

The Enduring and Unchanging Dao

14 September 2020

People die, new people are born.
The timbre of civilization changes,
like always, and we, those merely progenitors,
progenerate, again, at the horn.

What beast,
what rough or otherwise, comes forth
to taste the light of day?

This surely is no newer way
than all the old ways,
dying, dead, or buried.

So what special hurry?

Those come forth go under,
this is so, and temple shrouds,
once rent asunder, can be made,
remade, again, again.

If vanity, then vanity.
The proposition's chord
strikes hard, and oh,
we grow so bored.

What light from yonder room?

'Tis Juliet? Nay, knave,
just one once loved
in some forgotten tongue.

I say be such
that every longing touch
remembers love,

But do step cautiously
through darkened rooms,
and listen for that horn.