

## Edits.

Ink stained fingers.  
Edits to make.  
Powerless anger.  
Editors laughing and grabbing their coats.  
The reporter stays on at her desk,  
Decoding horrors recalled in shorthand.  
The final dictated final wording, she plainly detests.  
But who is she?  
To question an impression so grand?

Blood stained hands.  
Broken trust.  
A shaking vision of evil.  
The man who exploited her dependence.  
As the circus sets up their show,  
The Rapist sits alone in defiant anguish.  
Listening timidly for the headlines of tomorrow.  
Who is he?  
To deny that his lynching is a popular only wish

Sweat dampened brow.  
Deadlines to meet.  
Changing a few adjectives for the bottom line.  
With a baying public desperate for blood,  
All he can do is hope they come to him  
For their daily fix of slinging mud  
And pulp like tales so grim.  
Who is he?  
To deny an effigy? Victim or not.

Dun streaked cheeks.  
Dependence exploited.  
The Pit replaces her familiar circle.  
They know her not, but judge her still,  
Taking the line that's most reassuring,  
"A Lover's tiff caused by a prude, not a denial of will".  
Who is she?  
No longer a girl, but a story below the fold.

Murray Paul Glen