

Justice (1991)

(Written shortly after seeing newly appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court Clarence Thomas deliver his speech, following the senate hearings that resulted in approval of his appointment in the face of Professor Anita Faye Hill's testifying that Thomas had sexually harassed her while he was her supervisor.)

And when the curtains fell upon
The queries and the talks,
When "perjurers" and "liars" all
"Slipped back beneath their rocks",
Then hordes of people gathered on
A wet October day
To hear the new appointed justice
Finally have his say.

He stood upon a wooden stage,
All glistening in the rain,
The glory in his eyes erasing
Final wisps of pain,
And then he raised a steady hand,
And when the crowd grew still
His crystal voice reverberated
Clear across the hill.

“The time has come”, Judge Thomas said,
“To talk of many things,
Of breasts and butts and penises,
Of love-affairs and flings,
And why my underpants are hot,
And whether yours are pink”.

The crowd sang out in sacred joy:
“O hail the holy dude!”,
And no one heard the little boy
Who cried: “The king is nude!”
Whilst senators and men of power
All throughout the land
Exclaimed in happy disbelief:
“We’ve pulled it off again!”

And only poor Anita Hill
Of Oklahoma fame,
With teary eyes and sullen face
Bemoaned her tarnished name,
But suddenly her face lit up
In revelation true:
He claims to *have* a big one but
He *is* a big one too!