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## A Saturday Slain

Zedric Thornton

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# A Saturday Slain

By Zedric Thornton

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Wake up Mijo, time to get up, you're running late,  
Today is your last day here, a very important date.  
Too late to say to good morning or hello.  
Too soon for goodnight or say goodbye.  
Not even our local Oracle Ina foresaw  
These events so graphic, dark, and raw.

It need not be Greek for this to be Tragedy.  
For an antagonist against humanity,  
To pass his judgment of chaos and insanity.  
No heroes, No Martyrs, just reluctant sacrifices.  
Media, Twitter, CNN, witness accounts never suffices.  
To what the tributes paid and never returned, our prices.

The only thing that returns, The Executioner, as foretold.  
To collect his bevy of innocent, lost souls  
Most taken prematurely, others ahead of schedule.  
Everyone's riding with the true lover of Emily D.;  
To the unfortunate causalities' stop---untimely  
Not a bell for whom, but a toll for what.

To cross the other side and fulfill a life,  
Nearly completed or completely unfinished  
To the victims, a child, a relative, a friend or a lover  
As candles, we inevitably extinguish.  
Not a single breath left from our bodies,  
For murderers and victims will all suffer to their last strife.

Streets littered with bone and flesh, painted with bloodstain.  
Nothing ever really alleviates the pain  
No surgery can fix scars branded on the brain.  
The Executioner manipulating our fears retain.  
A mastermind winning his battle,  
But his soldiers might not win this War.  
His armies of assassins are not weapons  
Of Fate, just their own weapons of choice.

Their gunshots are these Little Weapons' true voice.  
There is never a Safeway to dodge a gunshot;  
Congress people and citizens, all are equal in Eyesight,  
On thine knees and say prayers tonight.

Several angels fallen, living on or met demise  
Many stand tall, few Phoenixes even rise.  
The Living shall mourn in Sorrow,  
The Dead may not see Tomorrow.  
Fawkes rebels "Remember, Remember, the fifth of November,"  
For U C his last words of treason and plot.

My condolence offers "In Memory, In Memory the eighth of January  
To Thee shall never be forgot."

