

Anah Aevia, October 12, 1998

The whisper stream ran through the town for days.
The backwoods insecurities had laid him six feet below
where the snow now covers the roses.
They were afraid of where his eyes might find their fix as well as their own.
They thought that they knew him but they didn't even know themselves.
The whisper stream flowed across this country.
The headlines printed the words of self defense.
Did he deserve to die?
Do they deserve to live?
I'll trade their life for his.