

The Nature of Our Nature

Ellis Jones

Nature has unrelenting rules
Death and rebirth are its handy tools

Whether fruition bears a lovely fruit,
Or so begins the hum of hibernation
This cyclical pattern seems fair for the forest,
But for a human? There mustn't be a relation

We rambunctiously rule the world of our own volition
Remiss that the ego commands our condition

But when the pale horse rears its ugly head,
And fate we eventually draw
Quickly one will realize,
The nature of our nature after all