

Doctrine's Pose

by Mark Warns
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In dim-lit hues, in shades of light,
In conflict's mist, we strut and blunder.
Obscured in fog that we call bright,
We slip and see our views asunder.

We – stiff and strident, doctrinaire –
Confess no questions in our hearts,
For doctrines will not questions bear
Lest questions fling the false apart.

But if we watch and listen close,
The mist may lift, our minds may see
The cracks in doctrine's rigid pose
Relax the path from you to me.