

## **To Hell Tonight?**

© 2006 by Jackie R. Kays

A cold wet wind blows against his window pane,  
as dusk begins its nightly search for darkness.  
The ambience of silence comes slowly at first,  
then the loneliness and despair take over his  
aging soul, as the desert wind slowly blows.

The shadows appear on his cell wall as  
a cold draft manipulates the tiny, dim, yellowish  
flickering candle flame in the hall.

Smoldering embers in the fireplace pop and crack,  
as the warmth of the flame dies like a shivering ghost  
in the gloom of the early desert morning hour.

The deadly silence is suddenly broken by the sound  
of the rusty, screeching door, opening into his  
inner sanctum once more.

"Who goes there?" a weak trembling voice asks.  
"It is I...your conscience, your guide, its justice  
with my troop of unconscionable friends  
from places that you would never want to have been!

"And I ask where would that be?"  
"OH! So you want to know... do you?"  
"That would be to the fiery bowels of hell,  
to the depths of the Seven Seas, and to the  
worlds beyond reality!"

"Why do you tell me of these horrible places and things?"  
"Well Old man...if you don't hurriedly change your ways,  
these places and things will be yours for all of eternity!"

"For you see...you are a sinner in the first degree,  
and you are hell bound and when you arrive there  
the devil will dance and sing with jubilee!"

"Oh! No!...I shall repent! The war that I waged was not truly meant!"  
"But, Saddam, my old friend, your day of judgment is close at hand,  
and your soul is black with sin! Your trial is about to begin.  
You have about as much chance to win as a one legged man in an  
ass kicking contest in the end!

So grab your balls and hold on tight, for Allah is sending  
you to the Devil tonight!