

## WHOSE WILL?

Foyinsi Adegbonmire

Tree-bark brown eyes transfixed on train tracks.  
One becomes two as they diverge but not in a yellow wood.  
There are no woods here.  
Nothing to hide the outcome of your choices, should you decide to play God.  
Handling the hope held strenuously  
in horrified brown eyes; too much for you to carry.  
There are no woods here.  
Only six. Six plots converge into one, however temporarily.  
However separated.

Finding no body there  
with her is a sixteen year old girl with box  
braids  
and skin the color of a starless night.  
Unlike tonight when the space jewels crowd  
like eager witnesses. Like the spectators  
of gladiator fights long won. Or lost.

The other tracks bear a group of three:  
a man who just completed his sentence for a  
rape conviction,  
a woman with coffee brown eyes murky  
with panic,  
the senior citizen whose hands have created  
the extraordinary out of the ordinary.

You.

The train approaching like a sunrise, taking its time  
but arriving none-the-less. It can go left  
or right but whichever path it takes, it will meet someone.  
There are no woods here.  
A lever awaits your hand, like a child waiting for her parents  
after school. There's a certain urgency  
to the intermission. Pull and the train is diverted to the one.  
Refuse and it stays on course for the group.

Do you kill one or let three die?