

MY World Is Red

Ink, Pencils, and Words
by Daniel Mirsky

Bear Pause™



I WAS TALKING TO
MYSELF ON THE PHONE
WHEN MY MOTHER
CALLED.



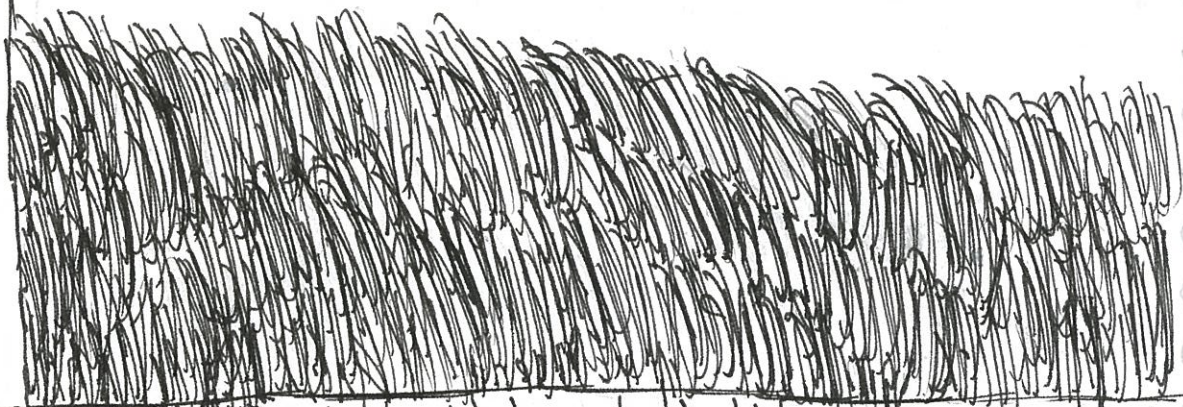
SHE WAS
NOT URGENT
BUT STILL
PERSISTENT
IN
OBTAINING
A
RESPONSE



THE SKY
WAS
GREY



THE GRASS TURNED BLACK



