

Our Bounty Cometh

Sully Sullivan

Half the world asleep,
Half not yet at bay,
as I sit here, in pondering display.

How many pages filled with wisdom,
Have been drafted throughout time?
Is it any wonder, none crafted do thee find?

Truth! Desired of the heart,
longing to fathom, were we doomed from the start?

In time's prolonged expanse, we are but a wrinkle,
Ah, but what wonder protrudes our singular twinkle?

Frayed tomes lain open, recurrently read,
Still seeking Truth, lest it be our final thread?

If be so, will contented we remain,
our glorious bounty cometh, forever to proclaim?

If we yet another failed to find,
Did we dignify, this gift of our time?