a slave

a slave to symmetry i am not

i require no response from the other —

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 but 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.