

BITTER BUT STILL...

or

CONVERSATION

Filling the moments t'ween craddle and tomb
With grandiloquent portents and inspiring tomes.
Guilt we justify in self-righteous hymns
Sins we deny to the faces of victims.
Speeches rehearsed in solipsitical dreams
Are solemnly tersed to build our esteme.
Modesty learned only in the pangs of defeat
For emphasis slowly we repeat and repeat.
Who must we convince - as we futilely rationalize
That everything since could not have been otherwise?
Who needs re-assurance - the neighbour we bore?
Or, in the glare of the present, the self we abhor?
Man seeks a listener, relentless, no rest
Bringing no love, just fears to manifest.

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