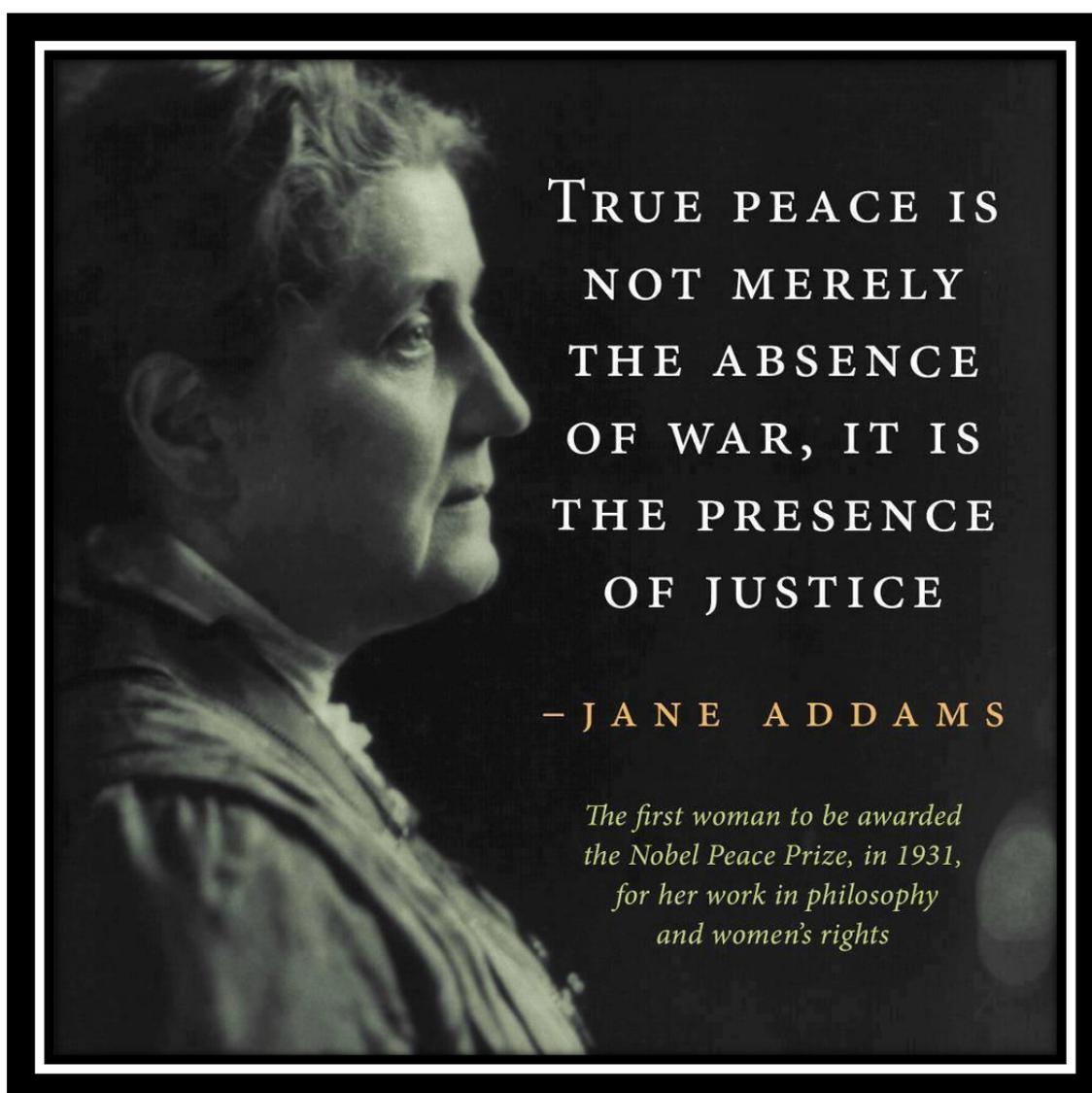


THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE



"What is Justice but truth realised as Peace. To be Just is Peace in Action".

By

Susan Carew

TO JUST BE IS TO 'BE JUST'

This poem is a tribute to the great ones,
Who pursue Justice,
Until today justice was law,
From today justice is my universal law,
I am afraid of no condemnation,
I can walk alone,
For I see no evil,
I hear no evil,
I speak no evil,
For I am blind to the world,
Yet I see into the world,
Through eyes that cannot see untruth.

You cannot look behind and see justice,
It is to be just,
It is in the moment,
It is in the act,
But it doesn't play,
It is to say truth,
For no lies should pass your lips,
For you only wound yourself,
For you know the truth of the heart,
No matter self deception of the mind,
The truth is known when felt,
For the universe is watching silently,
A silent witness beyond space and time.

