

PANDORA'S BOX

by Brian Bell

She showers and waits in a room;
across the bridge where he pauses now,
wanting to step forward in defiance
of the commitments behind him.

But he loves what he is leaving,
and he desires what he is seeking,
and his back must face either,
for arriving demands departing.

In his charcoal bowler hat and tailed jacket,
trapped between the flowers of his heart,
moisture wells in his sunset eyes,
feet grinding sand into cobblestone.

He will step;
he will misstep.
and the bridge will give way,
to the calamity of the fallen.