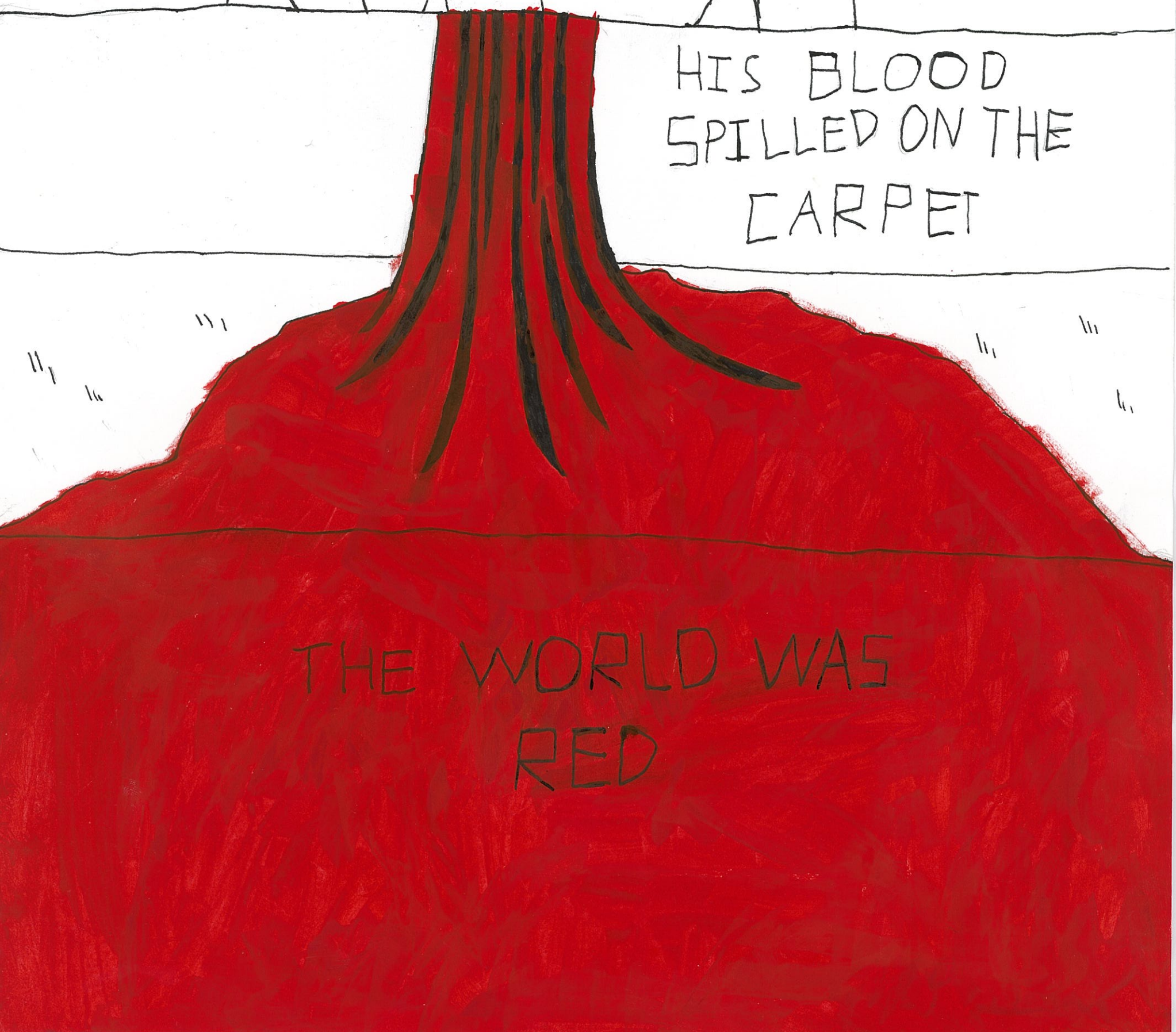
THE RAIN
STABBED
THE
EARTH





THAT WAS
THE DAY
THEY
KILLED
MY
FATHER

HIS BLOOD
SPILLED ON THE
CARPET

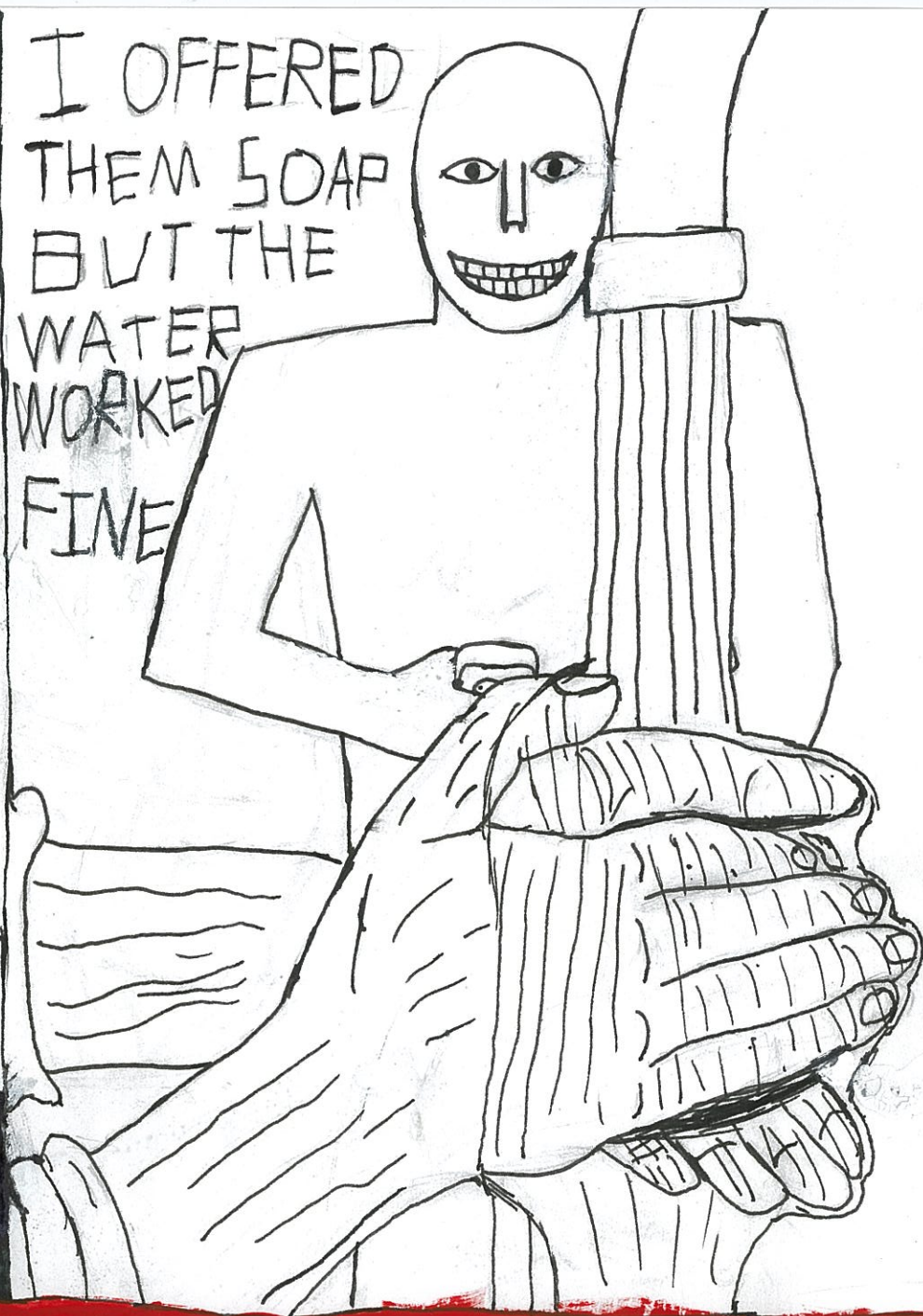


THE WORLD WAS
RED

I FOUND THEM IN
THE KITCHEN
WASHING THEIR HANDS



I OFFERED
THEM SOAP
BUT THE
