

## Maslow's Tower

Attempting Maslow's Tower  
My SELF got in the way.  
I stopped at love and be loved  
And lingered half the day.

When I rose another tier  
The climb became intense.  
Doubt spiked me with a twisted thorn  
Causing countenance to wince.

I tumbled down to level two  
And there felt safe again,  
But as I heard my belly cry  
The floor went caving in.

Like Sisyphus in Hades  
I try to reach the top,  
But sins distract my best intent  
And my stone of virtue drops.

I must cast aside this human good  
Which seemeth right, I know.  
It's now the middle of the day  
And I've nothing yet to show.

I think I'll journey to that hill  
That lies off in the east.  
Seek shade beneath the tree there  
And find a moment's peace.

Later, I may rise again  
To try the dreaded tower,  
But for now my strength is gone  
It's time to rest an hour.

\* \* \* \* \*

I lay beneath crossed branches  
And dream of level five.  
Oh, to be self-actualized  
And sate this human drive.

If only I could stand aloft  
Possessing all I want,  
Imparting cosmic wisdom:  
Behold, the great savant!

It is then the idea strikes me  
That I may be deceived.  
Perhaps this tower in the west  
Is not to be believed.

I'm mindful of another tower  
That men once tried to mount  
Yet, in the end, their efforts  
Did result in no account.

Just then, off in the distance  
I hear a curdling cry,  
And watch to see a body spinning  
Downward through the sky.

Another soul on Maslow's tower  
Has reached the golden summit  
And, with nothing left to live for,  
Met its end in splendid plummet.