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THE VARIABLE CONSTANT

by Glenn Holloway

Stone, wind, flesh—

Greatness, weakness, conceit—

Brutality, gentle faith, despair—

There are some made of each.

And sometimes they are all one.

^{plattered}
A curse can be a desperate prayer;

Love can devour the loved.

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

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

"They deserve it," It's all 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 and

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

Recited the blustery one.

"You're only saying everything is relative. I've heard

All that," came the quiet reply. "Isn't it merely the

Need for sighting in from other observation sites? A

Matter of changing shoes?"

Day, night—fire, water—man, woman.

Sometimes all are the same. Always

(cont.)

There is the captive sacred Cyclopean Eye that
Never shuts—even when painted with pitch.
And always the fastidious id, the naked I.