

Freedom Grounded

Hypnotized by young freedom,
I chased bedazzling baits of my choice
until pain came crashing through my doors.

Thank you very much, freedom.

And I ate choice foods with delight
until my older arteries became clogged
with a near calamity of consequences.

Freedom, do you need to be fatal?

Computer-enabled, I freely flew commodity
futures like a test pilot, with precision eyes
trained on my instruments--then crashed.

Hello, is anyone there?
Freedom, you truly stink.
Can I at least be free not to be free?

"Serve," says no voice.

Serve? Why serve?

"It works."

Serve without pay?

"With or without pay--but with energy."

No more freedom, then?

"Remembering your former agony
while serving where the need is,
you gain a grounded freedom."

From whom do I hear this?

"From the call without a voice."