

This poem is about the human right to be free from the gaze of hatred. The right not to be looked at with hatred and particularly with murderous hatred.

### **How do I look?**

How do I look?

Do I look different?

Too not right?

Do I look too something ?

Not enough?

Do I look normal?

Do I look weird? Strange? Do I look safe?

Or, do I look frightening?

Stupid? Do I look stupid?

How do I look?

Do I fit? Do I pass? Can I pass?

Can I pass?

How do I look?

Do I look with kindness, with interest, with curiosity and the hope of understanding?

Do I look dispassionately? With disinterest?

Is my apparent dispassion a mask for malice?

Do I look with fear? With distrust? With an expectation of something nasty?

Do I look with expectation? With execration?

Do I look with an x-ray vision that seeks to destroy?

Or with an x-ray interferometer that seeks unknown galaxies?

Have I already decided what I am going to see?

Can I pass?

Can I pass by?

Can I pass by at least without doing any harm?