

The Red

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White.
Pure white.
Blinding.

And as if through cotton,
red seeps through the white,
painting everything with blood.
The stench of blood floods your soul.

It whispers to you:
Manipulate.
Toward hatred.
Manipulate.

Hate. Hate.
They hate, they despise.

No, I want to love!
Hate, despise, it whispers.
They hate you. They despise you.

Who? you ask.
Everyone. Everyone.
This one, that one, him too, everyone!

The blood grows into a sea above you.
Hatred drips from it.
And whoever it reaches, hates.
Everyone.

It reaches you too.
You look at the one beside you.
Hatred in their eyes toward you.
Hate!!!

The command tightens its grip in your brain.
Your body goes slack.
Your voice dies — terrifying silence.

And hatred explodes like a bomb,
cuts into your desires like a blade,
and bound in shackles
does not let go.

Kill.
Mutilate.
Butcher.

Hate.
Despise.
Destroy!

Ravage.
Erase everything.
Take life.

Blood.
Blood.
Blood.

Take life.
Take life, take life!