

Topic: Power

He just can't help himself.

What would you do if you saw your country on the path to tyranny?
If you saw one man gaining too much power, would you try to stop him?
Even if that man was one of your closest friends?

We rise from blood.
We rise amongst passion, pain and persistence.
Just to come into a world that offers the same.
There was blood in the beginning,
And there will be blood in the end.
And all we can be are mere spectators.
As the womb graves its way to the tomb.
We were born to die.
Honour signifies duty.
And duty is the work of honourable men.
And so, he just can't help himself.

I paced in front of the mirror, adjusting my robes.
How do I tell him.
How do I tell him that solitude is a breeding ground for narcissism.
And an infestation of egoism had sprouted.
How do I tell him, It takes two sides to build a bridge.
And his podium would soon take the form of the statue of a fallen leader.
How do you tell a tyrannous man, that he has power that flowed out of the sheets and into the streets and into homes to manifest itself as a rebellion.
How do you tell a friend, that he stood for everything you stood against?

Was I a selfless fighter against dictatorship?
Or was I an opportunistic traitor?
Or was I just another honourable man?
For we all are, honourable men.

A friend he was, and a dear one so.
A father he was, and a loved one so.
But I?
I was a perpetrator of Justice.
And so, I can't help myself.

I could see it in my head.
His marble figurine, in the centre of the city.

With 23 fountains of blood spouting from it.
Each one symbolising the time I'd stab him.
Each of the 60 marks, by the honourable men we were.
Et tu Brute I heard his cry.
As I saw my friend fall to the ground.