

Threshold

Cold logic hung from every entrance and exit
Like icicle blades cutting a path toward truth
In the back room and down the alley way
Passion cried out from the darkness
Awaiting a desire undefined, unfulfilled,
Nevertheless, always consuming
A temporary gratified warmness slowly sweltering
Finally burning out in brief moments flickering
Cool reasoning awakens soothing light of necessity ~

David Stanovcak (Pen Name: Ian Bar, author of Enmeshed Within)