

Ana Kefr

"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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