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.

H. Harvey Gass, MD

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Illustration by Jim M'Guinness

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