
The Difference

The day tries to hide it;
The presence of the misfit.
Hidden in the plainest sight,
He flies and boasts in his might.

He is so unaware,
Such misplaced flare,
For when he exits stage,
The true stars engage.

So plentiful, so subtle,
I don't see a single rebuttal.
Harmonious waves upon my eyes,
The many contrasts paint the skies.

Dazzling, puzzling, beauty incarnate,
Crystals, opals, sometimes a garnet.
This is unity, truth of the universe,
Connected, embedded, no need to traverse.

One by one, they disappear,
Here comes he, the static sphere.
The selfish light invades again,
His sight in mind I can't contain.
