

“Purging the Perjury of my Peers”
Kate Hodnett

I clung to my Pain like a heavy brass paper-weight bearing
down on a leather-bound bible, One that sat on a dust-coated
bookshelf in an attorney’s Office, opened to Psalm 58,
Awaiting justice.

I held onto their offenses like I was clutching a gavel for dear life,
[or death] as if it was an extension of my own Enlightenment,
as if it was enough to keep Me tethered to righteousness as
I rained down hits of the Truth, Reverberating a call to Order.

I was going to let it all go---
I knew that eventually I was going to have to
let the corpses sit in their cobwebs, in the corner
of my mind, and never look back to check on their
states of decay, in order to
build up my sanctuary
On holier ground
where snakes no longer wound and unwound
themselves around my ankles;

I never feared the monsters,
I feared the freedom that came
with overcoming them....

If I were to pull the leeches off of my back,
or scrub the leprosy off my skin,
If I were to siphon all the rage
out of me, pluck out all the pain,
Give peace permission to finally take
it’s rightful place in my veins,
How then, would I right the wrongs,
Or more importantly,

What then, would I write about---

What form, would I even take, or
Adhere To?

When the last of my human suffering
had ceased to stop writhing,
and the only thing I could offer was,
No longer--- writing-----

With no
audience,
just,
The comfort
of
-----Silence.