

TELL ME WHERE AMBITION DWELLS

Ron Singer

Tell me where ambition dwells,
in the whole or in the cells.
Perhaps in dust? perhaps in fluff?
No, it's made of sterner stuff.

Since it's just a kind of pride,
it may be tanned into the hide,
or else the psyche's way to rage
against the melting moods of age.

But, if it's born, instead of bred,
it must be hard-wired in the head:
fixed within the circuitry,
branched from sexuality,
pendant from the neural tree,
yearning toward eternity.

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