



SEEING CLEARLY

It is sunset.

The trees' reaching branches
flatten into silhouettes,
cut out of black paper,
shapes against the backdrop of the sky.

The world too folds in on itself,
becoming a single plane,
one-dimensional, straightforward.

Either you love me
or we are simply friendly wayfarers.
Either you will speak the words in your heart
or suffer for carrying them unsaid.

Either you will live like today is everything
or else tomorrow is lost.

Say yes.

The trees will resculpt themselves by morning,
dichotomies will fade into
infinite shades of muddled gray,
but what you say right now
makes all the difference.