

# The Good Life

*Edward L. Hart*

Why do I strain for a freedom found outside,  
Where worlds in time and space lie wide and full?  
My room is closed and airless while the tide  
Slaps up the pier and churns me in its pull.  
And yet old times of weary venturing pall.  
Ulysses, wandering, always yearned toward home  
In spite of being lured by sirens' call.  
If home were gone, would he still have to roam?  
As this world's seams begin to pull apart,  
I think of one to come and wonder whether  
Life without pain could ever reach the heart.  
Perhaps, if we once more should be together.  
But talk about how to live is wasted breath  
On me, who must every day relive her death.