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## The End Point

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**The End Point**

Ethan Kagin

Pain is the unified teardrop of life and death

It is a man without a purpose

Pain is the lack of something needed

A lost joy, or comfort

Pain is the evaporation of a sea of joy that we never knew,

will never know, and the longing for it to be filled again

Pain is the strongest emotion, come second to love

Yet love too, can be a catalyst for pain

Pain is the fickle inconsistency of time

Years pass like dust on the ground and leaves in the trees,

Taking our hopes and leaving our dreams, never to be fulfilled

Pain is the stump of that hopeful goal that still whispers “dream”,

in the dead of the wintery night,

Only to be silenced by the cursing wind of the world, and the

biting cold of reality

Pain is knowing you must walk forward, though bound in ball and chain

It is knowing that to stop the trek would mean only pain eternal

Perhaps the very measure of a life,

is how much weight they bear when they arrive

Oh the relief to lay the burden down,

To know it was carried for no purpose than to be dropped

Revel in the strength it took to hold that load

Pain is that cross, three nails we all bear

It is to look hate in the eye and not blink away

It is upon the pain we lay to rest,

It is on that pain we meet our judgment

It's known that thrones break and kingdoms fall

It's felt that feelings come and feelings go,

Yet ever-steady the path winds and flows:

Toward that point when pain will end.