

## 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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