Recollections of tranquility

If all constituted things with each aspect
in its proper place have a beginning and must
have an end (think of a mountain or a river) then why would we weep and if

I am well-behaved will my final reward
be life everlasting . . . Such considerations
influence decisions, set the seemingly
trite in an ordered, sensible procession,

make slender threads tightropes, make
bearable gnats or termites in an old house —
preferable to quakes which shake foundations —
and if I count on the future as on the train

which pulls into the station all hours of night
brushing feet, glancing towards the empty
tunnel, heeding signals: what think ye
whether is more, the water which is

in the four great oceans, or the tears
which have flowed from you and have been shed
by you, while ye strayed and wandered
on this long pilgrimmage, and sorrowed . . . .

—Ken Samberg