

# "Fear of Choice"

A Poem by *Mary Margaret Park*

<u>Frau</u>	<u>Mann</u>	<u>Kinder</u>
there is no choice with sly hand you entrance belief	I'd say there was something at stake unwoven from our fearless gape...?	decide fate for it chooses you and yours
desire is not the question instead this beguiling shadow the answer	in deed or indeed.....? sustain an amped sense for what is clear not have us stay cleansed ...for without framing we are pictures of divine desire	remember me safe remember me dying remember me alive
invisible touch adorns my sway the Braille of desire an instinctual promise dictating the day	did you mistake? my ample freed end sincere leap.....? and did they steal theirs? for a chance at what was once not twice but thrice fair?	be done to come undone  we like shadow; fall too black a fade  jaded epitome
wagered breath or forward motion? the momentum of change rolled and folded as one what will be will be indeed; direction shaped by invisible hands	you could recoil but remain rather dragged your cold despair vile intrigue for my common flair has not been brushed trite or vile	there's something at stake I'd still say there's always something at stake
done or undone? a circle of circumstance this constant ebb and flow a greater equilibrium		
the spell of what's to come today's aim twined in words and notes a stake in flesh and bone		

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