

The Secret Life of Justice

from the Image of Justice in a Tarot Deck from 1440

The studded belt is
a dead giveaway —
all the floral
can't conceal
the truth in Ms. Justice

Aristocrats have dressed her
in their finest velvets,
cloaked her as royalty,
threaded her status
with gold and expect
something in return,
a barter in morality

This justice has no feather of truth to
weigh against a heart,
no redundant blindfold,
since a maidenly form is
a sworn impartial

May I point out, though,
the woman is holding a
heavy sword between her
delicate fingers, the blade's
intention swift and irrevocable

She's as tough as
hand-forged nails, and I,
at least,
can smell the heavy boots beneath
her brocaded gown

A faint crown and
painted lips
do not imply Compliance

Go ahead.
Play the Game.

See who wins.

--Katrin Talbot