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I Watched Last Night's Executions with My Sister

The football field, where I used to cheer as a twelve-year-old,
had been prepared to accept the deaths of forty murderous men,

whose souls we witnessed exiting with the ease of needles
running out of thread. It was like kicking

in the style of Pele and getting only the goalpost
on your bloody shin, and falling embarrassed to the ground,

your playmates laughing over your twisted body, screaming:
he is just like his sister, Daud pees sitting down like his sister.