

A PLAISIR BREVE, TRESOR LONGUE

This brief mystic time on earth

...life...

What a blessing, what a trial,

what an hot-odd journey!

Is it meaningless?

Is it even a reality?

Man is simply another animal,

adrift species in a callous nature.

We determine our own fate,

the direction of our life—

after God appoints our blunt existence.

Our quick joy may be boundless,

our sharp pains temporary,

our vaunted triumphs transitory,

our griefs striking, but,

(as such,) such a jolt,

a shock overcome at the last.

Breathing the successive gulps

of life's giddiness,—

my body now pillaged by time—

the future, and it is short before me,...

the heavenly reward that is oblivion

is closer than the past,—

a mere dream of time dwindled "bye",...

the canyon gap narrows.

In that cold future my things,

my very most special things,

collected for a lifetime,

and the memories, too,

will be dispersed—

parceled off as items on a block,

to any passing stranger.

What if life had no meaning?

A parade of flashy tuneful events

that in the end are,--were--meaningless—

Life, coming at us full tilt-a-whirl—

before exhaling.

A dream:

Your face, your arms, your lips—

the very warm electricity of your very being,

but your tender lips

and the dreamed words of your mouth

are as meaningful, sturdy,

and burly as cedar logs.

—J. F. Lowe