

THE KEEPERS OF THE FLAME

In the great northwestern forest, where the trees grow broad and high,
Near a place of shallow waters on an island in the sky,
Where the air is fresh, the people true, the river clear and bright—
Dusk and Dawn would rise and fall, embracing every night.

They built a palace in the pines along the sylvan shore,
Planting jewels and spreading seeds across the forest floor.
At last they'd found their sanctuary, far from the madding crowds,
To dip and swing their paddles, sending ripples through the clouds.

And every night toward the sky the Seekers turned their gaze,
Where to the north their neighbors kept the sacred fires ablaze;
The glowing of the embers set the firmament aflare,
And beams and swirls of wondrous hues would dance upon the air.

But then the future came to pass—and with their greedy claws,
The Others came to fell the trees with axes, chains, and saws;
They made a solemn promise to the Keepers of the Flame—
Then pushed them off their holy lands and robbed them of their name.

Dusk and Dawn, the Seekers, stood their ground—prepared to fight;
With no one left to tend the fire, it burned into the night,
Blacking out the sun and moon with a rolling crash of thunder;
The Others tried to fight the flames, but split the sky asunder.

The Seekers took each other's hand; their odds were slim to none—
The look upon their faces said they knew what must be done—
They took one final loving stare into each other's eyes,
Then rose into the heavens, soaring up, across the skies.

Sailing off against the wind, and tacking into the storm,
They wrapped their wings around the forest in celestial form—
To quell the smoke and paint the clouds, and leave the land enchanted;
They left no earthly trace behind—save the gems they planted.

Now Dusk arrives on edge of darkness, harbinger of night,
And every morning Dawn returns, appearing with first light—
They chase the flames across the sky and heal the fiery scars,
To keep the Heartland safe and sound beneath a blanket of stars.

And together, each night, they play a lovely lilting lullaby;
Their symphony of golden tones descends across the sky—
Dusk and Dawn will sing their song until their final breaths,
Sworn to live a million lives and die a million deaths.