

A Poet's Lament

cellular phones and solar-powered cars
nuclear fission and expeditions to mars
fuel efficiency and bullet trains
laser beams and supersonic planes
in pursuit of progress the world moves ever on
yesterday, it seems, is already long gone
whatever happened to those beloved images of days gone by
it seems that, in many of us, they have all but died
remember the noble knight on his dashing white steed
who sat ever ready to help those in need
what of helen, the face that launched a thousand ships
and hector, who of his armor achilles victoriously stripped
what of wise solomon whose renown stretched far and wide
the one who taught us that real love one cannot divide
what of walks on summer's days and strolls through the park
and the simple joy of looking at the stars after dark
the view of the sea and scent of a rose
of seeing with your eyes and smelling with your nose
for these it seems there is no longer time
we're always racing to meet the next deadline
people rushing here and people running there
always running, but do they ever get anywhere
cellular phones and solar-powered cars
nuclear fission and expeditions to mars
fuel efficiency and bullet trains
laser beams and supersonic planes
bigger and faster things may well be
but that they're better you'll never convince me
I long for days of old and times gone by
the world as it was before man began to fly
life's simple pleasures and codes of chivalry
and joy of a moonlight walk down by the sea