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## An Objectionable Ghazal

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*Maria Fire*

## An Objectionable Ghazal

On good days I might commit to having the truth ground out in me.  
I know a man who was tortured with electric shocks to his testicles.

90% of coated birds die after heavy oil stains are washed from their bodies.  
My friend says unfettered happiness comes to very few, and only seldom.

When it howls for no apparent reason, you know your body's not your own.  
A poet once told me we share a love for the consoling power of desolation.

The very word *vermin* conjures visions of gnawing hell.  
Dante was desperate when he advised us all to "Look, look well..."

Sometimes those who were tortured remain tortured.  
I want to redeem the days of which my madness robbed me.

The old was "an eye for an eye." The new is "I will not submit."  
If we take another look, we might notice that we are the rat people.

I hope never to be waiting at the border with the one suitcase.  
Let me look at the dark, dammit, or the light will never grab my face.

A prostitute asks, "Guess what it's like to choose life without love."  
Consider the paradox that both murderers and martyrs need severe mercy.

Cruelty haunts me, and I'm tired of being a cheerleader up the ass.  
Sometimes I forget to taste how good my life can be.