

MINORITY

In an abandoned warehouse shrouded by forest,
there crawl hundreds of helpless, diseased people--
sick but not dying, in a naive world, in an accidental universe.

I enter the warehouse;
I belong there--
my disease beckons as though I have a choice.

I am one of the broken-winged insects now,
with strings for legs and too few pincers--
I am an object of prey unable to dominate.

There is no roof and no food and no help,
so everyone is wet and shivering and hungry--
the floor is a matted pool of secretion and exhausted bodies.

My brothers burst through the door calling my name,
and they can't find me in the sea of my disease--
the discovery of me individually is tedious and meaningless.