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The Forsaken Cry

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Spera: The Forsaken Cry

**THE
FORSAKEN
CRY**



**GABRIEL
SPERA**

About torture, they were all wrong,
the old masters, how little they understood
its tactics and procedures, how it takes place
as the world turns its innocent gaze on the wings
falling flaming from the sky, and how always
just a headline away are those who don't especially
want to know what's happening—the water, the cold,
the cramped kennels, the body checks, the terminals
clamped to bloody ears, the power drill
driving toward the strapped-down thigh.

In Dante's *Inferno*, for instance: the damned
are poked and lashed by batnosed fiends
who exhibit none of the delicate tidiness of those
who take their orders only from the highest circles,
and seem to forget that they who have let go
all hope of even the most inventive death
have no incentive to speak—assuming intel
is the goal—and any words retched up by a man
chin-deep in a fen of human excrement
must be taken for what they are: mere poetry,
inadmissible in all but the courts
of the bull-horned and dog-toothed,
and any witness, having followed his convictions
this far, though unaware the ground he trusts
lies upside down, yet knows he will never
return to the world of light.

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