

VERSE: REST AT EVENING

In "Rest at Evening," the poet reflects on the transition from life's daily struggles to the peace that comes with its end. It begins with the end of life's weariness, as all the dependable pillars of existence crumble or fail, ushering in an evening that blends with sorrow, signaling the onset of peace. The poet marvels at how distant the beginning of life will seem at this juncture—its cold dawns, its burdens, and the fleeting nature of both joys and sorrows.

Early efforts and enthusiasms, once vibrant and consuming, will appear futile in retrospect. The eager waiting for life's challenges, the fleeting joys discovered anew, and the passions quenched by life's inevitable storms—all will seem insignificant. Even the poignant moments of departure from once cherished stops along life's journey, filled with tears of what felt like eternal loss, will lose their grip on the heart. The hands once held tightly, with a naive belief in their everlasting presence, will also fade into the texture of a life fully lived.

Ultimately, the poet assures, all these intense experiences will dissolve into the serene finality of night. This ultimate rest will be adorned with the metaphorical stars of light—perhaps accomplishments, moments of love, or instances of beauty—while a "dim vague memory of faint sorrow" lingers, serving only to underscore the perfection of this rest. This residual sorrow is not bitter but sweet, as it affirms that the trials and tribulations were essential to reach this sublime closure. The final reflection suggests a profound realization: the day's struggles, once overwhelming, are merely precursors to a blessed state of peace and contentment, casting life's trials in a redemptive light and framing death not as an end but as a transition to a "divine to-morrow."