

THE WHOLE OF IT

TONI SCORSESE

as a worn rubber band
every vacillation
flexes to perilous strain
and in due course
resolve becomes flaccid

impotence in kind
escalates indecision
fixated in limbo
stacking the earth
against any action

crawling free of pattern
presents a viable option
but countless choices
cripple that alternative
enabling the rut permanent

burying emotion won't succeed
coaxing conscience never does
across every context
hostage to my own trappings
it's still my move

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[...]