

Desperate

He was seventeen long hard months

Into this journey

And as he stepped back

Time turned against him

the other side of the rulings of the court against him.

His world constricted and darkened

Hope to salvage at least a part of this man's youth

Faded ~~seemingly~~ beyond his ~~control~~ *grasp*

Time was now measured in moments

His chosen path -- blocked

When a mind is cleared

Of every shred of thought

Just then should the solution

Reveal itself

Staring blankly ahead

He sees nothing

hears nothing

feels nothing

Not a word or line or fragment of thought

Fills the void

Still he must begin the end Now

As he addresses the decisionmakers

An answer pours forth

The obvious can not be so *final*

to the static
Betray logic, turn it on its head

Then wait