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THE VARIABLE CONSTANT

by Glenna Holloway

Stone, wind, flesh—

Greatness, weakness, conceit—

There are some made of each,

And sometimes they are all one.

And sometimes a curse is a desperate prayer.

"The meek shall inherit the earth," said a small shadow.

"And they can have it," shrilled another, hulking, angular,

"They deserve it, all the semi-pseudo, ersatz, quasi."

"...Many search but never see, hold but never have,"

Offered a deeper distant voice.

"Because there are a thousand shades of black,

White and mostly gray; nothing is cut and dried neatly,"

Recited the blustery one.

"I've heard all that," came the quiet reply. "Isn't it

Merely a matter of changing shoes?"

Day, night—fire, water—man, woman

Sometimes all are the same. Always there is

The captive sacred Cyclopean Eye that never

Shuts—even when painted with pitch.

And always the fastidious id, the naked I.