**Writ**

*February 20, 2015*

Jury Spoke. Poured Me Out On Self Defense.

Unanimous. Guilty.

Capital Offense.

Judge Man Struck His Gavel Down.

No Mercy. Death Sentence.

Bondsman Can't Go My Bail.

Still. Time I Blew This Iron Bar Town.

Hit The Freedom Trail. Ah.

Therein Lies Blind Justice.

Therein Lies The Tale.

Shot A Man In Tucson.

Poked Him Full Of Holes.

He Spoke Most Rude.

Egged Me On. I Drew.

My Red Hot 44.

Perforated. Clay Vessel Of His Soul.

Sent Him On His.

Done Over Way.

D.A. Had His D.A.

Do Me Way.

Said My Blood Was Cold. Shot

Him Just For Sport.

Lost At Trial. Direct Appeal.

Certiorari. State. Warders. Courts.

Had Their. Own Way. With Me.

Now I Meet My Destiny.

Now I Pay The Toll.

Retribution Story Told,

Now They Are Building Up Scaffold.

Waxing Up The Rope.

Tying Up The Noose.

Not Much Room For Optimistic Hope.

Hanging Set For Sunrise.

Padres Soft Chant.

Talk. Walk The Walk.

Last Words To Be Spoke.

Bell Rings. Trapdoor.

Springs. Blindfolded. Arms. Hands. Ankles.

Tied. No Real Chance To Try.

To Grab A Hunk Of Sky.

Drop. Stop. Swing.

Neck Broke.

Heart Quits.

Over It. Body.

Mind. Spirit. Cry.

That Final Mournful Cry.

Then They Cut Me Loose.

Narrow Room. Sod Roof.

Paupers Lonely Grave.

But I Am Waiting For A Phone Call.

Been Waiting For A Stay.

Say. Pray.

Prayers Answered.

Hallelujah. At Last.

Lawyer On The Line.

Not My Air Dancing Moment.

After All.

Not My Judgement Day.

Not Yet. My Hanging Time.

Habeas Still Lies.

Not Yet. I Die.

Not Much Else To Say.

Writ Granted.

New Trial On The Way.