

## MC BRUCE

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### **Booking**

She sat  
in the tank  
at the booking desk  
telling her  
stats to  
the female bailiff.  
A light  
shone on  
her round  
wide-eyed face  
and for  
a moment she  
looked  
innocent.

### **Marsden Motion**

“Here’s the problem, your honor;  
I got this strike and  
Mr. Bruce won’t strike the strike.  
I want to do local time and  
Mr. Bruce won’t let me.  
Every time he talks to be  
about my case, he doesn’t  
seem to know what I’m  
talking about when I tell him  
about the guy who gave me  
the stuff, even though  
I didn’t think about telling  
him about this guy before.  
Mr. Bruce is just not doing  
the investigation.  
So I thought another lawyer  
would do what I want  
him to do, and you  
will let me do local time  
once a good lawyer convinces you  
that I’m not a bad guy,  
really, I’m not.”

## **Judgment**

Just before the verdict  
he climbed onto the rail of the fire escape  
on the tenth floor, outside of Department 41,  
and jumped.

And even though for a moment  
he enjoyed the delicious madness of flight,  
gravity's rough embrace  
pulled at him  
like a judgment.