I am Yasser Talal Al-Zahrani, my name is Rachel,
I was discovered at 12:39, they attached wires to my toes,
they say they will rape me, there was a camera there, I am I
did not want my name to be transmitted, I am Joan of Arc,
later they cut out my throat, they catalog my image,
my shame, they archive it, I am proof of the epic.
The moment of looking is an arrest.

Found Poem Including History [as the tragedians would]

"The prisoner's confession merely objectifies the fact of their being almost lost, and by its objectification makes the act of torture and through the confession of the self, self and voice are invisibly absconded from the person or a place that has become simply a wordless void.

include the 100 names of the lion

vowels administered

interrogators administere

how the man becomes one

with the waterboards to

the word to

write its sounds:

WORLD, SELF, and VOICE ARE

nearly lost or

nearly destroyed.

and history

how men become

nothing more

than cows

to him

include those fighters too

An OIC attorney reviewed the videotapes

of interrogations

they are ordinary accidents

they are ordinary accidents

in a story of war, yes, all is ordinary accidents

no longer form my words

left even this voice, the sounds

a person or a place that has become simply a wordless void.

nearly lost or

nearly destroyed.
and the sum of you
fills that long syllable, because even the person,