

WHEN MAMMON GRASPS THE HEART

by Robert Fitt

"Are you happy?"
A wise man once inquired of me.
I paused, nonplused...
Then looked around uneasily,
Hitched up my voice
And in a tone both soft and meek
I said: "Happy? "Well...no,
But that's a goal I seek."

"Is happiness a goal?"
His query softly asked..."or a path
To travel on?"
This inquiry, unnerved me. I'd basked in
Notions not at all like that. In fact,
I've felt that happiness—
As offered me by gold, and power—
Is pleasure's caveat.

"Perhaps your thinking's
Topsy-turvy", The sage quietly opined
"For when mammon grips the heart,
And soul and mind, it
Changes you; it make you think
That money's all that matters; but
When one lusts for lucre, his
Hope for heaven tatters.

"Bah! You who live in poverty
Give poor counsel!" he retorted,
But, then...he now wears the devil's golden
Chains, I've heard reported - ignoring
Good advice; and with his life now done;
Lo, he's lost what little happiness
He won in misdirected
Blood and sweat and tears . . .
Confirming all my fears.