

A Beacon

Letting loose the bowstring
An eternal arrow was sent racing

Its intent did not spell doom
Rather a glowing, radiant bloom

A single arrow through the night sky
Hitting all life throughout time

The blinding light enormous and pure
An ensuring constant that hope endures

All deaths no matter how bitter
Were overcasted by that green arrow's shimmer

Though it be of a pantheon's worth
It now belongs to the children of earth

The rooted arrow in perpetual flight
Beacons that grow infinite over plight