They found him In the latrine hiding Dressed in clothes Fifteen layers deep The food that he had bled on Was arranged in stupid shapes He must have cut his arms to garnish Plates laid out for banquets And he had taken others clothing While they slept Or while they played If you want to pop him I didn't see it He'd been seen Watching children playing Recognized Because of what he was wearing So when they finally caught him He was embarrassed and ashamed Not cause of his actions Because of what they made him do He was not jailed or beaten He did not go to trial If you want to pop him I didn't see it They made him Leave in front of thousands Of crazed and drunken people Clad only in his boxers Humiliated naked Laughed at and then spit on His punishment was lasting Atonement is forever