

Dark Justice

Some of us never make out. Some of us.
Some of us remain seed in darkness for
ever; insistently foetal; our needs
and our desires fenceposts against a world
valid as that to which we each react.
With ourselves centering universe; yeast
in surfeit; deaf and dumb growths; we perfect
hyperbole as when standing, closely,
in upon a mirror, our large return
is overstatement true to life as we
have told it. But, when we have stepped back from
the glass and, perhaps, a little to the
side, we soon see how much of what is not
us there is; and also how too much of
us has let little into view.

It is
as Webster says: light is the essential
condition of vision. Drawn down now in
the mirror's eye; object from subject turned;
all that self centeredness eclipsed inspires
review as that given to the home once
spring brilliantly arrives.

Let me stay so.
Let me in simple fee of light, remain
pebble-proportioned as, indeed, each is
outside the sunless womb. Out. Let me hold
out; hold until death -- devouring light --
in dark justice comes to make blind, entomb.

-- G. C. Oden

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