

THE ENEMY WITHIN

Driven by more potent force than
Mingling matter and its contradiction,
Impulses curbed by needs
That guilts demand,
The seeker seeks the goal that fails to satisfy,
Then turns away in disbelief
To search anew,
Not dreaming that relief
Lies not without, not
In adventure, treaties, fame
Or righting wrongs,
But in the resolution of
The yearnings that divide the soul, the wishes
Hidden even from that part of self
Which thinks it rules unchallenged.

Beholding the subconscious self, embodied,
Rejecting, then accepting it again
Did not dissolve the anger, pain and fear;
The self-destructive ignorance
Continues unabated: No time
 No room
For love or life outside of this
Compulsive drive
To seek, in altruistic favor,
Expiation for the guilty deeds
Or wishes done or left undone
In other times or places.

--Connie Faddis



SigraLander '76