

Lamentations on Man and Waste

Who can tell a man, "^{We} ~~I~~ will make up ^{to you} for
The lost years?"

Who can return to a man the ~~sweet~~ pleasures of a
breezy summer day,

His wife and carefree children at his side---

To a man destroyed before his marriage,

With children never to be conceived?

Who can describe the fragrant, lush sensation of
a pine covered hill in May,

Backdropping a tiny white farmhouse which overlooks
fields and cold streams,

And living things---

To one who had hardly lived and had barely been
given time to stop,

And gather in these wonders?

Is there a man who can claim, " I have had these
times restored,

I have been given back the years that were taken,

The flesh that was ravaged,

The being that once ceased to be."?

Who will unfold the years that are gone,

The times that are past,

The moments that are wasted,

This instant that will never again be?

When a man thinks about these questions, he
cries.

He doesn't cry for mankind, nor for
you.

He cries for himself and for the wasted times in a
~~Disconsecrate~~ ^{Desolate} and plundered
Cosmos.

Desolate →