I cried upon the sands

I cried upon the sands
and the tears disappeared so swiftly,
but as I cried upon the sands,
the stain would not vanish,
for the stain that would pass on for generations,
was my stain of sadness
at the failure
for us to give our offspring more,
instead of meaningless materialism;

I looked across sands of such golden beauty,
changing into red by the setting sun
and red by divine assignment,
marveled at the ochre shades
all equally beautiful
and my eyes blurred,
at the sight all around my feet ........
signs of a decaying society,
oblivious of the splendor of creation,
bent of destroying such beauty
for themselves and all their children;

I looked beyond the captivating sands
and far beyond to the clear blue skies,
trying to envision images of
the children of this generation devoid of values,
suckled on materialism, both their own and imported,
without concern for their environment,
lost to dependency on subservience
to correct the devastation of their behaviour,
totally oblivious of the effects of their wasteful ways ......
and the captivating vision blurred, like a mirage,
replaced by pictures of mountains of decadence,
the sole legacy
that this generation will ever leave behind.

M. J. Primiani

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