

PARADOX OF OMAR, THE BELIEVER

(A Ballad)

If nothing and naught were our father and mother,
 If only more dust is the goal of the grave,
 Then let us stop fighting a clay-begot brother;
 We've no time or talent to waste being brave!

Old Khayyam the tentmaker tried to be savage;
 He claimed the soul-truth was the juice of the grape.
 He said that man lives like the head of a cabbage—
 To flower, to fade, without hope of escape.

He dared One Whose power is more alchemistic
 To show man His gold and His blessings to pour,
 But even while trying to be atheistic,
 He cried out for Heaven's forgiveness and more—

He cursed all the pitfalls He laid out before us,
 He constantly blasphemed the holy concept;
 In spite of denial, in one tortured chorus,
 He begged the Creator our pardon accept!

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 We've no time or talent to waste being brave!