

## *The Victim's Shoes*

Uncertainty...the—not knowing...is what gnaws at me.  
Mosquitoes, dining on paralyzed flesh.  
You see, I beg to differ...  
because, what you don't know, can—hurt you!

Mosquitoes, dining on paralyzed flesh.  
Opportunists, feasting on the desensitized.  
You see, I can still remember...  
that cold, calculating-look in my assailant's eyes.

Opportunists, feasting, voraciously, on the desensitized.  
A law passed...school children can now carry guns.  
You see, I can still remember...

when “learning our lesson”...meant, learning something fun.

A law passed. Students, can now, legally carry guns...

it conjures up a very chilling thought.

You see, I can still remember...

when, books...and lunchboxes...were all we’d ever bought.

Indeed, it conjures up a very chilling thought.

To be...ambushed, by someone I’d regularly seen and taught.

A—student. Troubled...abused...utterly confused...

chose this particular day, to deal with all of those issues.

A—student. Troubled...abused...utterly confused...

chose, this particular day, to copy what he’d seen on the news.

You see, I can empathize...but, I absolutely do not excuse.

Because I am now—in the victim’s shoes!