**The Emperor Has No Clothes**

*October 18, 1983*

You can take petite cochin.

Place him on

The Bench.

Wrap him in a robe.

Call him Your Honor,

May it please the Court.

Use clubs and steel to lynch

The poor, the black, the thinkers.

Those who dare to see.

Or speak the truth.

Or seek the source.

Of what it means to be,

Alive and whole,

A human being.

To know the empathy

of love,

And thought,

And kindness.

Of mankind's victory.

But the title and

The trappings

Will not hide the stench.

Or mask

The vacuum

In his brain.

The meanness in his soul.

The absence of a spine.

Or make this simple sad world whole.

And all the little tyrants,

And cages they proscribe,

And chains and guns,

They squeal for,

Will someday fall aside.

For just One moment's

Eye to eye

That strikes

Straight and deep inside.

To where

The little men can't hide.

From what

They fear and shun the most.

The truth.

The knowledge.

That you know

They know

You know

They lie.

You dare

To ask

Them.

Why?