Sometimes the truth will stay out of reach,
For you are here to learn the lesson beyond speech,
The heart is the navigator,
For it will show you clearly what you feel,
You choose how you act or re-act,
Fear or love is the fork in the path,
A choice point,
To choose fear takes you to danger,
To choose love elevates on the wings of freedom,
For only love sees through the mist of clouds,
For the sun of love penetrates every living being,
For this is what sustains a just life,
Fear is the shadow obscuring the truth,
But knows it not.

For truth is love as justice,
It just is (*justice*),
True to
Self.

WHAT IS THE NATURE OF JUSTICE?



Natural justice,
Is natural,
When we hear there are two sides to every story,
For each is innocent until proven guilty,
And investigated for truth,
For justice to be natural,
It must be fair and impartial.

The scales of justice,
Is the metaphor of ...
Blindness to bias,
Deafness to dishonesty,
Speaking words that don't divert the course of
Justice,
For to be a judge is to discern truth,
And to seek truth,
Impartiality becomes the gavel that balances
rationality with emotional intelligence.

A chief justice,
Is the one who can see both sides,
Who finds balance in reflection,
Who reaches for wisdom as clarity,
And remedies each situation,

So that both can learn from conflict.
The common laws were drafted
To provide rules that the many held in common,
To ensure order in disorder,
To ensure fairness in dishonesty,
To determine remedies for pain and suffering,
For we are each other's keepers,
We all are born equal,
Regardless of socio-economic conditions,
Despite un-common language,
Beyond the misunderstandings,
Many are seeking the same outcome,
To live in freedom,
To find happiness,
And justice occurs in the moment we are just,
Retrospectively it is to close the case,
To find closure,
So all can move on,
In peace.
Some perceive the law courts,
As a tennis match,
Of persuasive points,
Of clever strategies,

For one to prove the other is wrong,
A world of right and wrong,
To be technically correct,
Within the letter of the law,
Accords rights,
But what of fairness?

How many letters have been sent in search of
justice?
Only to find losers are weak,
And winners are strong,
And the game is to win,
To fight the battle,
Yet at what cost do we fight?

Is there justice in winning?
Is there justice in losing?
Or simply vindication of procedural law?

Natural justice provides a wise agreement,
To share responsibility,
To acknowledge each other's viewpoint,
To seek to solve the problem not penalise the poor,
This is the resolution that is natural,
And builds respect,
For the relationship is ongoing in the future,
And is the basis for common lore.

If justice was never the issue for the dispute,
Then money oils the squeaky wheel,
And this is the negotiation of power,
Not natural justice in equality,
For power should be shared not bought,
Yet one can never buy truth,
For only the truth will set you free,
As a restorative justice,
Maintaining hope in judicial freedom,
That reflects society's value of a fair go.

So my dear friends,
I leave you with my rendition,
For we read in the papers the perversion of justice
every day,
Yet I believe in justice as truth,
We must find ways to make it work in the best
interests of society,
For if we don't the very fabric of law and order
will break down,
For the youth are increasingly disheartened,
They see the acceptance of violence,
They see adults not walking the talk,
And they no longer believe in the future,
Yet I believe in a future that values the truth
over winning.

YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=riW4dzOH1t0>

THE MESSENGER OF HIGHER JUSTICE

We live in a world of unfinished business,
For thinking can compartmentalise into boxes,
A Chi square theorem,
Investigating whether normal distributions vary,
To discover values are the goodness of fit test,
Summing the differences observed,
As consistency is the sine wave of good
governance.

When we are stuck on an intractable problem,
We sit and reflect on the solution,
We do not apply the same equation as it is zero
sum,
To continue hoping the outcome will change is
folly,
Why not re-test the hypothesis,
To reform the real framing of questions.

In Question Time,
Are the questions designed to discover the answer?
Or provide an interval to meet the Minister's
needs?
Elected backbenchers have no rights to ask their
own questions,
They are not pre-selected to have an equal say,
Is this representative democracy of the people?
Hierarchy is the platform of elevation,

Yet many desire to abseil down to reveal the truth,
To make human rights visible when stonewalled,
Why is it an offence to speak up without notice?
The Australian Constitution gives restitution to the
freedom of political communication,
Is this a lived system of representative and
responsible government?
The separation of powers doctrine cites the
separation of *legislative* (parliament), *executive*
(bureaucracy) and *judicial* powers (justice),
To restrain the potential harm of unchecked power,
To negate undue political influence,



So that there is no
unnatural confluence of
interests.

