

## **Beginning to End**

By: Jared Duncan

Dawn's kiss awakens the world, a newborn cries its first.  
A whole new world unfolds, bathed in the soft glow of morning light.  
Tiny fingers clench and unfurl, grasping at the air,  
Pure innocence that washes over, a love at first sight.  
A quiet sigh escapes, a whisper on the breeze,  
The beginning of an extraordinary journey, with loving arms at ease.

Childhood's melody dances on playful breezes.  
Sun-dappled meadows hold whispered secrets, memories forever engraved.  
Imagination takes flight, a boundless butterfly in day's bright light.  
Stars twinkle in youthful nights, like diamonds on velvet spread,  
Reflecting the wonder of a bedtime story read.  
A scraped knee stings, a salty tear may fall, but a gentle kiss mends the plight,  
Building resilience, a foundation for futures ever bright.

Adolescence, a storm of fierce passions and desires.  
Dreams chase butterflies, but harsh truths cast fleeting shadows.  
In seas of a young person's passion, fires burn,  
A dance of longing unfolds, a self waiting to be seen and shine.  
A journey of discovery, a lesson etched on every growing line.

Adulthood's weight, a crown both burden and grace, rests upon our brow.  
Choices, like brushstrokes, paint the canvas of our lives, some lead astray.  
Yet discovering the path to the end.  
Learning to embrace the grace that comes with responsibility,

Find solace in love, and endure the inevitable losses that life throws our way.  
The continuous journey through a vast and ever-changing landscape.

Parenthood brings tenderness, sacredness like no other,  
A time of nurturing love, an eternal vow,  
To care for and protect.  
Tiny hands in hands so strong,  
A silent promise whispered in the melody of a lullaby.  
The beginning of a legacy, a lifelong bond that transcends generations.

Elderhood's wisdom, a symphony of time's refrain,  
Memories, cherished treasures, resonate softly within the heart.  
Lines on our faces a personal narrative, each one telling a story with grace.  
In silver threads, weave the tapestry of our lives.  
The final chapter, The Circle coming full course as we gracefully age.

As twilight descends, we approach the inevitable end,  
A final breath is taken, and our soul ascends toward,  
The vast starlit sky, that is called heaven.  
Life's journey flows like a river, reaching the ocean's vastness.  
Echoing the beginning, a final whisper carried into the end.