

## **The Postmodern**

At last we know all truth is gray: no more  
Faith's raucous rhetoric, this blinding trap  
Of absolutes, this brightly colored map  
Of good and bad: our ocean has no shore.  
Dogmatic truth is chimera: deplore  
All arrogance: the massive gray will sap  
The sparkling hues of bigotry, and cap  
The rainbow, mask the sun, make dullness soar.  
    Yet tiny, fleeting hesitations lurk  
    Behind the storied billows of the cloud  
    Like sparkling, prism'd glory in the murk:  
    The freedom of the gray becomes a shroud.  
Where nothing can be false, truth must away—  
Not least the truth that all my world is gray.

**D. A. Carson**