

Idle Thoughts

Know Your Place

IF self-esteem's a *trait* that jars
Your friends, who mock your foolish fault –
Then step outside and see the stars,
Mute sentries in a velvet vault.

An awesome timelessness imbues
All of Now. . . For Ever. . . Then.
Present, past and future fuse
In vast, implacable *Amen*.

On some cloudless, black, black night,
Nature never looks so fair.
Stars which sparkle diamond-bright
Yet pose the question: are they *there*?

But if they *are* there, then they saw,
In fleeting moments of their span,
Bronze Age, Ice Age, dinosaur,
Birth and rise and fall of man.

Confused, bemused, we stare and see
Glories that are never heard.
An adjective for you (and me)?
Insignificant's the word.
