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For Hannibal

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For Hannibal

Daniella Bagdadi

In a time of Science, logic, and reason,
Would you believe I met the devil?

June passed by beneath your shadow
We all felt its cold
Frozen, helpless, no one can escape
When the devil comes out to play
When he needs to grab a bite

Like a fine predator you wisely choose the most pleasing catch
Dining on its humiliation, its new realization of failure and rejection
Carefully bring it down by pulling out painful truths
Tensing when you drain the last of life throughout its suffering, reaching euphoria
Then you swallow it down with a rich glass of Chateau d'Yquem wine

They called "Shaitan!" "Il mos tro!" "Inhuman!"
Don't understand your indifference to child, woman, or man
They scream, "Sadist!" when they see your calm blue eyes
After you mutilate, pose, or cannibalize your prey alive
You think, "Too bad alive doesn't last; death ruins a good time."

Then I found you, or was rather brought to you
I felt close, an invisible bond
You didn't change, I did
I understood your honesty
Charming like a snake's dance before it strikes

In "the sick, inhuman," mind I found purity for the first time
Someone who values life more than anyone
Basking in its beauty, fragrances, tastes, and riches
A person so filled to perfection with enjoyment of life
He was able to see the cleansing beauty of death

Then you showed understanding of me
Understanding even I don't know
I felt lost, not knowing my identity
You showed me who I was
You brought out even what I didn't want to know

Amazed, I clung to you like your disciple
As you showed me the greatness of life
I realized I liked you
And hoped for your feelings in return
I sit by the ruthless killer and say to you
"I never saw an angel,"
but the devil was nice"