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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 the m a part.

 Where? Listen to the sounds of 2 their feet, Because 3 we can't see, 4 the illness has blinded
us temporarily, and, well, maybe 6 they all went (No Stanza Break) The same route **7** since I didn't hear **8** them run Left, and it's okay, **9** because I've been poisoned before And I know where they might **10** Go. Because some always go there. But what they don't realize is: I've been them, I've hid there, So let's go.

> They Leave The Intersection, but both of the afflicted go In the Same Direction, because strength in numbers, Is the only way to Corner The sought.

Some may run, always run, never hide. To run costs energy, but to hide. To hide is the most risky, because To hide is sometimes just a matter of chance, And sometimes to hide is letting yourself be Caught.

Why?

You don't know if they've been you before, And you don't know if they've hid there before, And you don't know, when they walk by, You don't know if they're unaware, or if they're Faking it. You won't be able to tell, when you should bolt from your Spot, or if you should wait, and see if they Trudge by without noticing. If you are found, there's nowhere

To run, because you're trapped Here, And Now You're Fated With Demise Only because you underestimated The poisoned.

(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)

PastThe Two But It's Too Late And

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.