

## If only.

If I could be reduced to a single-function molecule, [just cell fuel] for the greater good, I would [know well] what to do.

[Someone else would tell me.]

I would not lay and worry-wonder under blankets pulled atop my head.

Instead, all would be [dearest] clear.

And I could rise to my [humble appointment] without perplexity.

I would skip the tedious spadework required by complexities and [I would seize the day] away from struggle.

For my [elegant] will and pleasure is a fisticuff canvas where [A to Z] compete; where every freedom [brings it on] and the fight goes long into the night.

Left and right, as unborn twins, [wrestling for the birthright], vying for the precious lead.

If only there were [less at stake].

I'd take the afternoon leaning in my loafer-slack recliner as a lackey ["yes" man] microbe, without the probing doubt of figuring [all this] out beyond the stretching shadows.