

# Countless Skies

## Be'lakor

Countless times below me  
Rivers rose and fell  
Ageless stones eroding out  
Across the endless swell  
Songs to pave the seasons  
Wounds to follow birth  
Cries to carry through the night  
Wombs to feed the earth  
Countless skies above me  
Each unlike the next  
Lines of more than moon and sun  
Glimpses of a text  
Countless hands have sought me  
Reaching out in vain  
Permanence observes without  
Compassion or disdain  
Flames to greet the harvest  
Storms to face in awe  
Winds to weave through every wood  
Walls to dull the road  
Purpose lost to frailty  
Craning blades of grass  
Strength and weakness on and on  
All that is will pass  
Countless hands have sought me  
Reaching out in vain  
Permanence observes without  
Compassion or disdain  
Flames to greet the harvest  
Storms to face in awe  
Winds to weave through every wood  
Walls to dull the road  
Countless waves around me  
Strong until the last  
Leaning into dimming dreams  
All that was has passed

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