

## THE ARBITER

I killed it easily. It wasn't warm,  
It wasn't beautiful or soft, its eyes  
Held no appeal, this creature I despise.  
Yet there's a strange perfection in its form--  
I try to look more closely but a swarm  
Of always-scouting scavengers, the flies,  
Appears on cue whenever something dies.  
I back off, mostly from my inner storm.

This animal was ordained at its birth,  
Each cell a triumph, living as designed.  
No one appointed me to judge the worth  
Of miracles that reproduce their kind.  
My flawed esthetics do not rule the earth.  
Forgive me, our Creator, I was blind!