

Anasarca, Done In Our Name

[based on "Done in our Name" by an unknown author]

I should have known
we'd killed him
Tuesday morning.
I woke up strangely buoyant,
whisteling a song

As when I bent
over the dictionary's c's
boldface, at the corner,
there to catch my eye,
were corpse candle, cauterize
and condemnation, cyanide

I should have known then
we'd killed him
should have sensed the
huge organism's
sly joy, cat's paw

Batting at his eye, in
the chamber, out again
cranky machinery of revenge
grinding to and fro
in the night
in our name.

One headline read "REPRIEVE"
and just a block away
another edition shouted "EXECUTED."

It was done
in our name.
All our hands
on the wheel
that sealed him
in the tomb.
All our ears
echoing with
it's metallic clang.

We all find ourselves
murderers now
participate in his death,
no - even more than that
We take part in his crime.

Others are saddened,
diminished or angry.
But once it's done
the clock has turned.

It doesn't matter
what we said.
A man, a boy, is dead.

It was done in the dark
Tuesday morning
in our name and all our hands