

At the crossroads

Diana Raab

No matter where we end up
love sings the tune
which propels us forward

and propels our journey
like my five decades of events and indulgences
and the energy which fuels me.
Lose this and the alternative must

be death, or a price not worth paying.
I sit and contemplate my friends
who in the blink of an eye

rip apart long term commitments
in faces of affairs
I wonder if holding the hand of freedom

is worth its anguish, as they watch
pain swept across the faces
of kids they've birthed together,

to be able to go out and fuck
who they want on a whim.
I'd rather choose the other crossroad.