

# Ode to the Zebra

By Glenn Currier

For the zebra it's all black and white  
but for me it's mostly gray  
in the darkness and in the day  
catching a little light in my night.

Zebras are so honest in their contrast  
But I'm loathe to be so bold  
caught between hot and cold  
preferring softness to bombast.

The social Zebra views its group with care  
yet the stripes of each are unique  
we humans have our own mystique  
both hateful and loving without compare.

Zebras balance the yang and the yin  
and they run at lightning speed  
I move slowly as I proceed  
First I pray and then my amen.

Maybe my task is to find my way back  
like the massive migrating zebra herds  
to an oasis where I gather my words  
between the bounds of white and black.

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