**TRANSIENT**

As all burnt down in the fire’s blaze,

And the ashes flew in muted haze,

All that once stood tall and strong,

Now to dust and shadows did belong.

In the fire the past flew in the breeze,

Ashes of memories lost in the leaves,

A plain reminder that life’s so transient -

Each one is but a passing participant!

In the end we are left with dust and ashes,

With the passing of time – the past rehashes!

Crystal David John