

# 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.

