

Make the Right Decision!

Everyone cheats
in one way or another.
“I can’t flunk, I’ve got to pass.”
What shall I do?
Cheat and all worries are over.

Are there any questions?

Do I feel the physical pain of fear?
Does it make any difference?
Success lay at the end
like a pot of gold.

Too busy and too careless to imagine?

Going over calculations:
the increasing desperation,
the surge of panic filling this moment,
the sun disappears and the dark descends.

Would you rather disappointment roar back out?
Would you rather the wind die
and fall straight down in parallel paths
like ropes hanging from the sky?

Choose, my dear.
“Well, I shouldn’t do it.”
At the end, my pride wouldn’t let me.