

The tragic history of 15 sacrifices of animals

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La trágica historia de 15 sacrificios de animales y esperando
por 1 humano

To all the ways that get to Rome
To the hair that paint red and the way that lost the color in
just 30 years

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The Death of the ram

Embraced by a fresh wind: one leg after another forces the rising dust to belittle an inability to release the ropes that choke and silence his little snout. After months of illness; and, even resisting every outburst of anger and malice of those who cruelly return from time to time with some kind of stick to poke and poke again. Even his eyes inspire sense. Even his gaze was hell bound where his body would eventually be received. Even his eyes were that light that it is impossible to find because no one is looking for it. Even his gaze was held after the knife pierce it skin; and, blood ran with eyes showing the lack of transparency because there was no need to be murdered.

To Shaima Braham who said: “He is passive and goes to the ground to wait for you to kill him because he knows: he was born to be murdered”

The wings of the Eagle

He said “whatever animal but the eagle”. Without any feeling, he thought that it was his duty. He was hiding to all the people what it was the cause of his years of desperation under drugs and alcohol. After all it was just an animal.

He was full of flights, and this time they will give the big prowess. To decide and gain what they consider fair because it does not belong to them and from their point of view that was unfair. Still young with his golden hairs, and he was waiting that the wind touch slightly each day. He went during the night, he walked toward the Eagle, and he took out some of her hooves and the living flesh was what she felt. How to control her? An Eagle grey with some black and white feathers, *arpía arpía*, in this moment, there are not a big number of them. During years, most of them have been sacrifices because of the blind ignorance. Nonetheless, this was the time to take her place. He took her and with his sharpen knife he pulled out one wing. The scream of the Eagle filled his veins of the most unstandable ice and the oxygen was not the same quantity again inside him. “Damn Eagle!” he thought. The blood was going out and he hurry up to pull the other wing and the head. Because he cannot stand the tension inside his veins and the horror that was going out from his own body to destroy him. Without knowing what to do, he took some of her feathers as a trophy, but he doubted if the word was “trophy”.

He tried to erase that night, and he invented to fly but this time the wind could snatched him to the ground. He knew

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what to do to master the sky and he deceive inside poison saying to himself “now, I have her wings”. But the ice of the veins does not let him. He fool himself with cigarettes, in that way he could not noticed that he could not breath. He found more money and abundancy that without noticing let him the life without flavor. He will lose it. He lost himself inside vices saying to everybody that the evil of the Eagle was to big and there was not way to finished, no even without wings and head.

Lost, he tryed to form a family, but the pain put him in what he consider an extension, but could they feel the ice? He had have to be the right and that should be sinked with the only sense that he has: he saved all from the Eagle.

And what about it now? Continue the fight, sacrifice whatever, but that memory does not let to crush him, hitherto he consider not to sacrifice another Eagle.

To Vitalia Rincón who said “who ever can turn into schizophrenic any time”