

Contentment

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Can we ever be happy?

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/contentment-1.aspx>

There is a beauty in the incomplete Because we look for more The cliché is that it is the journey Not the destination that matters And sometimes clichés are true There is a complacency that happens When we no longer have to try To find happiness or give it And assume it to be there Just tumescent sex organs And dessicated hearts Contentment has no constancy Because things get worse Or better – they do not freeze in time Like a beautiful piece of amber They must change or wither When there is no more striving We are not fully alive Love needs to be fed by passion Hearts need to pulse and throb Minds need to meet and enthrall So even when we love We look for more Is that the human condition? To seek beauty and passion And there is never enough Never ever enough