

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.