

Sawyer Solo

# The End of Eternity



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The work that follows is a rectifying illusion of my own confusion in this world full of delusions. The words were amazing to write, and I am eternally grateful for all the inspiration nature has given me to create such a book. I hope you love reading these words as much as I loved writing them. Cheers. Feel free to email me at [sawyersolo0@gmail.com](mailto:sawyersolo0@gmail.com) for anything.



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## Echoes Through Eternity

Streams flowing through light beams  
Mountains growing on the land's seams  
The birds chirp with prosperity  
Natures dexterity is growing upon me  
Like an infection of the sick and deadly

As lakes grow and stagnate, We take this world for granted  
Our natural state reprimanded  
With actions of disbandment  
Please stop this reckless abandonment  
As we create more problems for the environment

Our air becomes even more powerless  
Fueling death like a harsh judgment  
Earth will strike back with a vengeance.

It will echo through eternity.  
The way we have been relinquishing  
The planets integrity  
When we all are gone tomorrow  
Our kids will reap the honor  
Of reclaiming the earth's desire.

So stop at nothing to reclaim the nature  
From which we all have been grandfathered

We have mistaken the importance of the mother  
For ashes will fall atop our brothers  
The future of our fate will be dishonored.

## A Writer's World

In a writer's world Imagination unfolds  
Words come together like a lost love  
The phrases of pages  
Relaying the mazes of emotional stasis  
I can't believe this artistic creation  
The devastation of the character's devotion  
To do anything in roles of relation  
It's a real place  
This is the place where you can create  
Anything and Everything even if it's just something The means to get past  
all the fighting and dying  
The Loving, The crying The lying, but mostly the timing  
Of events, we just let pass by us  
Writing them is just that moment  
That place in time where you behold it  
At the time you recognize  
All this leads up to the ultimate prize,  
The realization that those pieces of paper just saved your life

## Wilderness

The Wilderness doesn't provide a desk  
But it was there where you found me  
Lost in cell#1, imprisoned  
It was there that you had a vision

Abandoned by even yourself  
The pencil never left your hand  
The universe gave you a way to normality  
It spat you back out because you weren't happy  
Art has to be the tree where you planted so many seeds  
Sprouting with a tenacity that defines your creative abilities

Red and black, black and white  
The wilderness knows what you like  
It always knows what you hate  
Like yellow and blue in such a little space  
It was time to find your obligation again

This is a new beginning; the path to serenity must be taken  
Of which you sought for so long that you had forgotten  
Embrace the wilderness' divinity

No need for a compass; you have a heart  
No need to complain; you love pain  
No need to give up; you're a wordsmith