
The Cynic

We who worry along paths
our ancestors took with surer steps,
what is left to us?
Is it to lie reflective on a banqueting couch,
to gaze at the dregs in our kratēr,
and to ponder elegant quandary,
as if a well-turned phrase might beguile
the bleakness of the hour,
or bring back the sap to a sick and withered race?

—*Paul Gottfried*