

Your swollen eyes scan the terrified crowd.

*There he is* - an emaciated boy with your nose and your dead wife's eyes.

A blow knocks you to your knees.

"Traitors! Dissidents!" soldiers shout.

Perhaps.

Regardless, you will soon be purged.

Your son is watching. Your broken body straightens.

You will show him how to die with honor and dignity.

He looks so fragile. He still needs you.

Your eyes send your regrets.

*"Look away now!"*

But he is brave like you.

He watches as guns fire and your skull blooms and the torch of your dissidence ignites within his heart.