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## An Essay on Futility

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# An Essay on Futility

Michel Sands

Alas! When all bodies, friend and foe, have fled the room of  
my presence

All that there persists is the lonesome screech of my own  
dainty voice.

Contemptible sound.

Were the sound of a heavy heart dragging across the parlor any  
choicer a tune

I would right away buy the album and play it incessantly until  
I drifted off to my shallow sleep.

Unfortunate that I must suffer the gnashing of one's withered  
teeth.

The chords are dissonant and the pitch flat, a worthless  
instrument the mouth is;

Gaping like a puncture wound and babbling forever its muck-  
some bile.

Oh, that all tongues were pens and all lips parchment.

Then silence we'd all have and understanding then,

When a lover can discern the true intent on one's lips.

Only I have silence in this speechless solace.

Woe to you who seek it-

For it is gold when you are kept from it,

But lead when you have nothing but.