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]