

## **A Textbook Tragedy "The Surgeons At Dawn"**

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As we walk farther into this dark chasm  
We begin to see the shadows waver just slightly  
Like the unassuming players in an elaborate scheme  
To dethrone the king and spill the blood of his allies  
And as the water drains slowly into our boots  
We can only assume that there will be a light at the end  
of this tunnel  
But there is no need to fear because our fate is set in  
stone  
And the air smells of death now  
But we are comforted by the sound of our own black  
hearts beating in our chests  
And the familiar itch of our skin  
End my life  
She screamed  
I want to die now  
(Pretend that this never happened I will lift you from  
this foul soil)

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