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Quality of Life

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Quality Of Life?

by Anthony Balch

A well worn phrase on God's tired tongue,
Trailing off,
Meandering....
Saying myself the millionth time,
Unable to hear my morning's rhyme.
I am not Adam, but his weary echo.

Once we were songs applauded by the brook's soft falls
And handed down as sacred verse
To renew the world with a dream retold.

But teeming streets of the self same psalm
Mocks meaning with a sweaty strain
Whose din deminished words escape distinction and noteworthiness.

In the beginning was the word...life
Whose meaning has thus become passé
In the beginning was the word...man
Who spawned himself into a cliché.