

01 April 2018

A walk
through a graveyard
reveals a peculiar slumber —

the men of tomorrow.

The sign reads “Help,
we’ve been civilized,
there’s no going back.”

But there never has been any going back.

And the life urge resigns itself
to smallness,
and this too is good,

For too much growth makes weeds,
and we cannot tolerate weeds.

Tomorrow, then, comes anyway.
This is a walk through a graveyard.