



Apologies to Mr. Kilmer...

This side the end I'll never see
Selfless man's humility
Riggings rigged on dressed up masts
A sail to futures presents pasts

In eager searching looking through
To treasures lost to hopes not true
Our seeking become an end to means
A bounty of encircled scenes

Within our certain self porting style
We endorse the lie another while
For if we say we do not know
How can we sit and watch the show

Of evolution's well played act
We know this, we know that fact
Yet the eye the atom and cell
Speak in volumes rather well

DNA, helix, molecule
Shout a listen oh man oh fool
We haven't time nor will admit
To the perfect sense of it

Eureka's cry gone by the next
A milieu based upon pretext
We shape we form outline reasons
Lost amidst apparent seasons

A journey traveled, blind and gained
A flight of passage, a voyage stained
Yet still we see ourselves the master
In fading dreams grasping faster

Unsure answers defined many ways
As roads to gods, money plays
Scripted clearly by faith we're saved
Still the walk on roads we've paved

Riggings rigged on dressed up masts
We bow to this week's iconoclast
This side the end I'll never see
Selfless man's humility

I think that I shall never see
A poem as lovely as a tree
We're on our way to truths sublime
Long as they fit into our rhyme

– kosh