

You're on trial

1979–1981

Peter Plate

1983

this courtroom is a public urinal reeking
with the suicidal odor of protocol
the oily horror of boredom illuminates my nausea
on a never ending ride into the hinterlands
of the loneliest chaos I have ever known
does the defendant waive time?
my lawyer winks flirtatiously
yes, your honor
he learned his ABCs
yes, your honor
she pledged allegiance to the flag
yes, your honor
they are usually on welfare
yes, your honor
we are dying, unknown to history

fifth Estate

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