

The world is stern in deeming  
man a hero, its nobility;  
to counteract his endless scheming  
to escape this splendid destiny.

In the eye of thwarted aspiration  
fathers measure children growing,  
passing on the grim reflection  
of lesser beings knowing.

But there are fleeting moments  
when the lake wind through me blows,  
and the stars inspire the night's intent,  
or midst silent trees it snows.

And from their thousand tangled visions I'm undene  
where in a tiny glory of my making I become.

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