a slave

a slave to symmetry i am not

granted, there are times

when a certain gracious balance is in order

but in the Fibonacci relevance of our golden world

there is no need to match every stick

with its un-stick counter

i believe:

in heaven but not in hell

so when i lie on my left side

awaiting the child’s blessing of sleep

my right brain points skyward

and knows the loving silence of space

while my left references the earth

and is safe in the bosom of reason.

yet a slave i remain,

as for every *me* i can imagine

there is always a *you*

and though i need no answer from you

you tell me, in terms more than certain

that heaven is always on one side of my head

and that the magnetic core of all

in the enlightenment of man

is the voice of will,

that fool’s gold of the solitary,

and freedom only a generous illusion —

still, in my slavery i am free to

grin like the holy moron i am

and thus am i pinned to that which i refute:

the hand that holds the sword

need not be matched

by that which holds the rose,

but the foot that stands unshadowed

need have no commerce with the dark.