WATER
WORKED
FINE



MY WORLD

WAS RED





THEIR SKIN BURNED
AS MY FATHER BLED

THE BLOODY
WORLD
DRIED



ALL THE
BUILDINGS AND SKYSCRAPERS

OCEANS AND ICEBERGS

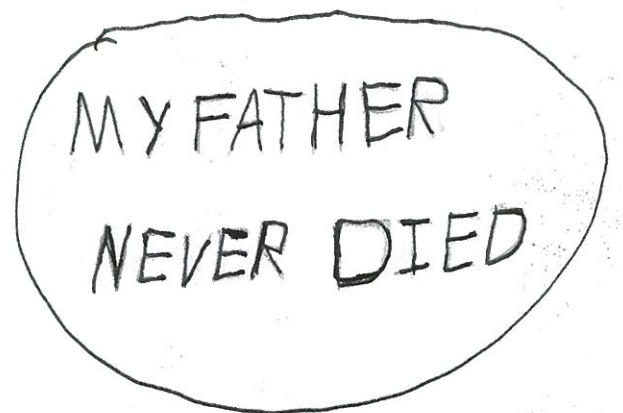
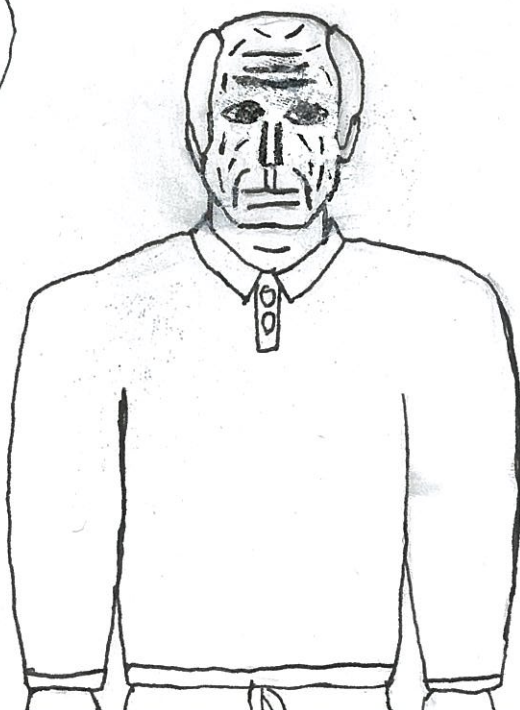
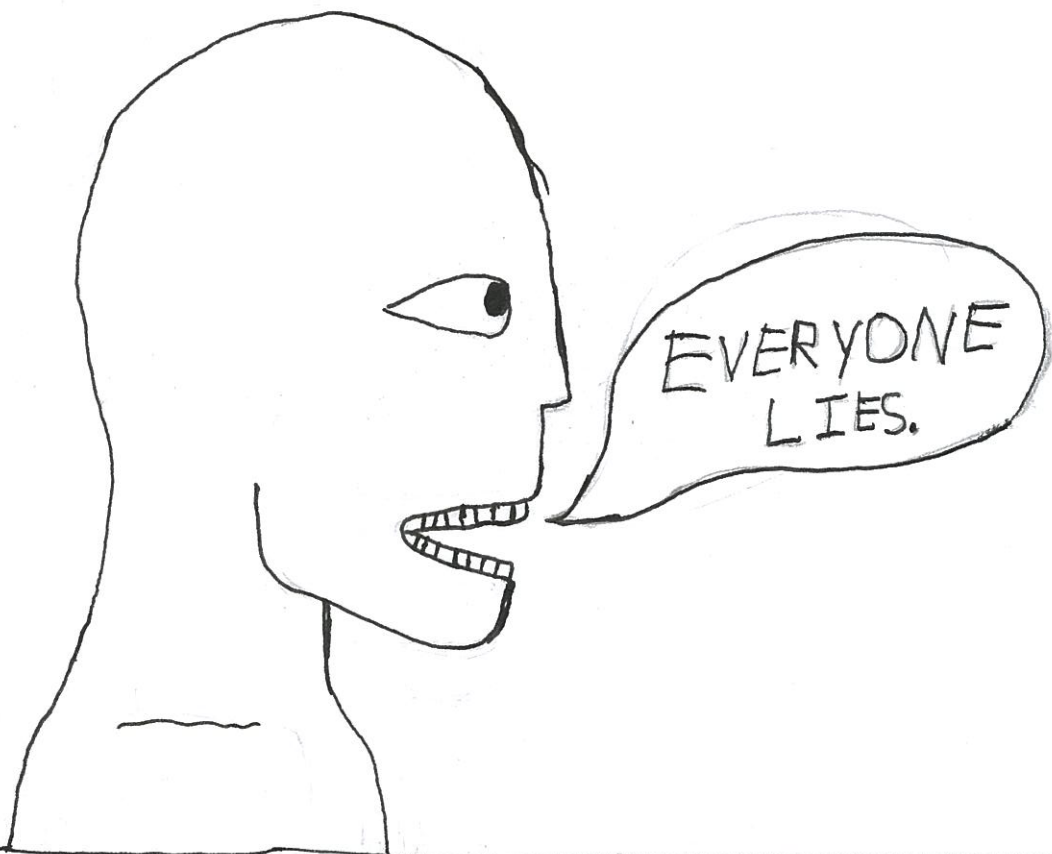


