

THE BALANCE

By John G. Stone

What hard and dreamy art is it to be an idealist once no longer young.
And within that discipline to refrain from either harsh judgement
or too airy a view of the torrent of life.
To continue fully willing to faithfully sacrifice all
Without reservation
Or thought of self,
followed by such unanticipated fruitlessness for such a noble and true-hearted offering.

Shall the eyes that envision that which is most beautiful,
be the same that witness such loss of same beauty?
Shall it be the connoisseur's sensitive pallet that must also taste the most spoiled fruit?

Can the appreciation of temporary bliss exceed or even equal the weight of the soul's
torment and discouragement when such love is found falsely grounded?

Shall we resign life, so that such death should never come?

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