

NEW HORIZON

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There is no time
For intellectual speculation;
There is no time for argument.
Does it have to be spelled out;
Does it even
Need to be spoken?
We both know what this is about.
The old ways—
Barriers of normalcy
The calculations
Limitations
The social boxes
Political baggage.
This is now!
The age of thresholds
Not of locks.
Do not continue
Contriving complications
Feigning deafness
As an exit.
The problem is here
Before our faces
Looking at us
In our ears.
As simple as this:
Either
We are strangers
On a dying planet
Enemies
In endless war
Or friends.
What do you say?
What is it going to be?
Do we have the courage
Humbly to become
The change we long for?
Or tell me this
—even if your heart is broken—
Is there a new horizon?
Is there another way?



Drawing: Evgueni Bosyatski