

*Everything comes to an end
Good or bad
Happy or sad
It must end
You can postpone it
But it will end
You can prepare for it
But you will never be ready
You can miss it
But you will never get it back
"Why does everything have to end?"*

"Why?"

I ask again.

"Why does this have to end?"

And the person replies to me, somber and lacking energy.

*"Nothing lasts forever. You know that. Why are you still thinking about me? It's time to move on.
You know I'm not really here."*

*It stabs me in the heart, they're right. Everything must end, and to whomever reads I'm sorry.
But sorry won't be able to stop this poem from ending.*

THE TEMPEST