

## MEANING AND ETERNITY

Don't tell me  
This life is without focus and logic  
Don't tell me  
This life is elsewhere  
Immersed in uncertainty of destination  
Rocking back and forth on cosmic trails.  
Don't tell me  
That love is not eternal  
And the end of life is death.

How can I agree with you?  
The substance of the psyche is unknown.  
Brain, cognition and matter  
Remain a more profound conundrum  
Than the riddle of the sphynx.  
And is not the conjecture  
That there exist forms  
Of indubitable knowledge  
Just a logical error, a misconception?  
Is it not that somewhere reality  
Becomes merely an illusion  
And illusion  
Becomes reality?  
Is not the object always subject?

Yesterday the featherlike thin cirrus clouds  
With their delicate silky appearance  
And fibrous texture were still spread  
Irregularly in the sky  
Harbingering lovely weather.  
But today biotic, ragged nimbostrata  
Prevail the firmament  
From where rainfall escorts us  
On our dilatory way.