threads of a perceived notion

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and screamed.

A flash of silver to my left severed my arm at the elbow and another flash on my right stole my shoulder. I began running and fell. Another silver shadow made sure I wouldn't get up again as my legs became separated from my body. I watched them jerk as the nerves began to die and hot, bloody tears poured down my cheeks. I'm sorry, legs.

I'm not ready to die. Not like this.

Images rushed through my head. My three wonderful kids who would never see their Daddy again. The addition I had made to the house before I was called to this mission. My parents who both prodded me to do all I could and make myself proud. My graduation from preschool and the purple caps and yellow gowns we wore. My ninth birthday when my sister Jackie tripped and fell face first into the cake. The dime the tooth fairy left me for my first tooth.

chirp!

The bloody nose I got when Sara Jenkins punched me in the nose during recess in second grade. My blue bicycle with the chain which always fell off when I was riding up hills. My stomach's meager contents shamefully exposed on the brown, not-quite dirt by my new silver friends. Driving my first car to the lake and having my good friend Dan throw up in the back seat. Winning the national championships for the 800 meter run for my high school and feeling the weight of the gold-plated medallion around my neck. My peace-keeping school graduation. My ear lopped off like Van Gogh's.

chirp! chirp!


chirp!

Murder.

The final, long descent into darkness as my head becomes its own entity.

chirp!

--- Sabrina K. Beach

threads of a perceived notion

Like a triple edged sword

passion has no boundaries

For love is...

and always will be

a monumental form

of self expression

And as I hold fast to my chain of faith

I see my family, my friends and myself

for I am third.

And like a whisper in the dark

I hear their footsteps

the father, the son, and the holy spirit

call out into the night

And I smile

For in a society besieged with chameleons

I survive

For my armor is an inner sanctuary

and retreat is no longer an option

Yet when pushed to extremities

I lash out at my oppressors

and at last they understand

For I have three dimensions of clarity

and pink is the color of most triangles

--- Anonymous

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