

# Indecision

*Brenna Swoboda*

One hand reaches left, the other right. Mind caught in the middle.  
Paper pulled from two ends tears down the center.

A door pushed open too far breaks the supporting hinges.  
Ease and closure come with difficulty.

A menace behind and glances are thrown over shoulders.  
A curtain drawn evokes more interest.

Crossroads taunt a man's indecision.  
If the heart were a boat, a troubled mind would sink it.

All that was may no longer be after today.  
The ocean tide replaces yesterday's sand.

Embers glow in a tortured mind.  
As a fire dies down its core remains hottest.

Uncertainty threatens a lion's repose.  
Stagnation suffocates the soul.