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Musings on Existence

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MUSINGS

MELANCHOLY CREATURES WE,
A PRODUCT OF THE SAND AND SEA;
OF MOISTENED DIRT OR POTTERS CLAY,
IT MATTERS NOT WHAT FORM WE TAKE--
FOR ON THE OUTWARD WE APPEAR AS DRONES,
WITHOUT A PURPOSE, CLEAR,
BUT OF THIS DUST TO WHICH WE MUST FADE
SO ALSO ARE THE HEAVENS MADE.

ON

MELANCHOLY CREATURES WE,
BEREFT OF HOPE THAT I CAN SEE;
FROM CHAOS SPRUNG BY COINCIDENCE,
TO BREATHE, TO LIVE, TO DIE BY CHANCE--
WHAT FORM OF COMFORT CAN I TAKE
WHEN EYES GROW DARK AND I FORSAKE
THE VERY NATURE OF MY BEING . . .

"NO," I CRY, AND MUST REBEL
(FOR NATURE FAVORS NONE THAT WELL)
THAT I WITH CONSCIOUS AGENCY
COULD BE NO MORE THAN ROCK OR TREE
OH, MELANCHOLY CREATURES WE . . .

IF THERE'S NO GOD--NO DESTINY.

EXISTENCE