

## Exile

## Light This City

When you gaze into your polished metal plates  
You picture the face of a man who longs to see his soul  
But claws are claws, whether sharpened or painted or  
blunted  
From hours of bounding, one-track-minded, through the  
snow  
I have arrived, an exile too inferior for your highness  
to fight  
Armored, not humored, and prepared to seize your life  
The prisoner I came to rescue sits down to watch the  
fight  
With tears in her eyes,

Who knew a tongue could do so much harm  
Lying in one's mouth?  
Dancing to music that wasn't really there  
Muttering about moments we never even shared  
Your twisted jaw moves  
But you've lost all sound  
How soon till your breath runs out?

When the others gaze into your polished eyes  
As glassy as the doll's you hold to represent your soul  
They witness the face of an animal acting like a man  
In their confusion, you dressed them in sashes and  
perfume,  
But the stench seeps through  
I long to scream, "My country,  
This is not how we were supposed to live!"  
And with each mortifying blow, I'm fading rapidly  
"Get up!" I hear that faithful onlooker plead  
She won't insult me by looking away  
When I start to bleed

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One leap, one strike, and the metal snaps away from  
your face  
That chattering jaw comes unhinged  
And your insincere tongue hangs down from your neck  
I plunge through the ribs and grasp the steaming,  
slippery heart  
It slides down my throat and I am king again  
"Tear down these garish walls and let the prisoners  
free!  
Throw their gaudy stones out to the sea!  
Rip these dolls limb from limb, claws proudly  
unsheathed!  
Our souls were never meant to be seen."