

THE BAD EXAMPLE

They made me choose between selling out and the wall
and it was a wall of knives.

And since I couldn't help getting cut up
son of the worst plague they said to me
he doesn't love his blood
refuses to keep it in
and unties the knots of his veins.

Outraged all the mothers in the city wouldn't weep
that day not even for the slit throats of the onions.

I hope at least the little children will come unto me.
[HSM]