Ants and Men 6-28-15

Time does come when all is done

All life does stop for the coming of dust

This organic thing of which we’re made

Ceases to function and just goes away

What does that mean?

This complex system stops and dies

All this experience just ceases to be

Pointless endeavors grand accomplishments

Just a great joke at our expense?

A single grain we call our home

We’ve never left this speck of dust

All that we’ve done and thought and made

Meaningless trash to be fed to a star some day

So why are we here?

Is there actually a reason?

There has to be a reason?

Or not . . .

Are we any different than the ants and their mounds?

Grand structures pulled from the earth

Only to fall prey to the ravages of time

Back to the dust from which they have come

Ants and men more alike than not