

# Sunday May 25th, Zoom Discussion: "What Would Epicurus Say About the Search For 'Meaning' In Life?"

Post by "Joshua" of May 25, 2025 at 2:29 PM

I thought of a poem during our conversation, but it took me ages to find it again. It's called "The Bloody Sire" by the American poet [Robinson Jeffers](#):

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It is not bad. Let them play.  
Let the guns bark and the bombing-plane  
Speak his prodigious blasphemies.  
It is not bad, it is high time,  
Stark violence is still the sire of all the world's values.

What but the wolf's tooth whittled so fine  
The fleet limbs of the antelope?  
What but fear winged the birds, and hunger  
Jewelled with such eyes the great goshawk's head?  
Violence has been the sire of all the world's values.

Who would remember Helen's face  
Lacking the terrible halo of spears?  
Who formed Christ but Herod and Caesar,  
The cruel and bloody victories of Caesar?  
Violence, the bloody sire of all the world's values.

Never weep, let them play,  
Old violence is not too old to beget new values.

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And here is Tennyson from [In Memoriam](#):

Quote

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,

So careless of the single life;

That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear;

I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God;

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LV

'So careful of the type?' but no.  
From scarped cliff and quarried stone  
She cries 'a thousand types are gone:  
I care for nothing, all shall go.

Thou makest thine appeal to me:  
I bring to life, I bring to death:  
The spirit does but mean the breath:  
I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,  
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,  
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed  
And love Creation's final law—

Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

No more? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail!  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
What hope of answer, or redress?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

Display More

Life without God is futile--we might say 'meaningless'--so where do we find hope? Beyond the veil of death and into new life.