



AMBIVALENCE

By Wayne Visser

We think we know
In fact, we're sure
We've never been so sure before
Our feet are firmly planted
On love's rock-steady floor.

We think we know
Until we doubt
We let ourselves be turned about
Our level heart gets tilted
And love's storm turns to drought.

We think we know
Our mind's hell bent
But in the end we must relent
Our tryst is fated to become
A love ambivalent.

Copyright 2011

