

# Confrontation

*by Anna English*

Like wells of green and amber gold, they hold  
A wondrous depth of love I never knew.  
So many stories if I were so bold  
To question who's behind the quiet view.  
And tell me, do you ever speak at all  
About the beauty no one seems to see?  
Oh, how I want to take the endless fall  
Of love and life your words instill in me.  
You step around the promise in your voice,  
And sneak away to speak another day  
Of surface things or some indifferent choice,  
But nonetheless I cling to what you say.  
If I were braver, I would work to find  
What's buried deep within your fertile mind.

