

To the Mercy Killers
Dudley Randall

If ever mercy move you murder me,
I pray you, kindly killers, let me live.
Never conspire with death to set me free,
but let me know such life as pain can give.
Even though I be a clot, an aching clench,
a stub, a stump, a butt, a scab, a knob,
a screaming pain, a putrefying stench,
still let me live, so long as life shall throb.
Even though I turn such traitor to myself
as beg to die, do not accomplice me.
Even though I seem not human, a mute shelf
of glucose, bottled blood, machinery
to swell the lung and pump the heart—even so,
do not put out my life. Let me still glow.

BLACKOUT POEM:

3: To the Mercy Killers
Dudley Randall

If [REDACTED]
I [REDACTED] live
[REDACTED] set me free
but [REDACTED]
Even though I [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] so long [REDACTED] life
I [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] beg to die
Even though [REDACTED] not human
[REDACTED]
do not put out my life Let me [REDACTED] glo

BLACKOUT POEM:

Bird Set Free

after Dudley Randall's "To the Mercy Killers"

If I live

Set me free

But

Even though I so long life

I beg to die

Even though not human

Do not put out my life

Let me go