

LIMINAL

Some will harden.
Clinging to their beginnings,
growing ever more certain
that there is only one truth.

But others sway;
not needing to fill the world
with facsimiles
of their own delightfully flawed truth.

They simplify;
make the world a smaller thing
that fits inside a human mind
and holds no fear for the convinced.

They know what it is
to spend the night dancing
and weeping around the flames
of their own burning ideals.

Some will crack.
The pressure of paradox
breaking them into pieces
each as sure as its neighbour.

They have sifted
through morning ashes
to find some glowing thing, some ember,
still burning red amidst the grey.

They calcify
in self-made echo chambers where
the light of mystery and magic
grows ever more dim.

And, heart in mouth,
have breathed it back to life;
scared lest they smother this one last thing
that still smells of childhood, and of home.

- JOHN BIGLANDS