

First they came for the communists, and I did not speak out because I was not a communist.

Then they came for the socialists, and I did not speak out because I was not a socialist.

Then they came for the labor leaders, but I did not speak out because I was not a unionist.

Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew.

As one day became another and others disappeared, gypsies, mentally retarded, homosexuals, Jehovah's Witnesses, criminals, anti-socials and emigrants, I remained silent

because I was not one of them. Then it was they came for me,

but no one spoke for me because by then there was no one left to speak.

Martin Niemoller, 1945.

What will I say when they come for me?

Niemoller did not speak out
because he was not threatened
his beliefs, ideologies, sex was
of no concern to others
at first

I speak out not because *I am* threatened
but because
So many are

And in doing so
I have pulled back these curtains
I lifted the blinds a peek
to let you see in these windows
to give you a glimpse of mine
of these demons we try to keep hidden
in the dark of our souls

It is a statement of recursive
hindsight this
I find myself often standing as
Voltaire
standing up for what is right
What is honorable, what is true
Even though often what is right

And what is true
is not what you do and
*'it is dangerous to be right when the
government is wrong'*

And among you I stand al one

for you prefer to keep your shades
drawn tight, as if permanence
can be exuded through your denial
your demons you pretend are
a phantom temptation you
hope to will away through penance
prayer you can will away
by closing your eyes,
by closing your heart

but you can never close your soul

I ask of you:

are we good souls tempted by evil ?
or are we evil souls struggling to be
good?

And I am often afraid
Not of the demons we try to hide
nor those we allow to escape
but because of the fear that drives
Your thoughts
The fear that drives your will
The fear that denies the truth
I am afraid of what you fear
and often what you fear is me

I have loved you and
in loving you I allow you to possess
these truths which have come to
define me which have come to drive me
which have come to frighten you

Your demons possess you

and you say it is not you but something
else
and you believe that you can hide from
them
that they are not a part of you
that they are not a part of you -- you
embrace
a part of you -- you indulge in
you fancy and dally with
on the outskirts of your temptation
so you close your eyes in denial
seeking comforting in the dark
a darkness that frightens you
because there -- there are no demons
only you alone with your own personal
thoughts

And you say that those something else
Those plays of darkness
Those images incarnate inherent
are not a part of you

I have entrusted in your care now
My secrets
You have become the caretaker of the truth
My soul
And now I fear you
not because there is no one to speak up
for me
I have you
not because there is no one to stand up with
me
for I have you

I fear you
Because you are afraid of the dark
Because you are afraid of what they will
say

I fear you
Not because you will not speak up for
me
but rather

What you will I say to *make* them come for me?

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