

Ecce Homo

by [Tony Dawson](#) in the [August 10, 2010](#) issue

The man in the royal blue turban stands
in a glass cage. His eyes, black rimmed halos
of hazelnut and honey, are disengaged.
He waits, as closed and silent as the doors

of the Mercy Gate. What would he ask me,
shocked and awed by his dignity, as he
is pawed by latexed hands that probe for bombs
and contraband: *Are you afraid? Do you*

believe your life is saved by my disgrace?

He submits, as serene as Siloam,
not creating a scene, not exploding
in rage. I avert my gaze as I wait.

But his eyes seize mine as the TSA
decides he's harmless like me. His silence
seems to gauge the peril within my soul
as I stand before him in my glass cage.