

A Quick Note.

I cannot make rhymes; the pain
Is too much. There is no time.
My hands tremble too much
To pause for the rhyme. Only a quick note
Can be made. Though the room
Is silent and I am alone, faces
Are watching. Then they are gone.
Privacy is brief. Torture has been done.
The victim is unknown. There was only the cry
And the air is still alive with it.
Was it me? One must be happy
To rhyme; then there is time.