

Philosophers are never slow
To talk of what they do not know.
They range the countries of the Mind
In search of what they cannot find,
Dashing along in hot pursuit
Of the elusive Absolute
Oblivious of the fact, one fears,
That it has been extinct for years.

And so the words fly to and fro
Like arrows from a doughty bow
Which, fired completely in the dark,
Too seldom seem to find a mark.
These words indeed exhibit strength
In inverse function to their length.
And those not feathered out with wit
Are grounded long before they hit.

The questions, as they come and go,
Were asked a long, long time ago
Like what, and why, and where is Man,
And is he part of any plan?
And what is good, and what is bad,
And who is sane, and who is mad?
The questions all are very clever
But answers seem remote as ever.

Prince, if you are indeed of Peace,
Make words as well as wars to cease
When they are used in man's affairs
As weapons, not as messengers.

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