

## Krallice

### "Thaumatrope"

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And the fourth trumpet sounded.  
"Will we ever be free? Will we ever be free from the  
happiness of slaves?"  
Sighed the serpent to me with heaving melancholy,  
holding the slender disk to  
The firelight, fingertips smoldering and ghastly. On  
one of it's two painted  
Faces, I saw the likeness of a human being. Turning  
this towards the earth, I  
Espied the portrait of a wretched cage and, with the  
threads between his  
Fingers, the disk began to spin. Therefrom the illusion  
begins.  
"Through persistence of vision, reality is hidden.  
"Behold the thaumatrope - witness it's subtle means of  
control, it's warning  
Falls on the dead and the blind and the dumb."  
Will we ever be free from the apathy of slaves?

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