



# The Crowned Nightmare

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i took some Benadryl last night  
because my nightly allergies flared.

but also  
to help me escape  
far away –  
sleep is my only reprieve  
from this crowned nightmare;  
for, during the day,  
i am:  
the decoy  
the sacrifice  
the disposable pawn  
the frontlines without a gun,  
marching into this unknown void

should i, or my colleagues, comrades without arms, become ill and perish  
should we spread this disease to our children, kept fearfully distant  
should we infect, from our couches, our beloveds in cold beds  
treating others who did not defend themselves at home  
[oh, how i begged and pleaded they would!]  
and others still who heeded the warnings  
but simply could not be saved  
[oh, my heart!]  
it matters not

i am but a resource –  
ill-equipped, unprotected,  
naked and exposed to the enemy,  
a dehumanized shield for those more important  
as we are truly valued differently in this world after all

but thanks  
for your prayers  
and for the free gas station coffee  
consider it my Last Supper  
before the dawn  
when another Jew is crucified;  
except, this Jew will be forgotten  
as another doctor takes my place  
equally scared and unprepared –  
not even a mask to filter the dust.

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