

## Two Poems · James Scofield

### REQUIETORY FOR RELATIVISM

*Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;  
And that which governs me to go about  
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,  
Seems seeing, but effectually is out*  
—Shakespeare

One evening, there came an anxious knock, the mind  
closed, and found the eye, in crisis, pulling  
a long face and making absurd demands.  
The eye, having found itself immediately alone,  
with confusion, cripples, and unfeeling stone,  
had noticed that on the other side of the wall,  
all the rest was silence, an unmeaning abyss.  
Now, the mind was a besieged island,  
poised between shocking falls, listening  
to obedience cry for a master, lacking  
the self-confidence of the rotting root.  
Fear, giving advice, had suggested the mind  
end the self it could not mend. However,  
howling appetites live in inarticulate wastes.  
Ignoring the grace of the Absurd, thinking  
as the mouth does, the mind caged a clear  
but trivial idea: Sunlight is brightest on surfaces.  
Fed on fiction, there grew a heathen fetish  
for itself; all Absolutes satisfied, the self  
grew to idolatrous detail and size, lusting  
for a long life of lies. The eye, knowing,  
stepped in, erasing the last understanding between  
the one and the many, between clarity and despair.