

Choice

He walks alone through
An empty corridor
Too many things
Flash through his troubled head

People he passes
They can only guess
That look on his face
See their puzzled eyes

He passes by
An office, darkened
While images
Appear before his eyes

Faces he knew
Un-shown emotions
Linger in the air
See him wonder about

Faces can tell their soul
Fright, might, anger, resentment
Faces can tell it all
Delight, spite, hatred, enchantment

Not knowing what to find
At the end of the line
How will she see him now?
How can he look at her?

Eye to eye, they see, they know
All will be alright

Smiling to himself
Opening the door
No longer tied
Just one more look

Finally all done
He felt relieved
Out into the sun
He walked home