

Voice In The Wilderness

A voice cries in the wilderness
Yet the wilderness does not lament
Nor its inhabitants
Nor the culture of their creation

Morality stares expressionless
With eyes that cannot see
Will not see
Care not to see

Everyone does what is right
In their own mind
Based on their own precepts
Their own "true north"

Lying is not lying
Just a way of doing business
Cheating is not cheating
Just a way to compete and survive

Love is not love, but sex
Sex is not sex, but casual encounters
Relationships are impersonal
At best another link in the network

They wander aimlessly with determined purpose
Moving with steadfast uncertainty
Toward some meaningless goal
That anyone with enough money could buy

Yet their hearts hunger for something true
Something pure, lasting, and fulfilling
Something that satisfies not just today
But for a thousand tomorrows

A voice cries in the wilderness
It cannot be heard
Will not be heard
Not today anyway

They would like to try
This first
Again

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