

## **Zealot**

Who really knew the truth that led you to condemn him? My bizarre dreams were so vivid and disturbing. We agreed something about him unsettled us. His way. His calm. His readiness to yield. He called himself a witness. A witness of the truth. That anyone who heard his voice would be followers of the truth. And "What is truth?" you asked. Yes, what is truth? He turned and looked at us, a lonely soul in all that judgement hall and then I thought I knew. Did you not see truth?

You washed your hands.

And still I am unnerved.