Death at Human Touch

May 8, 2013

When Death at Human Touch and Stroke of a Fellow Soul. Paints Tragic

Portrait of such Savage Horror. Rends Tear of Fabric in Our State of Mortal

Grace. Sends Missives of what fragile path we tread from Door to Door. Illusion

of our but fleeting point in Time and Space. So Many Minds what cannot

fathom why. One being in Blood Hot or Cold could Snuff out another woman

man or child. The Gift of Existence in this Earthly Bourne so defile. With

Knowledge Intent and Malice so Deliberately erase. A life and spirit from this

Vale. So swiftly cast out and banish from ephemeral corporal pale. So kill and

quash the precious spark of creation what gives sentience to poor vessel of

clay and flesh. Yet Alas in Ignorance and Rage. Call and Decree goes forth

another Mark of Slain Fallen Fellow Member of the Race.Be scribed in red on

The Ledgers of the Dead. All such fellow wounded denizens of Our Terre Orb

too still cry. For Eye for Eye as though. Should vengeance strike the Slayer in

return. The Comic Wheel of Justice will have spun. With Lesson to unforgiving

Masses grand atonement amends deterrence so dearly earned. With such

sanctioned Needle, Noose, Guillotine, Gas, Stones or Gun. Yet therein Lyes the

Hooded answer ah the Rub and Moral Knot. As Word and Creed be si ordained

to Kill in Retribution as in War for Church or Flag be blessed and Right. Life be

not precious nor sacred but for such coin of might faith and justice be bartered

sold and bought. Then in each heart and mind may lay with perfect clarity

amongst the Greys of such Illusive black and white. In the Moment. Voice of

Ego Id I whisper. So too the deed be holy just licensed needed sanctified. No

Taboo. Just do it. Take the Life. On the Folly of War and the Death Penalty.