

HE WHO HAS NOTHING

He is a lazy flowing river
That sometimes becomes a torrent,
A steady rain that sometimes becomes a violent storm,
He must mine within him a seam of inspiration each day
To continually reclaim his love for life
Despite accidents, equipment failures, loss of power,
And disappointment. He's that fish that swims,
The Bison that trudges, the bird which labors,
Against the current, through a blizzard, in the wind,
To spawn, to eat, to escape.
The celebrity seeks admiration,
The entrepreneur pursues riches,
The politician lusts for power
He seeks only acceptance
Amid an avalanche of rejection,
An Everest of negative response,
A deluge of indifference.