

Among the Quiet of a Room

A Poem by Derek Kinnison

Among the quiet of a room, keys on the bailiff's belt jingle,

Clothes pull tight on the backs of people leaning forward

In anticipation for the entrance of the judge.

Adams Apples duck behind double Windsor knots for a final
swallow.

All Rise

My ears ring like after an explosion in the Galuch Valley

I put my chin out for the reception of the State's fist

As eyes rip a million holes in my back like white-hot tracer rounds
through the night sky.

I won't be a Captain anymore,

Just another asshole going to prison.