

THE COURT

They walked me through the door of doom
Like Pigs to slaughter pen.
But pigs are treated better
Than prisoners are, my friend
And I in lowly fetters
Of captured revolutionary black men.

They stared me up and they stared me down
Disrespectful leers and sneers,
They threw their hate - you look
Like burning, rearing spears.
And said they all, "We'll get you friend
For thirty good long years."

The dock a lonely island there
And a cartaway.

The sea around alive with sharks
And ~~water~~ hatred's livid spray.

But no one ^{seen} ~~seen~~ the wrecks of you
Or knew not where they lay.

'All arise', said a sharp-eyed rook,
And all arose but one (deep down me I ~~did~~ did not rise once.)

The guest oppressed dropped timid eyes

The wretched few fell dumb,

For none were left in any doubt

The PIG-~~IN~~-WIG had come.

The fat pig glared and all were sat

He moved his beady eyes

To fix them upon my worried look

In glare of pure despise.

And all the pawns fell in to line
Disdain has no disguise.

The grunting pig he sneered and leered
And scratched his lofty snout.

He mumbled something rather snide
That died as it crawled out,
But carved a look upon his face
That cast aside all doubt.

A prosecuting hawk stood up
I sat as sparrow prey,
His shrivelled beak unleashed a shriek
That pinned me in my stay.
And n'er I dared to even speak
For this was judgement day.

The hovering hawk he swooped abroad
Arms outstretched as wings.
His damning finger cut the air
In hurtling swishing swings,
And spat he venom 'pon the truth
In deadly lying stings.

One by one they came slithering forth
And one by one to die,
These ~~wit~~ withering ~~snakes~~ snakes and dirty fakes
Called "witnesses" and ~~why~~ why?
~~Because~~ Because they witness what they wish
From closed or open eyes.

They swear upon a holy book
They do ~~so~~ so before God,
Yet they toward the prosecutor
For prompting, wink and nod
And don't you think, my honest friends,
~~That this is somewhat~~
That this is somewhat odd? Said