Amortization and its Discontents

Whatever future was the pledge,
Dissatisfaction has the edge.

Not that the grass is elsewhere greener,
But that both it and ours grow meaner.

The hay made while the sun shines sours;
One can improve his shining hours,

Not lengthen. Does to have and flaunt not
Mock the poor man’s waste not, want not,

Or does it parallel it? Greed
As demonstration of the need,

Unanswerable and unafforded,
To hoard what cannot now be hoarded:

The decades wasting of themselves.
A cliff erodes; an ice floe shelves;

Our future is a sum that dwindles,
Memory bank a bank that swindles.

One way or other, time subtracts.
Life is a minus sign that acts.