

| *dramatic monologue*

Frank

Father, why have you forsaken me?
You pulled my hands from rotting corpses,
my feet, from maggot-ridden men.
My head you carefully crafted
from the clay, the dust and ash.
You gave me eyes, to see,
to watch the work you do.
The metal you took from
your own forks and knives.
Piercing my skin together.
Your intricately-stitched son.
Father, why?
You brought down lighting.
The sky, the heaven
down to me.
Why then, Father,
am I forsaken?

Trinity Scalia

