Suffering from the Siddhartha syndrome
modern urban man confronts his prospects:
secure with wife, child, house, and car.

Serenity is what we strive for,
survival
what we settle on

suspended somewhere
between the two
with a confusing backdrop
of various cultural influences
we
invariably, ultimately settle for survival:

perhaps
because it is physically comfortable perhaps
because serenity
doesn’t come so easily nowadays
perhaps
(as the Gautama would be the first to admit) it is rejected
doctrine today: however, the eye is not blinded when the eyelid falls;
in any case,

when crawling through the
great doughnut of existence,
those who do find it
do not suffer Siddhartha syndrome.