

**JAMES JUDGE**

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UNDECIDED

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## *JUSTICE*

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High floor, State Penitentiary  
Frigid morning, early in the year  
1930s  
Eastern time-zone, U.S.A.  
Icy, cement-block walls; shiny floors; black bars  
superimpose lethal glass  
Gray-barbed corpse-to-be, ethnic-surnamed, faceless,  
clean-shaven, pate readied for brain surgery...  
Blameless, blinded, and powerless, the unsuspecting  
in Everytown drop their presliced white bread  
into toasters, both delivered by rumbling trucks  
from slab-floored warehouses of frigid gray  
cities, cities of steel and iron and glass and  
cement, and of black-clad .38s doing what they  
are sworn to do...  
With jackhammer-blows to solar plexus, corpse-to-be  
anticipates electric rendezvous with  
righteousness  
Any moment now  
No way out  
Terrible corridor, at whose end gleams steel door  
Beyond crouches chamber-of-doom, no way out  
Within await straps and salt, wires and switch,  
physician and smoking scalp — simple fixture  
of oak and steel...  
Bread lines, soup kitchens, what does the future  
hold? — peak years, those...  
No way out  
Frigid morning

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Gray, monolithic; trucks link the industrialized  
nation and bring bread and toasters to  
washing-machined families, electrical  
Far away, terrible  
Any moment now  
No way out  
No way  
None  
The moment comes  
*Setzen Sie, und sterben*  
Rendezvous with righteousness  
Crackling toast the unsuspecting butter a few seconds  
later than usual, wondering if a farmer-friend  
with a cow might be more economical  
Frigid morning  
Far away  
No way out