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In A Dream

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IN A DREAM

In a dream I am awakened by a sudden vision of a man striking a woman in her middle with his fists, making her scream in pain, as she bends over. He keeps pounding at her middle. I see it all from behind this bent over screaming woman, the man with fists hunching his shoulders for each blow. I am up with murder in my heart. I'll surely kill him if I meet him. I'll surely kill him on the spot and my heart filled with pleasure, turned into an animal like him.

I retreat from this thought slowly, reluctantly, doubtful, unhappy at the idea of killing. What then shall I do? We are opposites and he is betraying everything I stand for. I am betraying myself by wishing to kill him, who has outraged me with his brutality.

I'll kill the bastard who strikes my daughter and makes her weep. "And now you too must die and I shall make the cross on your body with these bullets from left to right, from top to bottom. You are the Christ, you bastard!"

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