

**Night of the Guillotined**  
by J. James Keels

**(For Tookie Williams)**

It is done darkly,  
    when minds, like sonnets, shimmer.  
Vim's mighty strength  
is lost quickly.  
    Amid such death, minds flicker  
with quiet recollection  
along the corridor of waiting.

Is not such a demise  
    really a burning wage,  
called in to staunch the flow of a blood debt?  
Exacted in the trance of night  
    when safe others dream of smaller streams,  
that trickle and wander, albeit briefly?

And is that home ever truly safe,  
    when done with darling romance,  
one fates their own face  
    asleep on the pillow?

I am stalling Hell - getting out of line,  
with all my worldly weight.

I'm not speaking, God -  
    there is no needle so poisoned,  
I'd gasp for the air of love.  
    Nor shall I give way to electric current -

bold living is mired with a strength  
no darkness could ever claim.