dear reader

the object

is to die rich,

not

in the accumulation of things

but in the accumulation

of things of value

in the certainty

that you have done

more than you had to

to balance

the book of your life

to balance

the ledger of deeds

dear poet

who cares?

dear reader

you do.

Because the destination

is not the point

the journey

is the point

and the journey

is enhanced

with the satisfaction

of a life in balance

if you don’t agree

i’ll have to kill you

for you are a virus, a mistake

a reptile among apes

dear poet

how can you kill

and still balance your ledger?

dear reader

i cannot,

but i’ll take the hit

dear poet

why should we struggle

to balance a world

that seems

to want no balancing?

dear reader

because you live

in your children

and they

in theirs

ok stupid?

dear poet

ok already.