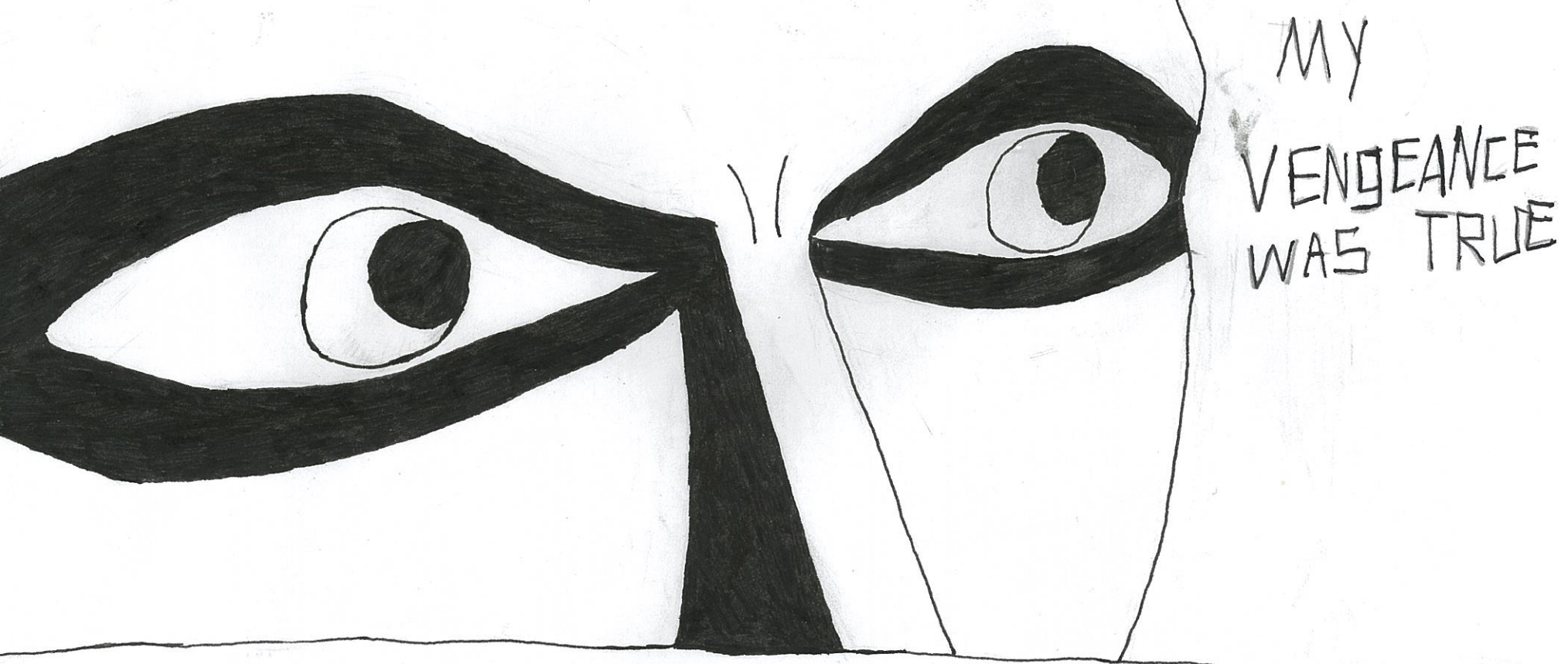
DESERTS AND PLAINS



CRUSTED OVER DARK AND CRIMSON







THEY MUST
BE PUNISHED





THEY KILLED THE WORLD

THE
WORLD
BLED

THE WORLD DRIED

THE WORLD IS DEAD

