

Erasure

This body that daily
finds new ways to pain me,

these eyes that run out of
tears at so much sadness,

this hand that wants to kill
to stop the rampant killing,

this heart that grows numb
to the cacophony of pleas,

this mind that looks to
quit the world of thinking—

I never signed up for this,
for any of it, though I

signed my name on the line,
where they told me to,

where I gave evidence
of being here and bearing

witness, and if I could
erase my name, and thereby

erase everyone's pain, I
might seriously consider

giving my voice back to
the silence. If that happens,

I won't forgive you, world,
for forcing my hand, for taking

yourself away from me.
But then, if I can look on

the world and see the good
I envision, I won't have to,

world, I'll forget there was
ever anything to forgive.