

# **Justice is a Woman**

*by Bob Boucher, October 2010*

A tall and regal woman  
always robed in white.  
Her eyes are covered over  
She is without sight.  
She can't see your face.  
She can't tell your race.  
She is almost blind.  
What is on her mind?

Her ears are always open.  
She can always hear:  
your heart beat when you're lying,  
your sorrow when you're sighing,  
your tears drop when you're crying,  
your silence when you're dying.

A tall and regal woman  
armed with balance scales.  
How heavy are the wealthy  
and their money bags?  
How heavy are the homeless  
in their filthy rags?  
How heavy are the lawyers  
and their legal briefs?  
How heavy are the victims  
in their silent grief?

A tall and regal woman  
sword of sharpened steel  
her judgment will be final.  
There will be no appeal.