

# Murder of Lawyers

Soul Coughing

A murder of lawyers in overcoats.  
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shoulders up, heads slung low, looking like a swarm of M's swarming the crosswalk.

Looking up at a window on the forty-fourth floor.  
Blue eyed Jew Mystic from a rhythm section,  
his hands cupped around the dignified hijiki of human speech.  
Muslim baritones idle with their hands down.

And the gat that fattens your jacket pocket  
Plugs slugs in vain  
Through the body of the immaterial witness.  
And that which is Ugly and feeds on The Law comes into the conference room singing federal jargon. Their necks are covered in chocolatey growths.  
Spat up an eyeful of steam in the lumber yard parking lot.

Written in her own shit with a ground down fork.  
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