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Rahim and I

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An M-16 covered in mud lies hidden somewhere in the memory, among a weapons cache of RPG’s and AK-47’s. They are buried in the machinery of neurons and synapses, like bodies long forgotten, by Rahim and myself.

For now a cease fire has halted the mind-war.
Sleep thieves purge the darkness, push shadows down the hall, as the static numbness swells like waves of nothing.

Rahim and I listen to the voices of the dead modulate in robotic screaming agony, they sing like the waters of the Euphrates, offering prayers to awaken Babylon’s children. Rahim offers a handful of dates to a barefoot child on the banks of the river, as the dead sing to us choruses of live not die. Their voices awaken us from the television screen’s Play-by-play of Armageddon, to our sunrise turned mechanical.