

There Is No Glass

by Jennifer Donnell

Give me an army of thought and I'll be the defector
glancing around the barracks of opinion,
wanting to read between the lines with a pen
on hand, ready to red line the parts I don't agree with,
without necessarily ratifying what I do.
If there's an exception to the rule- I'll find it,
and point out the converse or the potential implications.

I'll say, *Perhaps we can't see straight
with our head in the clouds.*

Yet, we'll always be in the clouds from one horizon or another.

Let's take time to consider blue sky and a strong southern breeze.
How many heroes must we frame for our walls,
before we worship a rose, weed, or ant
with the same fervency as our idols.

I'm a heathen in the church of the absolute.

