Justice

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High floor, State Penitentiary
Frigid morning, early in the year
1930s
Eastern time-zone, U.S.A.
Icy, cement-block walls; shiny floors; black bars
    superimpose lethal glass
Gray-barbed corpse-to-be, ethnic-surnamed, faceless,
clean-shaven, pate readied for brain surgery...
Blameless, blinded, and powerless, the unsuspecting
    in Everytown drop their presliced white bread
    into toasters, both delivered by rumbling trucks
    from slab-floored warehouses of frigid gray
cities, cities of steel and iron and glass and
cement, and of black-clad .38s doing what they
    are sworn to do...
With jackhammer-blows to solar plexus, corpse-to-be
    anticipates electric rendezvous with
    righteousness
Any moment now
No way out
Terrible corridor, at whose end gleams steel door
Beyond crouches chamber-of-doom, no way out
Within await straps and salt, wires and switch,
    physician and smoking scalp — simple fixture
    of oak and steel...
Bread lines, soup kitchens, what does the future
    hold? — peak years, those...
No way out
Frigid morning
Gray, monolithic; trucks link the industrialized nation and bring bread and toasters to washing-machined families, electrical

Far away, terrible
Any moment now
No way out
No way
None
The moment comes
Setzen Sie, und sterben
Rendezvous with righteousness
Crackling toast the unsuspecting butter a few seconds later than usual, wondering if a farmer-friend with a cow might be more economical

Frigid morning
Far away
No way out