

WHICH WILL IT BE

(Companion to The Ambush)

There isn't so much as a hair
Which separates us.

Which sets you apart from me.

Yet, here we stand,
Armed,
At the ready,
On opposite sides of the river,
On opposite sides of so many seemingly important things ...

God, religion, money, taxes ...

All drivel,
Nonsense
Bogus, trumped-up, overheated poison darts
Meant to cripple
Numb
Blind
Maim

Making us incapable of seeing
The joy in each other's faces
When we hold our new-born
Hug our wives,
And thank Providence, however differently conceived,
For the blessing of peace, love and family.

There isn't so much as a hair,
A feather turned on edge,
A breath
Which separates us.

Which will it be, then?
Which will it be?