

Solzhenitsyn
by Lydia de Wolf

We arrive here, new and union,
and like Alexandr when he stood in the sun,
a free man,
and found he spoke a different language,
our tongues are tangled.
Through my eyes and through your eyes
the pictures
the music
the words
the colors
are not the same.
Why the disconnect, darling?
Are the glasses rose-colored or better befitting a name like blinders?
Is there a prescription,
dear humanity,
that can let me see what you see?
Ought I?
If you are wrong elsewhere, can I trust your word at all?

Destined to doubt each other,
deny your guilt,
depend on your comfort zone to keep you safe.
Why are our frequencies so far apart, dearest?
What keeps me from standing on your side?
Examine your grounds for the disconnect to discover.
Do you do what you do
for a reason
commendable
honorable
or admirable?
If not...
Are there reasons in favor of putting on another's spectacles?

Purposely for fear, will you refuse?
Close your eyes to the creations colliding outside of your cultural collection.
The unknown makes you uncomfortable,
afraid of what you may find.
That some low subversive influence might seep
slime-wise
into your fertile mind,
there find root ,
corrupting your so carefully guarded virtue.
Why, dearest?
Is it because you do not know what you know
and you do not know why you know it?
Handed to you on a platter,
your 99 theses
by your resident theocrats, and they once told you

not to look a gift horse in the mouth.
And so, darling, you shy away for fear of being bitten.
You feel but do not understand your aversion.
The unexamined life will never knock you down.
No good can be ensconced in the bad.
Darling, make no decision based on fear.
There is not footing for your foundation.

“The price of cowardice will only be evil;
we shall reap courage and victory only when we dare to make sacrifices.”

Lay down your guard
your walls
your condemnation
for you will get nothing but a blindfold and a flinch at every human touch.