

THE QUEST

by


I hoped to write a simple line
that conveyed a simple thought.
I asked what other folks had said,
the things they penned and taught.

I hid out in the libraries,
I hit the open road.
I studied ants and elephants,
three-legged frogs and one-eyed toads.

I turned to children's stories, the ones that fade so soon.
But all I saw was Hansel and Gretel,
shivering in a forest clearing
underneath a frightening moon.

Absinthe and other alcohols,
LSD and crack cocaine.
Sometimes they seemed to help my quest,
at times I dosed in vain.

I turned to God and back to man,
consulted dreams, crossed arid streams,
heard history's screams,
but could not divine a plan.

Was I dancing with the Devil
by searching here and there,
diving deep in oceans,
barely coming up for air?

Is there balm in Gilead,
our ancestors once asked?
To each her own, to each his fill,
of life's fleeting, precious, half-filled glass.