

Confiteor · *Henri Coulette*

The blonde mane, the impossible blue of the eyes,  
The black velvet jacket, the four gold frogs,  
The white lace at the throat, at the white wrist,

And the blue vein, that small hammer at the wrist,  
Like squaring the circle, or a grooming of griffins, or a black rose,  
And the verdict in, kudos to the jury, the jury gone home,

And the judge shucking his black robe in his possible chamber,  
And the verdict is guilty, and the sentence forever,  
Forever the black rose, the blue eyes, the blonde mane . . .

What was your motive? I don't remember. I refuse to remember.  
And the weapon? Guilty. And the weapon? Yes.  
And the blue hammer, yes, impossible, mine, and forever.