

Teleology

Beyond the shoreless ocean, above the empty sky,
What wonders do we look for, or what hope to descry?
We say we seek an Answer, the great eternal Truth;
It is in age our furnace, the fiery brand of youth.
This longing, it sustains us, but, once met our desire,
For what would we now hunger; what else would feed our fire?
Or would we lapse insipid, into a vacant cell;
Having lost our dreams, would crouch in self-begotten hell?
The truth is simply stated, and no great answers hide
At path's end, for means only does Ithaca provide.
But Way and Life this world is, there is no Truth to find;
To this joyous tragedy we learn our hearts to bind.

Reuben Thomas

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