

## Rupert Hine "Eleven Faces"

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I feel the blood of a reptile run  
Through the veins of a child  
And should my eyes trick my memory  
Will the beast she'd his skin in the wild  
The screen is lit  
And there they stand  
In single line  
A column of figures  
That totals something different - everytime  
Perhaps his face was wiped away that night  
To leave some other that I'll never recognise;  
Do I remember how he held the woman down  
His shadow made a pool so deep she had to drown  
Eleven faces  
Blank and taunting  
Through the glass  
A swarm of eyes  
I didn't see before - now wait for me to pass  
Perhaps his face was wiped away that night  
To leave some other that I'll never recognise;  
Do I remember how he held the woman down  
His shadow made a pool so deep she had to drown  
Ten faces melt away until there's only one  
And someone murmurs now, you must decide  
I feel the blood of a reptile run  
Through the veins of a child  
And should my eyes trick my memory  
Will the beast she'd his skin in the wild

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