

A Sometimes Niggling Notion

by Mathew Paust

The ego in its inconsistency
betrays a heart
hungering to toll.

Unable, it comes to know,
to trust solely in its will
or in imaginary gods,

It gains a hold assuming a role whose demonstrated viability
can render convincing cover to buy it time to realize
an identity that feels unique,

Yet is not so much so
as to strand it in the Cosmos
bereft of soulful company.

