**Rebekah’s handkerchief.**

A precious kiss, a gentle touch,

snatched in the briefest of moments.

A voice cries out, a high pitched haze,

a dissonant despair.

A lonely tear drops away, soaking up the dust.

*And Rebekah clutches her handkerchief,*

*crimson, without a seam.*

A wanton shout, a wicked laugh,

etched in a camera’s lens.

A German shepherd barks for joy,

a symbol of power and struggle.

An old Professor falls to the floor,

draining his empty spirit.

*And Rebekah clutches her handkerchief,*

*crimson, without a seam.*



A plume of smoke rises high, searching for a heaven.

A little baby twists her face, longing for a breast.

A hideous soldier cocks his gun, dancing with the devil.

*And Rebekah clutches her handkerchief,*

*crimson, without a seam.*

A bewildered child follows his mummy,

shuffling towards death’s door.

A frightened daddy kneels and stares,

praying his useless words.

A broken heart bursts a chamber, crying out a song.

*And Rebekah clutches her handkerchief,*

*crimson, without a seam.*

A door is opened.

The innocents push,

bathed in electric light.

A pleasing shout is ringing out.

Love’s pure dove is fluttering.

A shutter opens, a ghastly wind,

strangles a hundred throats.

*And Rebekah clutches her handkerchief,*

*crimson, without a seam.*

Time devours sacred seconds,

a whispering wind is tame.

A hardened guard unlocks the door,

brushing off his shame.

Tormented, broken bodies fall,

a terrible, twisted dream.

*And a handkerchief lies without an owner,*

*crimson, without a seam.*

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**Poem from ‘I’m fed up!’**

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