

## PHILIPPICS

Cicero rises  
and duly makes his way  
up to the Senate.

His rhetoric sears the air,  
the trajectory of his words  
a meteor. His object is to stun.  
His logic hard as nails  
reasoning tight as Juno's arse  
commonsense solid as a boulder  
probity beyond dispute.

His probity indeed  
bewilders some, some find his logic  
devoid of profit margin  
his commonsense embarrassing, naive  
while others are left floundering  
in his grammar. In fact  
he's quite beyond them.

His jaw still set in marble, Cicero  
prepares to leave. Something inside him  
shuffles out alone.