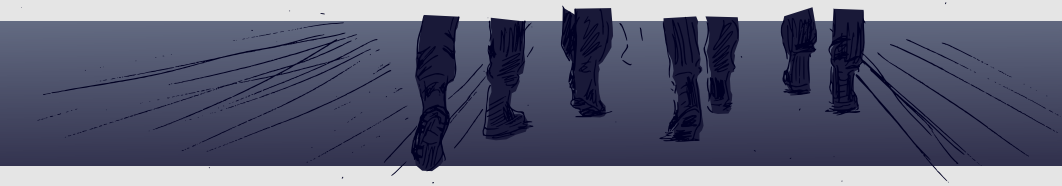
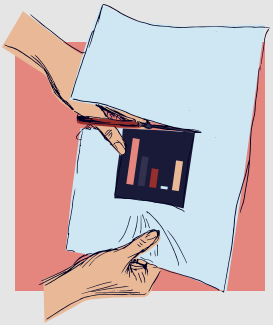
OTHERING

When my life, bright and burning red,
seeps into the platform
beneath your vacant gaze

Do you still find "threat" written
in the lines of my open, dying palms?
Do you recognize your own face
in the blood that breaks from me?

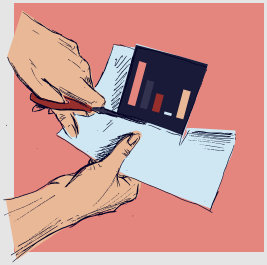




They say all good things
come in threes.

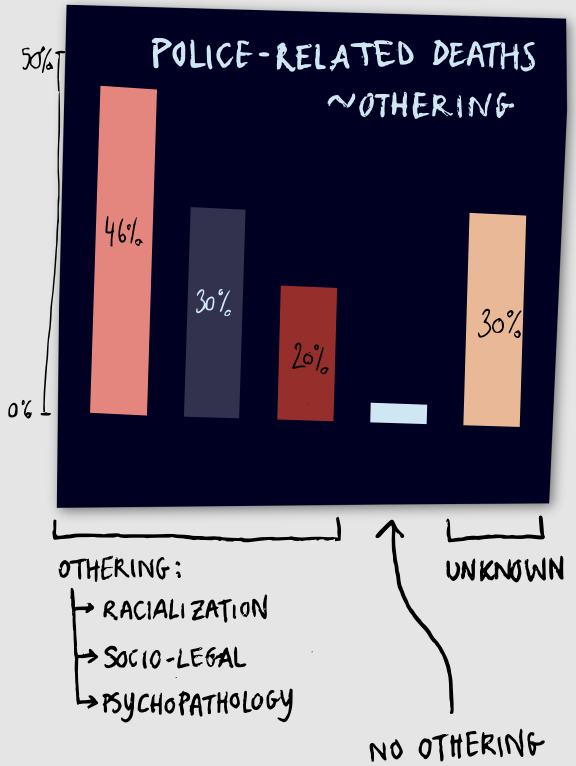
I wonder
if the reverse is true.

Three boxes ticked, three
lines in a closed file,
three lives each year where
the trembling edges of "us"
and "other" are forced into
flesh.



Skin becomes the proof of
the difference that ends
you.

Border Forensics (2025)



Even power seems to arrive in threes.
The blue arm grips, tightens (greedy hands raised high)

and beneath dirty fingernails lies a truth scraped down to absence.



SYMBOLIC POWER

COERCIVE POWER

EPISTEMIC POWER

M. Boutros (2024)

To hoist the sails toward a world where fear no longer rules,
we must first lift the shrouds that smother the truth.

So let us look together,
even when it burns.

