

## TWO SONNETS

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### Race Riot

'Gainst stress of competition's ceaseless drive  
Life forms sans comte have striven to survive  
Yet paid extinction's unrelenting toll  
As never ending terms of eons roll.

Mankind, superb, has stood the gruelling test  
Emerging first and blest o'er all the rest  
With boundless intellect and latent grace  
To reign supreme and dubbed The Human Race.

In spite of all of this how can it be  
This last and best destructs for all to see  
Such heritage for intraracial hate  
And lust for blood impossible to sate?

A plaintive voice o'er raging fires comes along  
"We're stuck together, c-c-can't we get along?"

### Could It Be?

Mankind, methinks, is of a Master Soul  
Whose fragments live in mortal forms awhile  
Before at last returning to the Whole  
To ever be recycled sans defile,

As every glist'ning raindrop that we see,  
No matter how afar from any shore,  
Is destined to rejoin its mother sea  
Before return in pristine beauty more.

Such precious gifts are passed on true and sure  
Though human bearers falter, thrive or fail  
To reappear in future forms as pure  
Until they too concede their earthly veil.

Thus, mortal and immortal lives co-dwell  
In peace or strife 'til tolls the parting knell.