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by mazaher, 2010

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I am going to die.

I am going to be killed for reasons I understand but do not share.

The executioner inserts a pad inside my mouth.

The fingers are gentle on my lips.

They seal my jaws around the thing which will give me death.

It feels like a caress.

Like a regret.

The act of utmost violence is delicate as the act of utmost affection.

No hate in this-- only necessity.

Compassion, useless.

I cannot hate those hands.

I...

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