

# Yellow Second, Straw Man

falling, failing now  
they mass here at mid day  
such a quandary how  
I was with them so long  
again, I was wrong  
you're kneeling there  
with furtive eyes on me  
and you say  
turn your head, face the jury  
turn again, face your peers  
we have gathered to listen  
to what we want to hear

bemused, confused so  
much ado about nothing  
abuse ensues, though  
when I reply, you offer  
you try, you falter  
a spool of thread,  
a needle won't help me

is your faith so precarious  
that you attack me and not my questions?