

Justice

The man confesses to a brash misdeed
of thievery: despairing and contrite,
he begs forgiveness; powers intercede
on his behalf, committed to ignite
the kindling of potential in his soul,
to forge his mental darkness into light.

A second man confesses to his role
as thief: but fires in other minds incite
a mad pursuit, like jackals on their prey,
the quarry thrashing in the fickle grip
of jurisprudence, in a modern-day
portrayal of the irons and the whip.

The molds are cast for mercy or demise
in never-changing hues before our eyes.