

Living in Tenets

A daily blah blah blah
bending of peoples minds
while the clouds above
are silently slipping by

Daily hail of inklings
tsunamis of talk
waves of words
washing over us

Too many teachers
how many swim
in the lake of trance
Life is the time
from the last
to the next breath

Too many living in
their dark tenets
loading their canons
sharpening their axioms
their maxims
erecting their statutes
while their dogmas are
out chasing postulates

Birds fly
without knowing
the make-up of sky
Fish swim
without knowing
the make-up of water
Fire speaks for itself

Pockets filled with isms
just name it why know it
self-interest has long arms
attached to big hands
Conjecture is more con
than jecture