

Donald wept through the proceedings.
His tears soaked through the canvas
That cloaked his twisted face and they stained
As orange jumpsuit where with such rare distinction he once displayed
The evidence of his outstanding contributions
To the maintenance of a kingdom come.
But those days are gone.
He's nothing more than a number
On a docket thick with shareholder, engineers,
PR firms, politicians: war-profiteers.

"How the fuck did I end up here?
This just isn't fair.
Ain't no place for a millionaire."

And he searches for the words
To stop this table in mid-turn,
Like "we are but old men"
"We only did what we were told"
But the laughter from the gallery drowns out these vestiges
Of a profession's oldest defense.

"The court will direct
The record to reflect
Compliments from the bench;
You sir, are central casting's crowning achievement.

And for your outstanding performance
In a comedic role,
I'd like to dedicate the findings
Of the jury to the dead."

But how can
One man
Ever repay
A debt so appalling?

Can't gouge 10,000 eyes
From a single head so I
Think we should observe
A sentence that will serve
To satisfy both a sense of function and poetry:
So you will spend the rest
Of your days drenched in sweat,
With your face drawn in a rictus of terror
As you remove another buried land mine fuse.

Meanwhile, 100 yards back
Behind the sandbags, a legless foreman
Pulls the trigger on
A red megaphone.
Squelching feedback. Drunken laughter.
Broken English. His dead daughter's picture.
Time and tide, no one can anticipate
Inevitable waves of {change}

Inevitable waves of

(Inevitable waves of)
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