

A Nonfiction Poem They Will Try to Deconstruct

The killings and tortures
We are told never happened
And the secret unmarked gravesites
Of interest to forensic anthropologists
Who receive multiple deaths threats
Against themselves and their families
A deliberate fog of war we must pierce
If we are to have a lasting peace

Truths necessary to national reconciliation,
Truths in my life necessary to forgiveness

A cardiac syringe brandished against
Me as I lay in four point restraints
Upon returning from a Nicaragua I was
In solidarity with under the Sandinistas
I cannot seem to document no matter how hard I try

A tray with medical implements held by a man in scrubs
Inside the Taiwanese Embassy in Bangkok
"David, we've arranged some *help* for you,"
I was told as I glimpsed impending nonconsensual
Surgery in my future at a diplomatic dinner party
I also cannot document no matter how hard I try

Can no one see that if it can happen to me
And not be documented, everyone is less safe from it?

The security official at the same Embassy
Saying to me forever, "Execution will be immediate,
Stand over there." "What security official? What
Threat of execution?"