Hallelujah

A woman wearing a blue jump suit,
red shoelaces on sturdy brown shoes,
of necessity or chance,
no matter now,
all choices down to true or false,
perspective at the vanishing point,
effects unknown.

Torture gets creative with the same old tools:
sharp instruments, hard surfaces, silence,
white space,
a metronome, time measured but
not counted.

Like witches burned or drowned in Salem,
the innocent prove their innocence
by dying.