

once,
i was chosen by
them, feared by them, wor-
shipped. we held each other's lives
in one, **endless loop**. i gave to them what
they gave back to me. but the men who re-
named me want more than i can always give--
they want to steal, and give nothing back. still, i
find myself waiting--my lips shut. perhaps they re-
ally will bring me a certain end, a thing i have not yet
experienced. more likely, i will mean theirs. but still.
what a funny possibility.

