

In the Travels of Our Time

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In the travels of our time
do we think of the sublime?
Are we controlled by our wants or needs
or merely the player of the latest themes?
We seem to exist on automatic
by either metal or flesh like a zombie we exist
We daydream far ahead and wish our days away,
then wonder where the year went
Every day hastens into night
only to again repeat and repeat,
but is this really right?
Until one day we wake up and wonder why things are never finished
then depression takes a ride and we feel dismay,
because our time goes by so fast,
we forgot how we lived in the past
and our future comes when we least want it
Our God of time rules us well,
but don't we care if we go to Hell?
Regrets we have, a dozen or more,
yet do we grow, evolve, or serve?
Materialism, envy, and avarice fuels our taste,
but isn't the mind a terrible thing to waste?
Yet we squander our lives on the couch and watching the panel,
on mobile, on internet, and radio,
it all makes us into boobs
We sever our brain like a lobotomy,
lest we forget the simple Deuteronomy
Yet we can truly control our lives by reason, compassion, and faith,
we can save ourselves and get back what we do not squander