

DEC 3, 2010

by Natalie McNabb

*Do you swear
to tell the truth, the whole truth?
Yes,*

I say.

The judge stumbles through questions
Asked of couples before.
It's all in our papers.

Why ask again?
He looks over his glasses.
His glance traps my own.
How does he do this
day after day?

Ching-chunk clanks
the judge's concluding stamp.

Thanks for playing.

You're not a winner.

Please try again,
he may as well have said.

I am released,
divorced, dismissed.

~ Every Day Poets, January 2011