**To Gaze at Infinity's Edge**



Over an edge where one may stand  
The precipice seems wide and gaunt  
Jagged and unforgiving as the brunt of life can seem  
Perhaps unfounded, the one is not unhurt when looking at its edge  
  
But held within its grasp  
That is the joy of a pair  
There one becomes two  
At first unknown in company  
When made aware a shock to the system rises  
It is met by a tempering   
Something between wills  
  
Where the blue's edge embraces the brown  
And light clears the shade, a sigh rises from one in yellow  
A similar color to the light that had wandered the river blue  
Scaled the stones anew, with a vigor undaunted by the task  
In free stands curled horns, free wings, and a gentle gaze looks to the skies  
  
For peace? Who can say  
For duty? Who would know  
For Honor? Who will find it  
Perhaps just to be  
  
Simply to hold at a breath's edge, a shared dance of infinity  
Not with physical effort, if merely with company  
Not through tangle of words, if merely through realization of place  
There company is welcome and embraced by acknowledgement  
  
A single look between the pair for a moment, before eyes shall wander in wonder  
With ease in the heart and of the mind, they simply shall hold onto  
  
To gaze at Infinity's edge, with hearts free and minds unhindered.

~Quentix Starwing