

Hot rushed the spleen of injured
pride,
its vanity in truth to hide.
What manner of charge thou mak-
eth?
That I, a sapper, may plead my
case,
E'r I condemned before thee
Stand; Forsaken by the kindly
hand of fate".

Then forth Sir Major edged in
gloom.
Of trembling knaves I have to
doom;
A dictment full of fallen grace
Of batmen knowing not their
place,
But seek to act as full blood
men,
Of freemen with a conscience,
Hear my witness".

Crisp the words, snap the step.
I favour,
"That my evidence, quoth Sir Vayer
Will in some small effect
Dispell the air that threatens
Into being features not of gais
and wine,
Of cometary and fine drawn line
Thou O'Lord hath heard the truth

Again the VOICE? Thou bring me
startling news of sin,
That yonder knave who steer my
bouncing tin;
Corrupted, welshed, O'have a care
Else you drive me to despair,
Or turn my mind from matters of
A greater depth; of ration trucks
And men who swear".

The seeking mind doth creep and
crawl
To find a fault where truth can
stall,
And words, like rapiers, seek to
out,
And dam the devastating spout
Of sound that fell as doth the
Tintinnabulation of the bell.

Spake forth the varlet "Craven
low.
On gentle knee to thee I
throw
My cares; for mercy's sake I
Treat thy favour, Spurn me if
thy will, but Sirs
'Tis for democracy I die
unsung."

Silence settled o'er the
place
As judgement reared its caut-
ious face;
To glance about; to weigh and
grasp
The nuts from all this ava-
lanche
of words put forth to cloak
The truth that seeks its
Finity with love and hope.

Nemesis sprang to arrogant
height,
And poised there 'for his
words took flight.
Head out-thrust, hands clasped
behind
You fancy how, as if to bal-
ance
The stern brow expressive
with its mind.
These things are not of men
But child; I hesitate, so hear!

"On right hand hold forths
justice,
On left the rule of law which
seeks
Not war but peace. Have caut-
ion,
Use the tongue with care.
Remember that although the
air is free,
No man can judge himself; See
The charge I tear. Depart then
all,
I fain would rest.
Begone!.....

" HAVE YOU TWO CHILDREN ? "