

# The Meaning Of Life

by David Clarke

I walk along the narrow path  
And seek refining ways  
To nullify my sense  
And be calmed  
By bright breeze and sunlit face  
Somewhere along a beach on western strands  
Where I can catch the last radio encore  
On a broken wireless  
Left somewhere by chance  
For me to see and hear  
O blessed repose  
As foam leaks from the sea  
My mind gallops  
Over half a century  
To a time of innocence  
The simpleness of a friend  
No use just there  
Seeking my response  
To questions thrown  
Awaiting an answer  
That must be life's very meaning  
For if there was not me there to answer  
Who would?  
Casual conversation is the best  
Seeking no structure just a mess  
That is me quiet and unhappy  
Yet just a fleeting minute  
From exulting repose  
And blessed solitude.

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