

Iron Jawed Angels

12:03 PM

The guards roughly snatch her arm,
forcing her off the rusting bench,
dragging her along the unclean floors
while she kicks her feet out in despair.

12: 05 PM

She pushes back.
They pull back.
As the ruckus of voices wither into
stone-cold silence.
As they observe themselves
dragged into the depths of a solid well
they know is impossible to see daylight out of.

12:11 PM

The guards shove her into a dull cell Calling
torment,
where a wired black chair
awaits the poor captive,
leather straps ready to bind the
martyr of independence
into an unwanted necessity.

12:15 PM

The rough shield cracks
Out pours the liquidy egg yolk
And the tainted albumen
whisked until the sustenance melds
into a fatal concoction.

12:17 PM

Her jaw is forced open.
She kicks and clenches and thrashes.
An iron clamp is thrust into her mouth.
Dehumanizing, is it not
to take your right to consume?

The long, plastic tube
stretching across the bay of terror
finds its place through the iron hole
and into the silenced mouth.

12:18 PM

Yellow goo trickles down the tube,
passing the iron jaw
into a void of lost rebellion.

My, what voices we have stolen
As iron-jawed angels sing in motion.
Little do we know the papers will come
'Morrow with the martyr in its head (line).