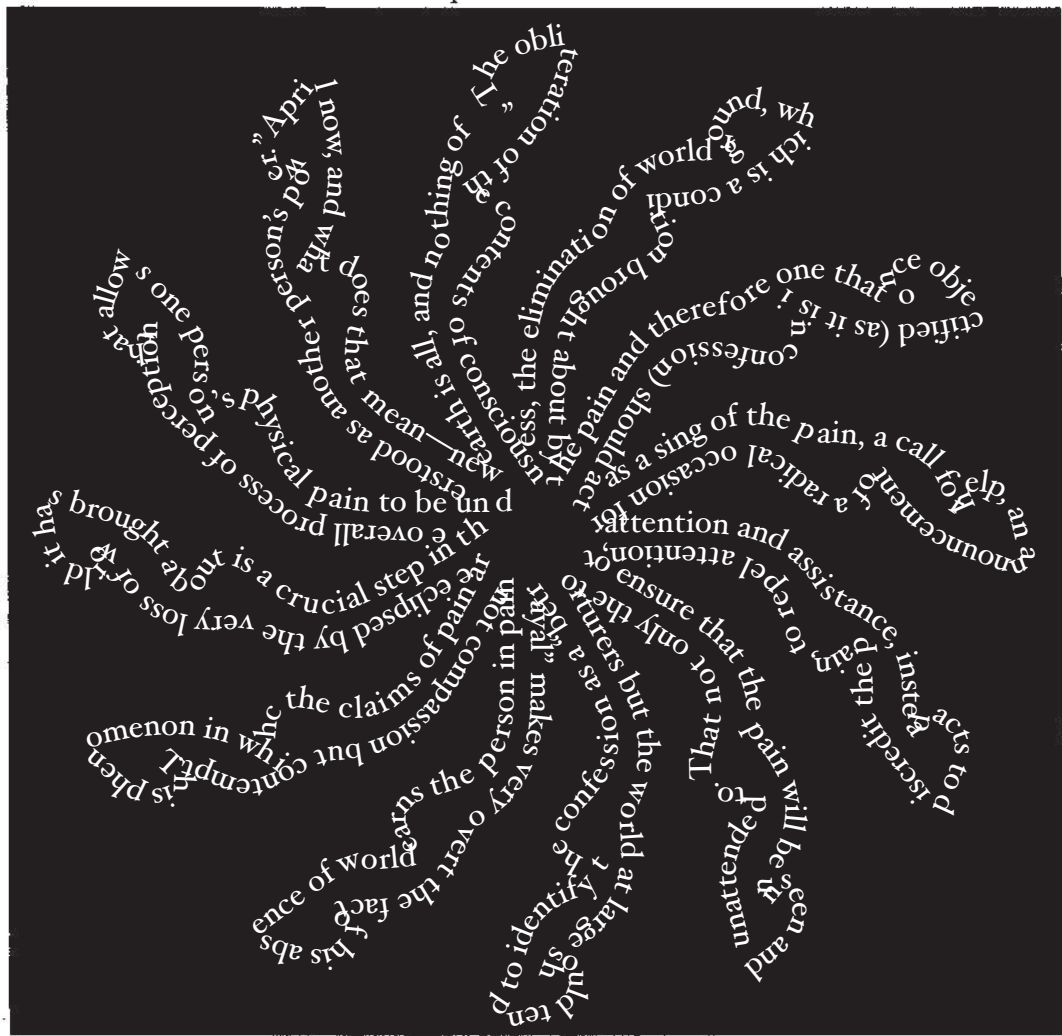


~~TOP SECRET~~ [REDACTED]

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.

Waterboard Technique 44



~~TOP SECRET~~ as when time slows—dilates—

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

Enhanced Techniques

that obsolete rose,
is capable of that, of experiencing
death; or nothing like that, like the absolute
helplessness of locked-in syndrome;

like a mock ex-
ecution; like the water board,
when the new planet is discovered: blue
beyond whatever water meant before,
and you're the chosen astronaut,
lucky, proud, exhilarated by the unique
terror of the undiscovered world—

no, not that, instead, its radical negative:
just the terror, a different kind
of liquid to drown in;
you close your eyes—how could you not—
so sleep (when it comes, when they let you have it)
is rewritten as trauma,
so where in your Book of Dreams, sleep
was the Indian Ocean, you the submarine
underneath its million waves,
invisible,
gliding on your secret mission, sleep now
is suffocating, your skin the million
waves you're under, the million fathoms you
cannot swim back up through,

you wake, because the person, “gold flourisher,”
is capable of that long