

The Death Row Dream

Rachel Hadas

This latest iteration: I was given
an index card on which to write last thoughts.
But what to write, and to whom to write it?
There were no chairs. We three in a dim hall,
mini-skirted, leaned against the wall.
Heavy maroon curtains barely stirred.
Hours passed. No resolution.
And woke back into human time, its mercy,
its stern redistribution.