

# The Convergent Prophecy

Seven realms in the Aether drifting alone,  
Each yet unaware of its dimensional roam.  
Converging together through time as they rise,  
Progress for all and for each its demise.

Six places in time we find our way home,  
Some barely touching, others merging in stone.  
But it will be the sixth world and final of all,  
Where we harness the darkness unto our fall.

Let these words ring as true if hope will remain,  
To warn the last men, from my own dying plane.  
One from each realm must unite in despair,  
To stay the darkness and keep it there.

Yendra

Scholar and Druid of the 1<sup>st</sup> order