

## AMBIGUITY

Just wanted to dangle a bit over the edge,  
then come back to reality.  
What the hell ever that means.  
Well, I have come back,  
somewhere—looking for—something  
that reality still elusive, out of reach.

Dangled a bit too long over the edge,  
Fell off into space.  
All spaced out for a while,  
gradually climbed back up.  
It's not easy out there;  
it's not easy up here.

Dangled a bit too long over the edge.  
Keep falling off; no fear anymore.  
Still not easy coming back,  
Still don't know what I want here.  
Looking for that certain reality,  
what the hell ever that means.

I live now on the edge,  
dual personalities—my heart out there.  
Part of me wants that certain reality,  
all those shoulds.  
Part of me wants to follow my heart  
over the edge.  
It's those inbetweens bothering me.  
Can't stop searching for that certain reality,  
uncertain as it might be.  
Still can't stop going over the edge  
occasionally.

By James Brandenburg