

Split Decisions

by Kurt Facknitz

My tepid anger seeps slow
like hot tar between my fingers;
The sun shakes the ice
off the surface of my eyes.

The winter settles
and the dawn is smoking,
colorless and open;
Her skin, speckled with stars,
taking refuge from the blackness.
Its softness tempts me kindly.

Many colored eyes move slow
between the mirror and my heart,
begging questions.
I offer no explanation.
None suffice to breed either my content or theirs.

I wait,
But I hear no wanting whisper.

