

# 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.

