

Idle Thoughts

On Our Way to Nothingness

PUNY self-importances all moulder in a drawer
And show no trace of softness in his face.
Not a pleasant fellow, *circa* 1894 –
But just a cut above the human race.

Businessman? A politician? Pillar of the Church?
Superior, with spotless spats and glare:
This was a showy citizen who purred with pride of perch
And clearly ruled the roost when he was there.

But now he's there no longer: he is just any icy stare –
The one the camera caught when he was proud.
And now they've found him in a drawer, and clearly they don't care.
He's just a nothing in a sepia shroud.

What's happened to his trademark, that unpleasant pomp and fizz?
It's clear he lost the aura he begat.
By now, alas, he's just old bones, that's really all he is.
And now he's found, we simply say, "Who's that?"

His picture shows his arrogance, this person who's no more,
The mighty one the world now does without.
And soon, of course, when it's our turn, we'll surely find the door –
But let us first ask what it's all about.

*Though man does good for fellow-men,
It matters not a jot, because,
When, all too soon, he ends his span,
People wonder who he was.*
