

Plentitude

Potent medicines, well-off housing,
Comfortable clothing, excellent nourishment,
All increase outward well-being.

The prevalence of so many exterior comforts
Make it too easy to neglect our inner life
And lose what inspires our awe and wonderment.

The table of plentitude induces carelessness,
The figure of man becomes loose-jointed
And culture is buried under vices.

Wealth, however tainted, is accounted for merit,
The snares of lucre entangle many,
Genuine poverty risks constant embarrassment.

Better to free ourselves from undue attachments
And open our eyes to the wonders that surround us
For being in awe is the wellspring of beautiful surprises.

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