

Indecision

How can you know the turmoil?
My mind, at war with my heart,
Spinning me about, a leaf in the eddies.
Fog does its part, showing nothing,
Revealing no answers,
Robbing me of my haven: Reason.

This fog, Emotion, bears no enmity,
Seeks none out with purpose.
Yet I am struck.
And now, why now?
Have I not just escaped the storm?
Fought free!
Only to throw myself
Back into the torrent.

Not with good advice is this done,
But with heedless spirit.
Can I not find the will to turn away?
RUN! is whispered, and FLEE!
But no.

If I am to sink, so be it.
The lure is too great.
And am I not, O Fate,
Yet a strong swimmer?