

# FACELESS

You may cut it if you'd like.  
Slash it, bash it,  
crush it into a wall.  
I don't need it anymore.  
For what good is  
a face unseen,  
unspoken to,  
unrecognized by any  
lost in the dark?

I am the faceless bedridden,  
hidden to all that is lit by life.



James Strazza

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