

## 25 to go by Mohammad Khan

The inferno of a thousand unheard wails burns outside my cell, only 25 minutes to go and I ain't ever leaving this place.

The approaching fires warm the bars and I smile through my yellow, broken teeth staring at the illustrious flames; beautiful.

The papers speak harshly of me, and I imagine many await my death.

A jury found me guilty, and say the crime gotta fit the punishment.

My only crime is being born, they're more guilty than I am

If they remember me as a criminal and a terrorist, means I've done my job right

I hold a mirror to them and if they don't like what they see, who's to blame?

I live for the people, now I'll die for the people because I love the people.

My actions were decisive, blunt, unforgivable, but necessary.

People need examples seared into their minds, something they can't forget or ignore.

Something that disrupts their conscience, disturbs their eyes, and disgusts their tongues.

A warm draft floats through my cell, I put out my arm in its wake.

The gentle breeze sails across my skin, comforting knowing this is the end.

The guards swat at my hands, I quickly retract them.

I keep my head high no matter how many times they force it down.

The guards open my cell and the warden walks in, "let's go"

One last look through the barred window, I see the adjacent building catch fire.

The uneasy guards tie my hands and chain my feet, lead me to my death, knowing they too will die.

I enter a room where 6 other people face a wall, nothing escapes here not even sound.

The guards prepare to fire.

The ground trembles from the people shaking beside me.

The wall in front of me is covered from the past brothers and sisters who've died fighting for this cause.

The guards open fire.

The blood runs on the floor staining the old concrete as the guards fire.

The fire encapsulates the building fusing my blood and everyone with me to the new hallowed land, I will never leave this place.

**THE END**