

*Two flamed Horses...one of light, one of darkness...met in a snowy plane.
Still, no one knows from where their anger came.
They had tried to fight, ending without resolution from the primary problem.
With that, they left, only to meet the next day with the same predicament.
They had once loved each other...that was known.
But as of late, no one knows what happened,
They brought up things of the past, but never resolved them.
With the time they took in these arguments, their lives were being spent.
From all of the anger that had grown,
They led troubled lives 'til their dying end:
Never leaving one another to explore possible others,
Never taking time away to have better days.
They died from tired, slaughtered hearts,
Broken in the flames of their quarrels.
Then came the same tale of two other lovers:
They met at the same field, with the same ways.
Their lives, as the others before, wound up in the same cart.
They didn't change their morals,
And ended their lives wit the same fate.
Had they changed their ways, they would have seen
Happier days with happier ends.
But no, enemies were born again...instead of friends.*

By CRV, September 23, 2002

