

Motivation

In the beginning it was, “Why?”
curious, incredulous, or snickering.
And the answer came, quick and confident,
amid a swelling flood of pride.

And later there were no whys,
but respect, envy, association coveted.
Or perhaps the why was lost in a sea of shame
and smug, knowing nods –
no whys because they know now.

They know now!
And so it is I who wonders,
and the question bores, insistent,
and will not likely be answered.

Are the understanding and culture of all of ourselves
no more than feeble, stumbling fingers that
rip and tear in fruitless efforts to unravel
the complex fabric of cause and effect,
the too-intricately woven threads of truth?