

THE SECOND SEASON OF RAPE

by Hassan A Keynan

I dated her again;
Dined and wined her wits.
And, in the darkness of her mind,
I moved her to dance.
And she danced, and danced, and danced;
Oblivious of her past and present;
With a native flair for rhythm;
Till she cultivated a taste;
For the second season of Rape.

Then, in her womb, did I inspire;
A grand dark design: divided twins.
Both against their mother,
Each against the other;
A family with no center nor saviour.

And today, from a distance, I watch;
Mighty fragments rise to evil celebrity;
And take possession of an accursed inheritance.

And tomorrow, in the form of a miracle, I will come;
With everybody waiting and singing for me;
And, with an invisible axe, I will strike;
A blow that does not kill;
For the dead never die.