

There is a tension between
Confrontation and distraction
As the nerves fray
And prickling anxiety
Crawls from stomach to heart
Towards the head
Terra Orbis
Stopping at shoulders with its
Burning grip

Feeling
Run away
Flee the enemy.
There are ways to forget the hands on your shoulders
Also
Ways to grab them and throw them off
Face the enemy.
Even if painful
Head on

This duality is of course well known, thought out,
Complete in its course and
Assured in its strategies,
Shifting generationally from pole to pole.

But it is something else entirely
To step outside the form of the argument.

Hold the enemy.

To love.