

Natalie Ward

Professor Serby

Modern Condition II

15 March 2023

### **From the Earth**

They demand we clean the dirt and dust,  
Gazing at our very beings with disgust, And I  
see now you're one of them too, One that  
looks for the serpent under shoe, But please  
just hear one made Sisyphus's plea, And look  
towards that wide sargasso sea. Gaining rings  
from grabbing it beneath, Unable to keep  
such desires in sheath, This unbroken drum  
march towards defeat, Yet all I can hear is a  
rhythm and beat. You desire to join that  
calvary soon, Marching on our corpses to  
follow that tune, Why can't you see that the  
riches you crave Can not follow you beyond  
any grave? Look to the sky, can you see the  
wraith Or do you just trust your mere faith? I  
know of the ending the scripture tells, But I  
feel that nothing lies past the bells, You spend  
your life thinking ahead To where we'll be  
after we're dead.

Consider perhaps lives alone are  
worth More than dust returning to wet  
earth. Legacy and heaven are hard to  
reckon, Knowing I could die at any  
second,

Yet do not fear my life has no meaning,  
Since I know one day will end my  
cleaning. That day the revelation will  
dawn,

With everyone as good as dead and gone,  
That uphill boulder will once more be dust,  
And I know that so will the rest of us.



[Photo submission: Natalie Ward]