

This poem is one of the most thought provoking that I have written and I wrote it years ago when my thoughts were very ponderous upon the question of moral relativity versus moral absolutes. I leave the interpretation of my point as a challenge to the reader, but realize that this is written from a perspective of faith and questions what life would be like without it (if you are stumped though why a Christian would write this read [here](#)). This is what came out.

Denial of spirit, science commands,
Purpose of life no math demands.
Moral chaos in uncertain plains,
The burden of knowledge, no "why" explained.
Of probable chance an equilibrium is reached,
A meaningless cascade of atoms we teach.
Right and wrong, just chemicals... a thought,
The difference is none, our efforts for naught.
Sin a conception, accountability is blasphemy,
Who cares for a world of no consequence to me?
Trading life for desire, morals for pleasure,
Riches for our soul, to no standards we measure.
Nothing is truth, we make our own paths,
Subject to our minds, enslaved in its grasp.
Nerves, blood cells, a mind, and a heart,
Nothing but science, playing roles in the dark.
Deception is truth, confusion a given,
Understanding impossible, for those of the living.
Sustained by chance, significance for only an age,
Never set free from this cyclic stage.
Intelligence is illusion, chemicals in the brain,
Foolishness is bliss, it is the better way.
If life has no meaning, then what does it matter,
If our life is a clock, just waiting to shatter?
A pestilence we are, corrupting ourselves,
Destroying our mind, humbleness gathering dust on the shelves.
Each use of our body brings death more near,
Living in search of satisfaction, trying to eclipse the fear.
Others don't matter, our interactions short,
No life after death, life's worth is no more.

