

# The Defendant

There in a royal box  
ordinary folks still as rocks  
posed as in a portrait  
decide another's fate  
watching evidence passing by  
like shooting stars in the sky.

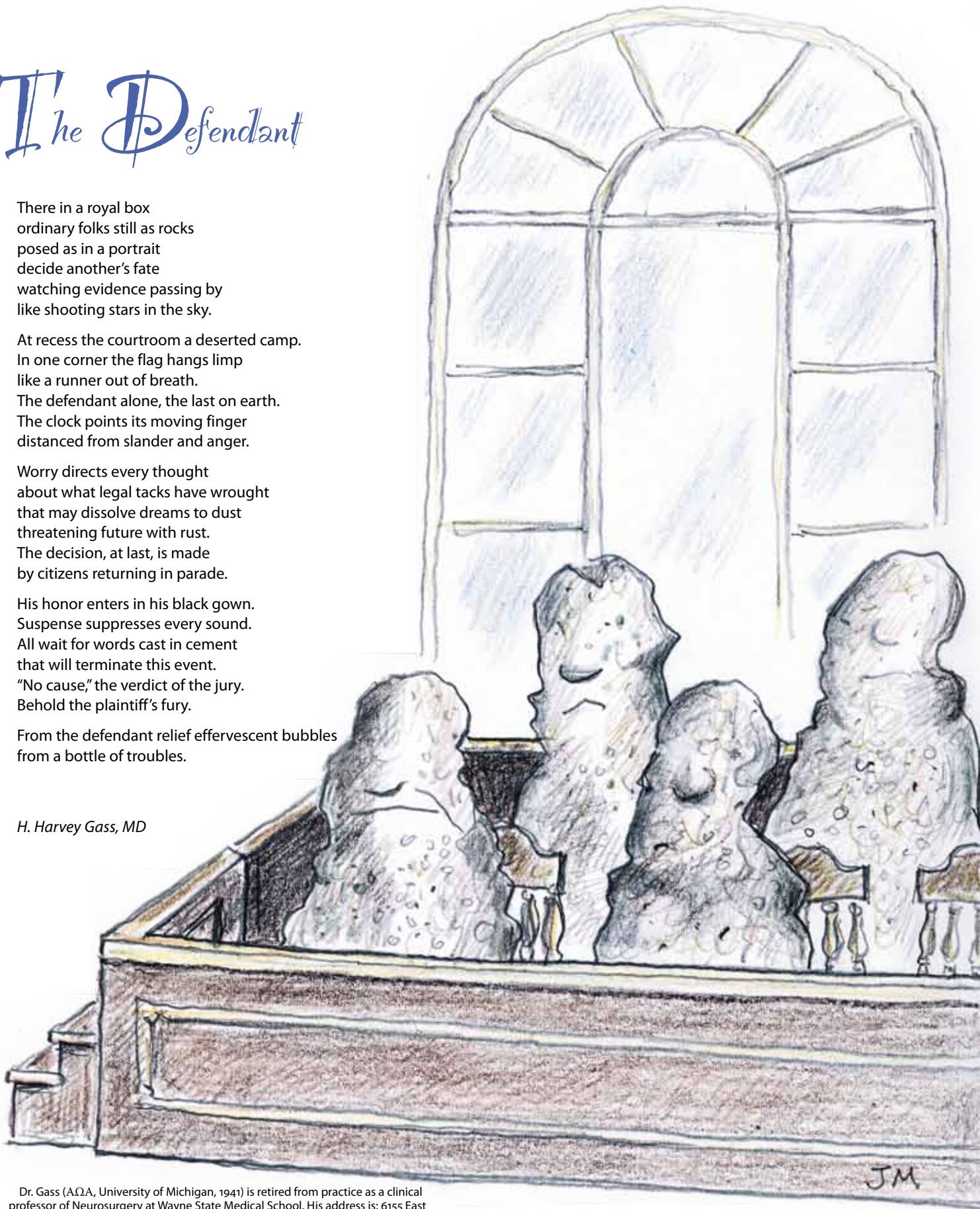
At recess the courtroom a deserted camp.  
In one corner the flag hangs limp  
like a runner out of breath.  
The defendant alone, the last on earth.  
The clock points its moving finger  
distanced from slander and anger.

Worry directs every thought  
about what legal tacks have wrought  
that may dissolve dreams to dust  
threatening future with rust.  
The decision, at last, is made  
by citizens returning in parade.

His honor enters in his black gown.  
Suspense suppresses every sound.  
All wait for words cast in cement  
that will terminate this event.  
"No cause," the verdict of the jury.  
Behold the plaintiff's fury.

From the defendant relief effervescent bubbles  
from a bottle of troubles.

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