

Slave to Routine
03/23/2016

I would rather die
Than be a slave to routine.
I'm a red-blooded man.
I am not a machine.

I'm made in God's image,
Aflame with His zeal.
I'm made to create,
Not just work for a meal.

Routines are fine
When they're reasoned and sound,
A means to an end,
Not the other way 'round.

But too often I find,
The reason's forgotten.
The tail wags the dog.
The thing goes foul and rotten.

Religious behavior
At its very worst:
Perfunctory rituals,
Poorly rehearsed

Things done in ignorance,
Not knowing why,
Mindlessly followed,
Bondage that tries

A man's heart and soul,
And drives to despair.
And drives him to drink,
And to lose all his hair

Tevya. Tradition.
Mom's Easter ham.
Why do we do it?
Do we give a damn

'Bout the answer? I do.
And I think we all should.
So I read, and I question,
And I pray we all would.

Traditions are great
When they're well understood.
So let's do our homework.
I'm sure we all could.

Let the dog wag the tail.
Sort the ends from the means.
Let us study traditions

Let's learn what they mean,
And why we should do them,
And how to do well.
May they bring us to Heaven,
And save us from Hell.

Let us master Tradition
And not be its slave.
Let us wield it with purpose,
And use it to save.