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Alle, Alle Auch Sind Frei

Contaminated,  
 The two have been  
 Poisoned, and  
 No one wants to  
 Share Their Fate.

So they scatter, like ants  
 Fleeing a crushed anthill, and all hope is about to be  
 Lost, but they are not forsaken.  
 Rooted, concealed, stuffed, crammed,  
 They flee, they hide, they wait, and they  
 Pray, that perhaps they will not come into  
 Contact with the afflicted. And perhaps,  
 They may live another day. And perhaps,  
 The Haven, is just ahead and

Around  
 The  
 Corner.

The two have been poisoned,  
 The only cure is in the next life,  
 And in order to achieve that end,  
 Everyone  
 Must  
 Be  
 Touched.  
 Left alone, lonely, and that's why  
 There are always two, because  
 Being totally alone, is often  
 Impossible  
 You need two to play the devil's game.  
 Because, they never know,  
 When the second is going to  
 C u t t h e m a p a r t.

**1** Where? Listen to the sounds of **2** their feet,  
 Because **3** we can't see, **4** the illness has blinded  
**5** us temporarily, and, well, maybe **6** they all went



(Stanza Break)

And if you run, you might be found,  
 And if you're found, you might be touched.  
 Who can possibly roam free in their domain?  
 If sun, the sweat will bring you down.  
 If moon, the shadows will ambush you.  
 There is no safe alternative.  
 Run, run, run, but know this,  
 Like a spider,  
 They'll entangle you in their web,  
 They will not run, they will not dash,  
 But they will trudge onward,  
 Until you cannot run,  
 Until they surround you,  
 And then you're  
 Touched.

Because, I forgot to mention,  
 They are many.

Each touch adds to their numbers, each contamination strengthens their  
 Resolve, why bother, now that there's only three of you and  
 Thirty of them.

You joked about getting to the safe haven before everyone,  
 You joked about their inability to chase,  
 You were too fast for them,  
 You were too clever for them.  
 Sure, but you've toyed with them for too  
 Long, and now you're just about  
 Done.

That safe haven? Guarded.  
 Those hiding places? Overturned.  
 Running? Really? Thirty of them?  
 You await the reaper, tense, listening  
 They are coming, and if you move,  
 They'll shout for joy,  
 But if you don't,  
 You've sealed your fate.

So you run, and everything's in a blur.  
 RunningChasingThey'reComingBecause  
 They'veSeenYouMoveAndNowYouCannot  
 StopBecauseEightOfThemAreOnYourHeels  
 AndThere'sTheSafeHavenJustNeedToDodge

(No Stanza Break)

PastTheTwoButIt'sTooLateAnd

It's over. Tackled, dragged by your feet.  
They cackle, madly, they've waited too long.  
And those you called allies,  
Just hours before,  
They look at you with a slight sense of guilt,  
But the two original,  
The first poisoned,  
Will grin at their final  
Catch, their key to  
Freedom.

Because, as they lift you to your feet,  
Their taint is cured, and they pick another  
That remained last, and they throw you to the side,  
And your taint is still active, and you don't want to be  
It, but it's too late, and they're gone, and now the only way to  
Be free is to touch them again, so now you're in the intersection,  
And now, **1** again, it's **2** time to  
Continue the **3**  
Hunt.