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 the moment 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!

--Glenna Holloway