

## 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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