

## NIOBE 1946

Every world has its fiction,  
Its myth  
Its lie, if you will.

I've tried many.  
A clerk. A salesman. A teacher, writer, repairman.  
Each, in its own right, an honorable occupation.  
Each offering successes and failures and,  
Above all, perhaps, a cause for pride.

But behind the mask,  
Beneath the suit of clothes,  
Is the fiction.

Inescapable, it lies waiting for the curious, or the unsuspecting  
Who is open enough, sensitive enough, (crazy enough?)  
To see it.

And having seen, I, a 20<sup>th</sup> Century, technological,  
Christian-born and raised, educated man – turn to  
Belief in faeries and powers,

Rejecting a single godhead as just another myth  
Invented in the desert (wasteland).

And I find in the attraction to rivers and trees,  
Wind and waves,

A stronger compulsion to call on the name of God,  
To say  
“I believe”

With greater sincerity,  
With a greater sense of being a part  
Of the Corpus Domini

Than ever in my past life.

Yet, the price I pay is the realization of the myth,  
The ever-present awareness of the Fiction,  
The constantly recurring vision of the Lie.

And, in that vision, I am turned to stone.