

Anonymous (1983)

My head lies on the soft pillow;
warm, like a cloud, downy.
Everything in my deepest sleep.
Collects the tears,
tolerates the bloodstains now and then.
Trusted to be the silent partner
to this lonely lover
imagining pleasure again.

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The Execution (1983)

I feel my back against the post.
I hear voices giving signals of darkness.
I see the heart in me burst open, spilling itself all over the ground.
I see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing now...
I am gone.