

An Old Judge Imagines the Afterlife
by James Clark

It comes down to this – there is no official
schedule for fulfillment in the afterlife nor
ideals to sour. The cascade of courtroom
argument no longer drums on the nerves or
dampens the spirit. In the spirit-flesh of
pure being to see is to take, to wish for
to have, everything calm, measured, exact.
Here all have answered the one important
question: what have you done with your
one & only life, paid the deep price of
admission. Old judges just float from day
to day peering through the rusty keyhole
of law, praying for those left behind, every
night a promise of rest for those, blessed &
blessing, who have learned how to live.