

The parchment is nearly up to my eyes  
An impressively long epic  
transcribed by shaky hands

Binding will surely be an ordeal,  
but I am not worried  
not right now

More pressing, rather:  
the dwindling supply of paper  
and a story coming to an end

How to close?  
A peaceful resolution,  
a thrilling cliffhanger?

I settle on the former,  
and meander into the epilogue  
swirls of black marking down final words

But my hand is tired,  
my eyelids are heavy,  
and my pen is nearly out of ink

With a sigh, I set it down  
Aching limbs stretch,  
and I stand from my chair

I'm going for a walk

- Vera

*Goodbyes are overrated, I'll finish this later*