

A Star

It comes from nothing. The brightness in the dark; the light in the night. It knows it will become red - bright and loud. And the world will marvel. Then it will give one last, beautiful gift. And the world will mourn. It will become white - dim and quiet. And the world will forget. It knows this.

But for now, it will grow.

It will keep living.

It knows, but it will go on.