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## Doing Justice

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# Doing Justice

Mike Vanden Bosch

The silvery man in the moon hides his face  
when juries haw on esoteric points of law—  
    peers hang on pity, horse sense cowed,  
        hang on precious pins of fear,  
freeing, like pretty girls in pink,  
    launchers of bullet, brick, and prick,  
aborting gut justice to pay for a day's peace,  
rinsing logic out of their hair like dandruff,  
straining the quality of mercy to mush.

They wash their hands like Pilate  
    trying the sinless and go home  
    to rail to their pillows at injustice  
    or see themselves star helpless in a box,  
        yanked right and left by muted witnesses.

And Justice, like a toothless, toeless leper, lurches  
    while learned judges, bias blessed with dark robes,  
    lean like yaks in harness to dicker with devils,  
    and laws on lawyers' leashes, like bitches  
    yelp to be loosed to please the crushing crowd

Which second-guesses each verdict rendered  
    like lard.