

# Oblique Foresight

*by* Anonymous

What is my vision to be?  
I gaze into my mind's eye peering, piercing, parsing.  
But I cannot see.

The way things are I loathe.  
The possibilities; an enigma.  
What piece of the cipher am I?

I struggle to conceptualize.  
Thus I fail to actualize.

The future races towards me  
The pit of my stomach tightens  
I stand, wrench in hand, with but moments to act  
What must I change?