

Blessed are

by mazaher
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*Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness,
For they shall be filled.*
(Matthew, 5:6)

*Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness,
For the righteous will torture and murder them.*
(anonymous, 20 centuries later)

For anon-j-anon, about the story *The Gift of the Magi*
at <http://anon-j-anon.livejournal.com/149873.html> (*forget*)
and <http://anon-j-anon.livejournal.com/150031.html> (*remember*).

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∞ / *Stop, let go.*

I have no time.
I have no time to make this polished.
I can't stand in the face of this story
minute after minute
night after night while it shatters me
along the faultlines of my heart.
I am afraid to do any more than glimpse
through your own eyes.
But I want to tell you this.
Please let it be something, if it is not enough.

One. / *It's not in keeping with the holiday spirit.*

A horror story for christmas.
How appropriate.
They say baby Jesus came to save us
and the world.
Bringing peace and the love of God.
But I don't feel saved.
I don't see peace. Nor much love,
and what is there, someone is judging
and denying
and calling names.

Two. / *Seventeen times leaves a truly lasting impression.*

Not seventeen times
but seventeen millions
and again and again
the butchering goes on,
a do-it-yourself,
show-and-learn,
upgrade on
Clockwork Orange.
They miss what everything is all about,
they miss compassion.

Three. / *(One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Zero.)*

Counting, because the simplicity of numbers
numbs the mind to what is happening
to flesh and blood in front
of your bleeding eyes.
Staring at the one point which is safe to stare at
because what happens in the light of day
is too horrible to look at.
Silent, because
no other sound could escape from your raw mouth
but the final scream of Guernica.

Four. / *(One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Zero.)*

One is he.
Two to nine are the others.
Zero is you.
What you are, who you are
do not count, baby mine.
One in a grid of many,
All identical.
Each a zero.
Like in heaven,
where individual love is out of place.

Five. / *Tarsus Academy.*

I read "intramural football game"
and before I even read any further
I know this is the same game
the Aztecs came to watch,
when the winning team was offered
to the gods who drank blood,
their hearts ripped out
and raised for all to see
and learn the fear of the gods
who give only as they take.

Six. / *One dollar and eighty-seven cents.*

A book. A gift. A gift of stories.
Especially commissioned,
printed on real paper,
bound in the form of a book.
It is a while that I have been wondering
but now I dare to ask:
Have you
maybe
hopefully
given your book to M?

Seven. / *Blank with fear.*

Montesquieu wrote that
despotism is built on fear.
But the fear of the tyrants is not enough.

The fear empires are built on
is the fear of what happens
if one disobeys.
Enemies attacking,
terrorists blowing themselves up,
anarchy, and moral degradation.
Because, the tyrants say, the human heart is evil.

Eight. / *"I remember."*

The Oracles watch
with unseeing eyes
and pose as wise beyond their subjects' scope.
But you remember
the wisdom of ten million years,
the wisdom of the body
gathered by generations
on generations of pulsing life.
The same life that made the Oracles
also made you.

Nine. / *Heart unfolding.*

I have a headache
which has nothing to do with
how drunk I was not, yesterday night.
It has to do with
the countless zeros
who didn't say NO in time
and played the game, and won,
and were cut open
and lost their hearts.
Like me.

Zero. / *"Breathe, Jim."*

What I need is not so important
but I need you to have
written this because
you're out of it
now.
Not hanging on
the barred gates of the Vatican
but turning back and walking
on your own way,
leaving the Oracles in their own cage behind.

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