

## Chamber

His pulse leaps at a switch,  
nodes stethoscoping  
the balls of his belief.  
The pain of ohms  
metre his grit,  
a swift charge  
for his string of guilt.

An iron stick  
drills his teeth  
As water slips to blimp  
his lungs. Once full  
his body sinks,  
mind adrift:  
the spirit shrifts!

Boots rifle butts  
stamp his ribs;  
fists graph maps  
of blue and black,  
squeezing red  
from a dead-stubborn  
cranium crack.

(The chamber is a stage,  
a stage where humans rage).

ARGEE GUEVARRA