

# Lights and Shadows

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Volume 19 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 19

Article 12

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1975

## The Kaleidoscope

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### Recommended Citation

Conner, D. (1975). The Kaleidoscope. *Lights and Shadows*, 19 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol19/iss1/12>

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## THE KALEIDOSCOPE

I lived in a kaleidoscope.  
Its walls were delicate and turning, circular and turning,  
And in that lay their strength.  
The round roof was made of bits of glass,  
Colored glass, of glowing hues,  
That changed as the wind blows,  
As the tide goes, as the earth turns,  
That changed as the wind blows.

I lived naked in the kaleidoscope  
And swam through days of colored air.  
I drank wine that changed with every sip:  
Red, green, blue, amber, wine.  
I ate glimmering fruit,  
Fruit that glistened different colors.  
Bread? I ate rainbow bread.  
And on my hand was a ring of silver.  
I thought it was silver. It reflected different colors,  
That changed as the wind blows,  
As the tide goes, as the earth turns,  
That changed as the wind blows.

I looked inside myself  
And saw my soul was stained by the kaleidoscope.

Its colors were changed  
And given misshapened shapes.  
A cry of agony and rage.  
Echoed 'round the walls,  
Echoed and doubled and doubled,  
Echoed and doubled,  
Until the walls were fragmented.  
When the shattered glass lay 'round my feet  
I realized the cry had been my own.  
And I stretched a white, steady hand  
Towards the blue sky and green tree.  
And on my hand was a ring of gold.  
--Deborah Conner

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ing.