

A DECISION

Sitting there
In the hill based hide-out
He makes everyday plans
How many he would kill the following day
And where

In the chilling cold terrain
While strolling in the shivering winds
Surrounded by sand bags,
I remain undecided
How many I wouldn't let be killed
And the places where

His design maps out immense activity
Embracing my universe
And I too have to decide
The plan of my map