**Defeat, It Beckons!**

**By Jorge A. Cotto, Jr.**

**To the heart that yearns**

**To the mind that questions**

**Ignorance is a refuge**

**A warm blanket of tranquility.**

**A wise mother to clueless child**

**A rapture of comforting kindness.**

**And so, to bewilderment I toast,**

**"L'Chaim..."**

**Whatever will be, shall indeed**

**Omniscience spoke and man wrote**

**Whatever shall bewilder me,**

**So let it bewilder me.**

**Toss me to and fro**

**I am captivated, and so, surrender**

**To your gracious warm wind.**

**I am your slave, your tumbleweed**

**Like the soldier that accepts his fate,**

**The spiritually faithful that expires.**

**Come, come whatever may**

**You are a welcomed guest.**

**I greet you, inevitable death**

**Your eternal sojourn of bliss,**

**End this ephemeral downward spiral**

**Begin my eternal abstract flight.**

**Raging desire burns in vain!**

**To My inquiring, curious mind,**

**To My aching, lonely heart,**

**Life has shown little reciprocity**

**An unbalanced scale**

**Of giving and receiving**

**Complacent with satisfying need**

**I have quenched all want.**

**My will, hushed and disciplined**

**No tears shed from the losers dugout**

**While watching the victor prance**

**In a sweet, well earned victory.**