

Grabbed by the shoulders he shook his head in desperation knowing whatever was said in this situation would only lead, like it had already led, to having his shoulders shaken again, by those that believed that when nothing was said then nothing was meant: yet by the shaking they could only prevent any one-to-one making clear of intent.

Not that merely waiting would've guaranteed a different state in this latent situation, and no amount of patience can replace a caring statement lined with an indication of the kind of slow frustration that no offered explanation of an action, lying beyond the comprehension, builds.

All the will in the world is never enough, nor the animosity that gets rough - some nameless touch is needed to calm the gaps between the offender and the offended, until the cracks that nature unintended in the minds of those where any hope has ended, are closed.

And once where necks were almost wrung the voices sing things never sung together, maybe not so much forever, but enough to keep unsevered the connections once begun.