

Ah, to be wise

Still very young and unaccustomed
to the cruelties of the world
and idealistic, daft enough
to imagine goodwill
would always conquer evil
I could not understand
the coldness I felt all about
in those older, in those wiser
in governments, in ideologies
a lack of love, a lack of fellow feeling
so that each new day the world awoke
to discover much all was covered
in a thin layer of wise cynicism
and an habitual and lazy disregard
for the possibilities of grace.
I now know it was — it is — not always a coldness
but a pragmatic wariness,
a resolution to preserve and protect,
for the good of one's tribe
what can and might be preserved and protected
though in preserving and protecting our own interests
the lives of other tribes are condemned to feel the chill.
I was young then and stupid,

more admirable, perhaps, but stupid,
unversed in the ways of the world,
and my intellectual progress was made in baby steps.

Yet still a part of me (a stupid part perhaps,
my stupidity not yet completely choked off
by my new wisdoms)
cannot help but yearn for the world to warm a little
in its daily round,
unashamedly to recall the stupidity
of its own youth, that the day might come
when warmer hearts will glow
and that morning rime of cynicism does no longer form
day in, day out, week in, week out, year in, year out.

Foolish thought.

Stupid me.