

BEFORE I REST MY CASE

Michelle Tandoc-Pichereau

Purgatory is a courthouse in my brain
Where my case is tried in endless debate
By a cacophony of magistrates
As I, awaiting verdict, am marked like Cain
For the deeds and thoughts recounted in my name
When measured by the yardstick of my Faith
(Or Fate!) Serve mostly to incriminate—
That I, in passing, have tread my path in vain
So I plead, to what end must I make my start?
What truths must I seek without and within
The limitations of my soul and skin?
For before the gavel signals my depart,
I can still take comfort in this reprieve—
I yet have one moment, this moment, to live!

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