

Pull the Trigger

I sit here now, despairing and lost
Another life ruined, another soul taken
For the singularly absent accost
Of a set of rulers, forever forsaken.

They take as they wish from the powered and paupered
And leave only death in the wake of their lies
From them, peace will never be offered
And from them, truth will never be vied.

The noose, the gun, the blade so sharp
Await any and all who oppose their doctrine
And Gabriel Angel, playing his harp,
Await the many who fight the hatred within them.

The innocence, so startling, of this overwrought city
Can't escape the chopping block of those who rule without pity.

I once believed, as many still do,
That what I did was for a greater cause.
It was, as I see, but my past I still rue
For the goal was as foul as Satan's own jaws.

A gun-lady, I was, for an order so prime
A true marks-woman through and through
I wielded a pistol like none of the time
And found no respite in the death my shots drew.

I was quite famous back then, or at least
As famous as any executioner can be
My aim, so true, like the sun in the east,
Brought many black souls to death's own knee.

For so long, I was so content with my own senseless killing
That I missed the meaning behind each new victim's being.

The significance of those I killed,
Their origins, beliefs, and even their races
Failed to break through the sturdy build
Of blind faith, instilled by the governmental paces.

I never found out till that single day,
But I recall it like a bird does it's first nest.
She stood still at the wall, without any sway
To her nerves, my gun was truly no test.

She smiled, even, when I looked into her eyes
And I realized her identity moments too early.
I wished her death could somehow go awry,
Knowing otherwise she'd soon see Gates so pearly.

The realizations that I knew my victim were cut short
By her final words, to which no one could possibly retort.

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She stood her ground, valiant,
The bloodstained wall behind her.
I guessed her mind was abdicant,
Wandering somewhere inside her.

Cautious, I marked the distance,
Wind, air pressure, temperature.
She stared without resistance,
Giving her life a solemn abjure.

I cleared my throat,
Then cleared my mind.
She was now the goat,
And I the sharp tine.

I raised my pistol to meet her form, and light refracted off it
Though I wished to belay the execution, I'd never be able to stop it

She gazed at me and then at the guards,
But not as though plotting escape.
Then, onto ears of disregard,
She spoke these words of heretical rape:

"Do you believe in God?"
She asked with voice of innocence.
The look she gave me, though quite odd
Possessed a queer coherence.

I lowered my gun, more than startled,
But realized she spoke not to me.
Instead, t'was with a bishop she caballed,
He was there to set the corpses' soul free.

She spoke again as people gathered about her
Even the surliest didn't dare doubt her.

"Can God's word, so prized as it should be,
Be written on a bullet? A blade of steel?
Such things surely can't be heresy,
For they're done often, and without heel.

"Religion is no excuse, people must see,
For behavior, whether will's be good or bad.
Rather, religion must act as a power to lead
Nations through troubles of countless myriad.

"Alas, though, death must come first,
And I am done with this singular world.
I hope my passing will make people thirst
For the truth, which, in time, will unfurl."

Then, apparently done, she turned to me and spoke with vigor,
Her final words: "Pull the fucking trigger."