

Tolstoi

Jack Monninger

And I,
Reluctant to concede that I am sane,
Avoid the beautiful,
That beauty which we mold
To satisfy our every drive.
Dare I accept convention
To then find peace of mind
Within unrest?
For what is sanity,
To thrust the dagger deep into a heart
And then survive,
Or stop the beating of my own
Then slip away into the darkness
To be remembered as a coward;
To link my voice
With other voices of the day
Crying peace,
Knowing that it will not come to pass,
Or standing on the mountainside
Accept the fallen angel
That I might justify my worldly needs;
Display my shiny wares before almighty man,
Careful to conceal but caring not
About the tears that made them such?

O, I am surely mad
To stand erect and still not walk,
To know that I have mouth and tongue
And still not talk,
To have two twisted hands . . .
My work is vain;
O damnable convention:
I am not sane.