

Essay on The Omnicompetent Narrator

George Elliot stopped writing rock poems last year
Lewes had left her temporarily broken and she was tired
She was ready to be Mary Ann Evans again for a little while

Maybe the unending arc of geological time was
Not the apt metaphor it had once been for her pain
An immortal rock is ground down smaller every day

How long does it take a boulder to become a pebble?
Ask its environment: the sand in the river bottom or
The desert wind drawing a silk sheet over it nightly

Paper too can cut the leathern binds of marriage
Releasing you from that titanic feeling of sentence
Of "My suffering is mythical geological and deserved"

The catalogue of types: hardness color magnetism
Having its pages unceremoniously ripped out two at a time
She turned her chisel trowel eye instead on the social

Psychological metaphysical the rich inner world
The way kindness can breed contempt and whether
Service is a drop in the ocean or a scream in the dark