

LEFTOVER RHYMINGS, LAST

Longevity...

As one nears the end of the Life Game,
one accepts Fate and Chance are not the same;
and encounters that 'Midnight of the Soul'
of traffic never ceasing in numbers untold.
Should one remain sane as one becomes old,
reversal of life must Psyche behold;
and looking back along Existence's line
sees Death doesn't happen at just one time.
Then before Consciousness must take
Its' leave all prior personae Self's forced to grieve.
But all of that living once done through Mind,
if one is lucky can be left behind.

Each time Life is birthed it yearns for the good;
while too many, doomed, wither in 'the Hood'.
Consider, if you will, the unnumbered all
never allowed to see beyond the wall.
And count the children born to misery,
fodder for societal usury.

Where to find Reason upon which to trust?--
the more of History, the more disgust.
Does this Aged One need to hear of Death?
No! She's saddled by it with every breath.
Not easy is understated, you see,
to perceive one's true anonymity...

Mind now unable to recall to 'Me'
a consciousness that once felt itself free.
Who was the person who composed the line,
"Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?—
which poem Abe Lincoln himself did believe
eternally worthy of being said aloud.

We recall also Burns' little mousie,
and how he dwelled upon all hoped to gain--
how so much of our contemplated joys
time seems to "lea'e us nought but grief and pain."

Oh, how the “best-laid schemes o' mice an' men”
we learn so often do “gang aft agley;”
while those “slings and arrows of outrageous fate,
”oblivious to will, hover insidiously.
We did what we would; enough pointless strife!
Did what we could; who needs more than one life?
But how to escape Death's loathsome insistence
so contrary to the Spirit's existence?
Comfort and peace!—that is all this soul craves,
free from the harried responsible days.
No more fond dreamings, no more daily fears;
no more accounting for all of the years.
Give Mind new thoughts from woe to take away;
not care anymore the name of the day.
If there were a ‘god’ anywhere about
I'd see him on a hill and have him shout:
“Hey, youse way down there--here's the final bill:
“Ain't never been such thing as c called ‘free will!’”

Well and good for ‘the Greek’ to say
“Life's mystery must be lived, not solved.”
But that was back in a young “good ol’
day,”
when Existence didn't ask it be resolved.
Now, after that thought there comes
another:
“Why should it all have been such a
bother?”
Oh, the people suffering, this Christmas Eve day!
Where the supposed ‘god’ holding all
in sway?

I refuse to believe this now aged person
is an anomalously--thinking peer.
This state of Consciousness ‘though surely shared
None speak of nor wish to hear....
How much one wanted to do, to be and see!

Acceptance now absolute:
what would be, did be!
But open--ended love of family--
sublime of this I's life causes--
asked only is a perfect Christmas,
mind unburdened by tragic pauses.

I believe 'God' is an almighty force
that governs the Universe;
that I, myself, am one of its creatures--
constituted of, within, and borne by it--
to become born, live crucibly, die
and disintegrate. But on a future day,
parts of me shall again join to compose
another 'God'-created being,
with potential also
to judge the living and the dead.
I believe in the almighty force,
the communion of all beings
and in life,
everlastingly....

WE know those out there who need to corral their speech.
WE know the Principles we long to see *them* reach.
But like Dickens asked, "Supposing" they all *did*,
and spoke the Voice-of-the-People--like 'God's', still hid?
Yet seems they can't; can't perceive Our true emergency--
obliviously safe in an escalating plutocracy?
While in a common economy being smothered by usury,
WE see repeat looming of a piece of old history....

But let us dream on, as has sustained Our every season;
dream of a new era—Humankind ruled by REASON!
Let's suppose such Consciousness *did* collectively ascend—
not only an old era's end, but an *epoch's tambien!*
Could the globe pull back from that sucking 'black hole',

and more of The People for once escape whole?
Would lessons from prior history re-emerge;
the foremother of Humankind--*Wisdom*--resurge?

Well, Two Thousand Eighteen ended (*good riddance, I say!*)—
'twixt jokers and crooks taking exorbitant pay.
Things may get better; but, then, probably not.
Still WE hold the Ace that gives Life its' best shot.
Of all we might have there's one sure think we've got;
money never bought knowing one is loved a lot....
(*Yes, another year beckons; we're captives in Time.*
But it's my good fortune, Reader, if you're part of mine!)