To the Mercy Killers

Dudley Randall

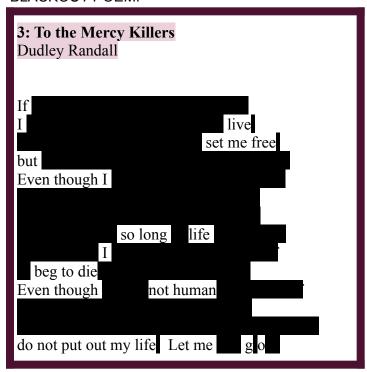
If ever mercy move you murder me, I pray you, kindly killers, let me live.

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:



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