

Inherent Vice

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The sun sets, pages age, leaves wither away.
Glass shatters, candy melts, eggs break, ponds dry.
All people come and go, and only when
they're gone do they sometimes reason why.

Our memories will fade into nothingness.
All things end; you and I cannot escape time.
Love is an inherent vice, but ours will
endure till the poets exhaust their rhyme.