power through a stretch of twisted, tangled tines.

Knowing that they couldn't halt the Others' ceaseless march,
Dusk and Dawn made their escape across an angel's arch
To set out on a journey that would shape the stars above—
From first to last they sang their song: the melody of love.