

"Can you see into my heart? I ask you, can you swear that my incarceration serves a purpose? My remarks should have impressed upon you the distinction . . ."

"Those stories you told are selective, incomplete, and irrelevant!"

"Then what," the scholar asked in hushed tones, "is relevant? For justice, men have imagined evil where there was none. For justice, they have devised means of death. And we recognize even today the necessity of occasional retribution. You say that now is the time and that I am the man. Are you so right? Why you and so many others wrong?"

The colonel rose from behind the table and gestured.

"It is, as you say, old man, necessary. I am sorry."

A guard approached the defendant for the purpose of escorting him to his execution. Knowing this, the scholar dropped his head, turned to collect his notes, and mentioned almost casually, "You were also impatient in the classroom, colonel."

The next defendant, having observed the exchange, folded his prepared statement, slid it into his breast pocket, and crossed himself without a word.

## The Effect

*by Lisa D. Eaton*

At night my mind's prismatic  
Life seems more dramatic  
Bottle we hold  
Make colors unfold  
Sensations become numbly ecstatic