

From an English Major Teaching Law

Sometimes I wonder if these are real books,
And think about the breath and blood and bones
That would have fleshed the issues out (before).
A little romance couldn't hurt the law;
A little poetry would do law good:
Not the poetry of the perfect word,
The tightened syntax and the sharpened sight.
The law has that.

We need the tenderness,
The mythos and the suffering and the love.
While we dissect words, wealthy, erudite,
To feel the pain in all the world below,
Around, above. To see when all the words
Will not heal like a touch and share of tears.
Escape the arguments, and, quietly,
Protect the fragile, pray, conserve, and care.

—Lisa Bolin Hawkins