

Paranoia

—Travis L. Martin

They taught us to see
Everything—
Cars driven by dead men,
Trash resurrected,
Carrion stuffed with wires,
Decapitating bridges that rain death.
Little boys and girls get their pick,
The mind or the soul,
Haunt or be haunted;
Death is never yours to choose.

They taught us to sense
Hearts and gas pedals out of sync,
Cardboard's invisible dance with the wind,
The crow's palate,
Alterity at the underpass.
Camouflage and stealth can't hide hate—
A deadly mind's stench is the soul.
It became so clear in time:
Death was mine to give,
To accept into my heart.

I saw death then
As I see it now.
I sensed death then
As I sense it now.

It stinks through my soul
Like ghosts,
Or Hate.
Mine.