



Pause For Poetry:
Michael Hawkes /43

Description

A Sisyphean Task or Two

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

April 14, 2022

Life's a Sisyphean task,
A heavy rock, a steep hill,
More than any god should ask,
A chain and lock, a bitter pill.

Our mythic hero made it though,
He heaved his rock up to the top,
Where, tired and disillusioned
He watched his burden drop.

Now he must retrieve it,
Must find his ball and chain,
But 'til he does, one must believe,
He'll be a sovereign.

Life's a Sisyphean task,
It's mostly shoulder to the wheel.
The thought of it leaves one aghast
At having got a rotten deal.

But when one's burden rolls away
However temporarily,
To be retrieved another day,
Until that time then one is free.

One knows the truth awaits,



The burden must be borne
In accordance with the mythic word.

In freedom though, one contemplates
And deals on one's own terms
With all life's great encumberments
And the totally absurd.

One heaves the boulder up, it rolls back down,
One heaves, it rolls again.
One does not strive in HOPE to win or triumph
At this lifelong game.
One reads the score and knows the ropes...
Abandons faith and futile hopes,
And does one's utmost,
All the same.

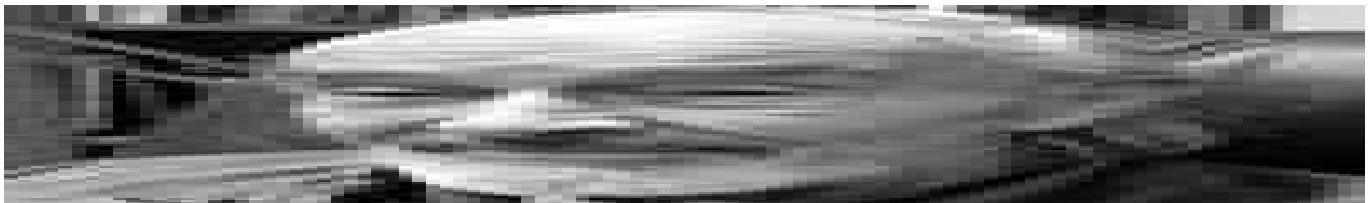
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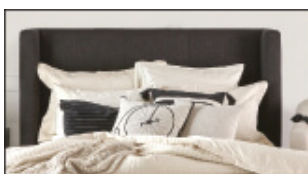
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Michael Hawkes is a survivor of all the world's wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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