



5-1-2009

The Part of Ourselves We Are Afraid of

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Recommended Citation

Inzunza, Victor (2009) "The Part of Ourselves We Are Afraid of," *Calliope*: Vol. 39 , Article 16.
Available at: <http://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol39/iss1/16>

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The Part of Ourselves We're Afraid of

— Victor Inzunza

I found the devil in a fist;
in the shadows
of the part of ourselves we're afraid of,
in a shadow we belong to.

He hides in whispered lies that taunt our
lonely eardrums;
in roads that lead to strange tongues.

He hides in the twitches on the tips of fingers
that dance
on the outskirts of a trigger.

He hides where the haze and the gunfire swell the fear
of the things that starve for blood.

He hides in a paranoid flicker on the horizon,
as the moonlight stains our skin,
and the visions of night reflect on our
sleep-deprived eyes.

We get an artillery shell symphony for a lullaby
and a nightmare for a good night's rest.

There's a price tag on my M-16.
There's a price tag on our lives.
There's a price tag on every breath.

Our chests are an Arlington graveyard;
where we bury the dead thing beneath the skin.

