

End of Day

The old man gently rests his oar

The rowing's almost done

Yonder lies the docking point

Dim lit by the setting sun

A few more strokes, an easy glide

The trek will be complete

The prow will touch the nearing shore

Relieved aching arms, cramping feet

The journey's dawn so long ago

Held no hint nor sense

Of trials nor tasks nor vagaries

Nor earthly recompense

But now the day is almost done

Wisdoms gently fade

It matters not what's gone before

So ends a life's parade