Justitia or Lady Justice
stands tall in New York
harbour,

The Roman Goddess of
Justice,

She waits still,

She is still waiting,

Outside of courts of final

appeal,
For justice to be done,
Not to be seen to be,
Thus, to be or not to be is the real question!
She is symbolically blindfolded and free,
She holds the scales of fairness in balanced
decision-making,
She holds the sword of truth not in an aggressive
stance but as a reminder to stand with courage,



She stands with
Prudentia (*foresight*),

She embodies the
ability to *discipline* to
govern oneself with
reason,

She is the
personification of virtue
inspiring ...

*Wisdom, insight and
true knowledge,*

She holds the mirror and a snake,

She is looking for beauty in wisdom's natural
justice,

To judge appropriately between ...

virtuous or vicious actions,

courageous or cowardly intent,

She does not require the arbiter of man-made law.

Prudence is the mother of all virtues,

To see the cause, measure and form of all virtues,

To have the intelligence and free will to make
perfect the right decisions,

For temperance is not holding back ones temper,

It is to rebalance one's decisions in hindsight &
foresight,

To realise without prudence:

- *bravery becomes foolhardiness;*
- *mercy sinks into weakness,*
- *and temperance into fanaticism.*

For these are the three blind horseman.

For it is the *duty of care* for **those who know** to
tell the blind horseman on a blind horse that he is
heading towards the abyss (Lao Tzu),

For as night follows day **one cannot bare false
witness** to the truth.

Governance determines the truth of star chambers,

To enforce fairness or silent privilege?

To stand with prudence deciding clear judgements,

The other uses privilege to mask abuse,

The philosophy of poetry asks all questions in time
without notice.

Higher perspectives do not reside in hierarchy,

The message is to see clearly without bias,

Natural law is universal not compliant,

Therefore, it is my duty of care to speak up for
prudence and justice,

For to love humanity,

Is not a crime,

Albeit all crime is the absence of love,

For this is the highest virtue that inspires freedom
of speech,

And to finish all business,

Without censure.

FINDING CAMELOT IN REALISING THE ROUNDTABLE OF UNIVERSAL LOVE

There is a round table that is not square,
For it circles the square,
It is a stone circle,
With no head nor tail,
For it is not there by
chance.



For in a circle one can romance the Philosopher's
Stone,
For all who sit around the table are equals,
All quarrelling has ceased,
Conflict resolution is the solution to find peace,
As one has seized the moment,
She looks at the world map,
From the table top of her mountain,
To find it is no longer divided,
For the cap stone has been put in the place,
Of real protection.

The warriors are women and men,
Their spirit commands not to fight another,
But to realise the enemy seen is within,
To understand the slaying of the dragons are
discovered in:
*guilt, jealousy, lust, greed, corruption, deceit and
rage,*
As these are the dark caves,
Blind caverns,
Where the light is in search of knights,

Shields are the rights of passage,
As mirrors into which the brave must look,
To see the world book is a legend,
At its core is metaphor,
For the real wars,
Are to honour thyself and be true.

Excalibur is the sword of truth,
That only the legitimate and pure can wield,
For truth is the laser that pierces falsehood,
It is the whole truth and nothing but the truth,
As the lady in the lake symbolises emotions,
Truth is held in the reflection of emotions,
As life is reflective when sincere,
That returns arms for alms with tears,
Armor (protection) for armour (loving
vulnerability),
Appearing in the moment of forgiveness.

The Holy Grail,
Is the journey of life,
The realisation of the Self,
To drink from the fountain of
youth,
An elixir of endless life,
As the chalice is an eternal container of light,
For those who seek in earnest the kite,
Will lead without being lead,



Flying high above illusions and tests,
For they are deemed genuine in their quest,
For the rest of their lives they live in the Kingdom,
To find they never left home,
For home was always where the heart is,
And this is the rock upon which Excalibur is
drawn,
In the heat of all inner battles.

The pure King (leader),
Is honourable,
The brave knight,
Is *fearlessness*,
The metaphoric sword,
Is *truth*,
Opening the heart,
Is *love*,
The magic is supernatural powers,
Life is in the hands of the gods,
For the gods must be crazy,
To create both evil and good,
Yet that is the cosmic drama,
That plays out over centuries,
For many have forgotten the plot at Camelot,
As weapons of mass destruction,
Became the distraction from peace-making,
Which was always the highest chivalry,
As this was the just war referred to in theory,
And mercy was granted in every request,

And allegiances sworn,
On all sides of truth with justice.
The quest of the Court Jester,
Was to remind of the King he had no clothes,
For he is naked before truth,
He is homeless without a roof,
For the roof of ancient forests provides cover,
In climates of change,
For it is only the truth that sets all free,
To see the golden age of peace and prosperity,
And this is the sanity that is renewable,
As the draw bridge comes down,
The moat is no longer remote viewing,
As all the walls on the street tumble down,
Out of the rubble the phoenix rises,
Realising the resilience of humility,
As the meek inherit the earth,
And this is the dirt made of gold.
All are welcome at the renewable round table,
Of a world union,
The armour of universal citizenship,
Re-members the Charter of Universal love,
For this is the dove that is waiting to land,
When all understand the Holy Grail is realised,
As the Noble Peace Prize,
Carved from the rock of new ages.
*(Inspired by the King Arthur tradition of nobility,
courage and equality)*

