**To The Mercy Killer by Dudley Randall**

If ever mercy move you [to] murder me,

I pray you, kindly killers, let me live.

Never conspire with death to set me free,

but let me know such life as pain can give.

Even though I be a clot, an aching clench,

a stub, a stump, a butt, a scap, a knob,

a screaming pain, a putrefying stench,

still let me live, so long as life shall throb.

Even though I turn such traitor to myself

as beg to die, do not accomplice me.

Even though I seem not human, a mute shelf

of glucose, bottled blood, machinery

to swell the lung and pump the heart, even so,

do not put out my life. Let me still glow.

*The poem was written in 1973 by the African-American poet and librarian Dudley Randall and has since become one of the most effective poetical pieces against mercy killing.*

**How Annandale Went Out**

**by Edwin Arlington Robinson**

“They called it Annandale—and I was there
To flourish, to find words, and to attend:
Liar, physician, hypocrite, and friend,
I watched him; and the sight was not so fair
As one or two that I have seen elsewhere:
An apparatus not for me to mend—
A wreck, with hell between him and the end,
Remained of Annandale; and I was there.

“I knew the ruin as I knew the man;
So put the two together, if you can,
Remembering the worst you know of me.
Now view yourself as I was, on the spot—
With a slight kind of engine. Do you see?
Like this … You wouldn’t hang me? I thought not.”