

## **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