

**End**

Ryan Woods

It goes quietly like the night;  
Like a sigh  
Not of relief,  
But of breath;  
A gentle closing of the eyes -  
Open them again  
And you'll see -  
Everyone has gone;  
Not without goodbye,  
But without conclusion.  
This is no storybook,  
No grand orchestration;  
Just an end.  
It is just the end of one day  
And the beginning of another.  
But in that gentle light of the morning  
  
Things seem so quiet...