The Song of Life

by Jeffrey M Cohen

Sing of blossoms,
Sing of joy,
Sing when singing's
A mere ploy
To mar the melancholic mood;
To make you smile
Rather than brood.

Sing with babe
Clasped to your chest,
To dry its tears
And bring it rest;
Sing, with schoolchild,
Nursery rhymes,
With memories
Of long-past times
When you were carefree,
Full of trust,
Cocooned from violence,
Hate and lust.

Sing with friends
On campus, green,
While you're still young
And fit and lean;
Of bars and clubs,
Be life and soul,
For soon the dice of fate
Will roll—
While some get jobs
And some, the dole!

Sing with those
In prayer-houses—
Kindred spirits
Whom faith rouses;
Sing with the faithless
Whose belief
Brings the world
No relief
From its problems
And its pain;
Sing, come sunshine,
Sing come rain.

Sing, if age
Makes you its friend,
And, length of years,
Elects to send;
Though supple limbs
And upright frame
No longer conjure up
Your name;
When old friends' names
And their faces,
A fickle memory,
Erases.

But, come what may,

Just sing your song,

The one you've always sung;

Let gratitude and thanksgiving,

Be ever on your tongue;

For, that is life—

A potpourri;

Its ups and downs,

A mystery;

And what gives you the right to think

You're master of your destiny?

So, sing of blossoms,

Sing of joy,

Sing when singing's

A mere ploy

To mar the melancholic mood;

To make you smile

Rather than brood.

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October 2020