

The Ever-Shifting Pillar

By: A.X. Bueno

Somewhere in the world right now stands a pillar terminally out of place and in essence alone
Sure it may have several places it could technically call home
And other pillars not too far away assure it's not truly long on it's own
But even still it lacks a true place to fit in
It may shift to adapt to its' surroundings and what it needs to do
However that's much to its usually silent chagrin
For even in the places it calls home, it lacks a sense of belonging within
It only does its' best to match the other pillars in fulfilling whatever is the task ahead
Mimicking them in its' own way to get things done but this doesn't really alleviate it's identity problem
Or the weight consistently above it, its' capacity and abilities usually being misread
It shifts from place to place as it adapts leading it to take on weights both known and new
Sometimes this is considered but other times thanks to its' ever-adjusting disguise others have no clue
On top of this there is another problem its' camouflage can't help but naturally hide
The cracks all over its' body that are surrounded by resin dried
For these cracks heal on their own with a little resin before re-emerging new, respite denied
If this pillar could it would cry but it is only a pillar leaving any hypothetical tears calcified
In the end it just wishes at least once it could fully break, break, break
But it doesn't truly know how so the weight and circumstances it continues to just take
It'll continue to alternate between not really belonging at all to blending into something it's not
It's self healing scars, with resin will continue to close, re-open and then bleed
At the end of the day it's but a humble support pillar shifting to be what it and others need
Sometimes it slips up in that and a chunk of it falls off
Still it keeps going
Waiting for it's seemingly never approaching restoration or equally unlikely payoff
Shifting somewhere isolated either needed or standing by
A one of no true kind pillar bearing the weight and watching time fly