

“On Torment” a reflection

by JD Gore

We pray for the end of torment

but first we must understand its dimensions:

how its sprawling patchwork of cruelties
leave stitch-marks from unwanted memories.

Torment is not a matter of suffering but
of control. Torture is not just abject pain—
it is a denial of human-will. It solders
the sacredness of a person with their disdain.

Torment can smell nauseating
like the fumes from smoldering sacred books
or bleach splashed over vomit spots. Yet
it is often scentless:

no whiff of flowers picked by children
or shampoo upon the curly scalp of a sweet-heart
nor dish detergent on the apron of a mother:
Nothing.






Torment can be excruciatingly loud like
a glut of heavy-metal guitars or as
subtle as the buzz of aging fluorescent-lights
droning through time indeterminate: unchangeable.

Torment is a wringing maelstrom of helplessness
leaching the glow from a person’s soul, stealing
their light deeper into the obscure, dark chaos
echoing in a narrow, whirling column of isolation.

It is unaccompanied agony, an anguish sustained
by apathy. It is a viscous, vicious waiting
space, thick with malice and stripped of compassion.
Torment is the full force of pain, with no community.

Through prayer, we become the bond-breaking community
that snaps the rusted chain or the fresh, plastic
pull-ties digging into human flesh; yet we pray to be
a community that looses society from torment.

LEARN. PRAY. ACT.

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Against Torture