

MAN FIGHTS BACK

When, contemplating cosmic history,
I chance to question in my ignorance
The scope and truth of my significance
And lose myself in dreadful mystery,
No beacon faith illuminates this void.
I lift my head and clench my puny fist
And dare the universe to coexist
In full encounter, no strength undeployed.
As boldly now I watch the mounting score -
Assured as if the fight were almost done,
Aglow as if from some atomic pile -
I hear Olympus in a sudden roar.
I move up close to see if I have won -
The gods are laughing at my comic style.