

The Scandal

I am without knowledge of whom to address this letter to. I have been made heavy by my captors when they dragged me from the comfort of my home. They have then made light of my body when I was thrown onto a thin layer of a cold bed. They spoke to me not of that which I have questioned; they have growled at my name and placed despicable synonyms on my character's definition. They will not allow me to speak nor will they give ear to listen. I may only give voice to my journal and send my questions through paragraphs of hieroglyphics. I am well aware of the sentences that deserve the symbol of a question mark.

There were two men who originally took my arms up in theirs and splashed my face with water before leaving me to lie down. A third man walked towards me but remained some distance away. He attempted to smirk in delight, but I could see that he tried to put forth more effort than he was capable of. There was a drop of sadness in his eye that was powerful enough to stain the ponds. But he depicted his sorrow when his hands trembled to grip the rigid rods of the jail bars.

He shuttered when the loud smack of the lock struck his head with noise as he closed the door. Even his footsteps found difficulty in walking away from my pitiful sight. The other two men continued to behave like heathens until the third man drifted in between them to exit the room. They became overwritten with silence and the tone of their faces were that of a dying wind. The pleasure that was given to them has slowly drifted away from their now shameful minds.

I now remain in an empty cell that is fit for only half of a mind to explore. The other half must only find disappoint as it feels no need to look beyond the room's entirety. The mind knows too well that my body is in the waiting room of the morgue where all life comes to rest for eternity. It has summoned my body to prepare for my end as my future draws near. It speaks to me for my arms to rest without life. It insists that my legs practice the hinderance of bending the knee and encourages my back to disregard flexibility.

What feels like ages has only been but short moments upon my arrival. The third guard has returned with a wooden bowl of water for me to moisten my lips; he finally spoke to me. He claimed to have but little knowledge of why he followed what was commanded of him. But he did tell me what little he knew; I am placed here under the ruling by the high courts. What is my crime? He has provided me with the accusations against me that I have slandered the truth and spread it amongst the village.

How may I absorb these words when it has come from an unreliable source? This is not to say that the guard is unable to hold my trust; I acknowledge that he is not the origin of this claim. And yet he does not provide the information that speaks of the validity of why I see three walls and unbendable bars. But he does provide a name of whom resides over this conundrum to determine if the accusations against me carry truth. I believe this letter would be appropriate to be delivered to you, my judge, as you hold the laws of the land.

I would appreciate a timely response from your desk to define my behaviors; how have I conducted myself to be criminal in nature? It would appease me if you were to visit my cell and tell me of the reasons why I sit in confinement. What thoughts have I held that misinterpreted what nature commands us to think? It would bring me delight if I were to receive great lengths of your scriptures that are filled with the loose verdict. What souls have I trespassed within and took enjoyment as a thief of the night?

I cannot find it within me to draw a sword that is singed with retaliation nor a shield that is designed to intimidate enemies. I may only wear my tunic that provides both protection and comfort. How do you believe that I shall be content when my mind is riddled with questions? How shall you have me obedient when I am scolded rather than educated? And how will you find me of cooperation when I have been pushed to participate in isolation?

Grant me the opportunity to counter the argument that you take as favorable. For if my word has been called upon to be silent, then how may a judgement create balance upon the law? If my actions are to have hands that are bound behind my back, then how may you judge the swiftness of my fingers? How may I point and direct you to my accuser so that he may be questioned with allegations that are forced upon me? For if judgement is to be balanced, then why do you not seek my answers? Why do you not consider my accuser to be fluent in the art of deception?

Give to me your word that you shall listen to mine. It is an aspect of judgement that you consider me innocent unless you find my tongue to slither when it speaks. If you find my words venomous, then it is with common sense that you remove the head from the snake. But should you find my words to be as gentle as the fawn, then it is but the minimum to satisfy the accused with a single ear.

It is without warning that I was removed from my dwelling and blindfolded until I saw visions of my bleak imprisonment. But I am not blind to hold visions that rest upon reality's brow and need not of my eyes to squint for magnification. It is the blind that see me in such a state and say with confidence that I am handsome. It is with daring audacity to claim my current residence as a home fit for my body.

I shall write to you every day from hence forth and give you my words that may stand before you. In my captivity, I shall not bend the bars with my hands but ask my mind to remove the gate. I will only speak from my experience and ask of you to place judgement upon my nature. For when I ask the guard to approach you with my message, ask him about the movements of my pen. Ask of him to bring you a portrait of how I herd my thoughts that may only roam within these gated lands. And ask of him the change in my condition when the laws are pressed upon me.