

they rejected the sentence that he proposed—  
the reward of a distinguished citizen:  
honourable maintenance at public expense  
(he figured he was at least as valuable  
as the jock who won the chariot race  
at the Olympics)  
—and decided again, on death

so he sits, the same, in that stone cell  
reaching for the hemlock,  
    still speaking out,  
        arm upraised—  
surrounded not by that group of hysterical men  
weeping and wailing, flailing about

but by everyone ever charged  
with neglecting the gods of the state—  
Pope Joan and Joan of Arc  
Galileo and Darwin  
Thoreau and Russell and all the men  
    who would not be soldiers  
Katya Komisaruk and the Greenham women  
the Temagami defenders and various Greenpeacers  
or corrupting the morals of the young—  
Goody Glover, Oscar Wilde  
Rosa Parks, Margaret Sanger  
Nikki Craft, Morgentaler

even as a mural, covering all four walls  
there is not enough room  
for those who question, examine, expose  
for the good of the people who arrest them,  
    imprison them,  
    kill them—

no wonder, this time,  
it's his middle finger  
that's jabbing the air

## The Death of Socrates