GILLIAN HARDING-RUSSELL

The Resources for Pain —for Moazzam Begg

Hogtied arms to legs shackled together he was accused since found in the vicinity escaped from the scene of action in Afghanistan on the border of a neighbouring country (his religion and sympathies marking him indubitably) he knew not night from day

time passing in slow motion sped up nightmare as the surreal mind in overdrive contends with the artful influence of visible and invisible

pain—kicks and bashes to the head and back that do not exceed some power of healing or camouflage before authorities who look sharply

the other way don't want trouble when not just the generals (hard enough to circumnavigate but those higher up urge the greater good remains at stake—simple tests

of endurance reach to human limits like go without food and sleep for five days in a row Noise and bright lights recorded rant insane about you with the Interrogator in the white room ready at your elbow with a prod and a needle filled with some secret serum orders you to drink 12 glasses of water in five minutes flat to discover a sea of panic nausea swell up

within you rocking obscenely lurid on the greenish bile of no man's land (You are the guilty one!) And must agree to everything

and be believed for nothing short of the worst repeated in the precise words of the Interrogator memorized in a sequence as for a strict teacher

imprisoned for three years more without proven charges you are moved to a prison of the mind inside a faraway island where you may hear the splash of waves as real enough will remember as a very hot place within your brains' broiling under

a searing white spot of tropical sun that wipes out over head thought under a searing white spot of tropical sun that wipes out over head thought about who you are that wipes out over head thought about what you might have done that wipes out over head thought three worlds ago to arrive on the desolate shores of this over-exposed shadow of existence.