

## Christians Dive

Kashmir

All the last so emotional signs that he'd shown us, came so sudden and (so) unpredictable.

I had loved a friend without knowing the backpains of his mind, of his mind.

Sure we stared and we stared as the bullets came hard on the target.

I think I lost control.

I was seeing a friend translating love into violence.

I think he longed to pull the (black) wrong side out of his soul, and his mind, yes his mind, and his mind, yes his mind.

He tried to run, flied to escape from the sane conversation.

Looked as if he kissed her but he bit.

I grabbed his arm to hold him back , but I missed and I was on the floor.

He said: "Don't you mess with daddy's little orphan."

Christian dived deeper down, bound to his past away scarecrow.

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