BUDDING FAIRNESS

Om-buds-man has a meaning,
An investigator of complaints,
Mediator of fair settlements,
A neutral third party,
For the seed of truth,
The bud,
Flowers harmony for all to see,
As we are all colours of diversity,
And the sweet fragrance of fairness,
Ensures the matter settles,
And the scales balance,
As the barometer of social stability.

For the impartial investigator,
Has respons-ability,
For he has the ability to respond,
Yet he is looking at due process,
Not fairness in complaints handling,
For he did not read the letters,
Just the cover notes,
As time is his master,
Not justice.

The truth is not just a word,
Yet many read this word and think truth,
For the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the
truth is absolute,

There is no room for half truths,
And this is the pledge in all court rooms,
The intent is truth as a first principle not the last,
For when justice is present in the room,
S/he will hear both sides,
Without fear or favour,
Will see beyond biases without flavour,
Assert decisions based on fact and fairness,
Not nuances that serve one over the other as
strategic moves,
For when justice is served no-one loses,
The world recovers its self-respect,
Harmony is the true outcome of equals.

When an issue is raised,
One can call it a complaint, a problem or raising
awareness,
An investigation is conducted,
As a conductor of an orchestra,
To examine the odd note one needs to look at the
score,
For when one is out of tune the rest lose the
rhythm or purpose,
For there are rules for some,
And not for others,
To live in harmony we must be clear of the rules,
And all live by them with the whole truth in mind.

And when the process has as its intent
procedure or protection,

Then process is running the show,
Not truth,

For truth sits and reads all letters,
Seeks the core issues on both sides,

Truth makes time for justice,
Rights arise as values decline,

For if one is not naturally fair,

One must have rights imposed,

If values are not naturally known,

Then authority and legality grow.

Fairness was once due process,

Today it is due process that is not fair,

For we are not seeking the same outcomes,

Bureaucracy is compliance,

Social justice is the foundation stone.

Yet when justice is awakened,

Awareness is the seal all parties feel,

As fairness and equity are the universities of choice,

For the future.

As human rights decoupled from trade,

Becomes the priori to decisions,

For we are people not processes.

*(This poem was inspired by the Ombudsman from
La Trobe University)*

The Key Characteristics of the
Ombudsman Function

- 1) Independence**
- 2) Confidentiality**
- 3) Impartiality**
- 4) Informality**



IS A JUST WORLD NATURAL JUSTICE?

Guilty until proven innocent,
Is the mantra of condemnation,
That knows not emancipation,
That frees from control,
An emancipation proclamation,
Proclaims we are enslaved by negative beliefs,
For the real freedom expresses life, liberty and
happiness.

Judgement,
Is the accusation, the jury and the verdict,
Unable to hear two sides,
The gavel goes down before the hearing,
For the scales are imbalanced,
As unquestioned beliefs assume the worst,
Rather than the best,
Weighted on the side of politics not truth,
A search for truth always asks questions first,
Ignoring hearsay for facts,
Listening only to what he says,
Is the blind horseman,
Who put the cart before the horse.

Righteousness,
Is to be right even when wrong,
Is to believe in punishment rather than inspiration,
As enlightenment always seeks the higher path of
knowledge,

Power will seek revenge to suppress what they do
not want to hear,

For fear listens to group think fearful to stand
separate from the crowd,

As the Roman Colosseum is not a proclamation of
independence,

But a herd mentality that feels indifferent to the
suffering of those different,

Throwing morality to the lions,

Tossing aside justice for the conquest of the fight,

For only winning matters when the sum of the
parts are not whole,

To win/win is Alice in Wonderland,

Where the witness is the accused,

The cup overflows before it receives,

As abundance is the essence not the outcome,

In courts that begin with justice.

Innocence is the beginning,

And the end,

For is to pretend the dream world or the real
world?

Perhaps only universal love is real,

Life is a movie reel that revolves surreal,

For compassion is the sacred seal,

Of natural justice,

And I am crying

for the justice

of real peace.

THE CONSCIENCE VOTE

Human rights,
Is the right to be human,
But what is right?
What is wrong?
What is weak?
What is strong?

The law proscribes,
Delivers a judgement,
Produces evidence,
Admissible,
Inadmissible,
For this is the rule of law,
For when the law rules,
Power shifts from sovereignty.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights,
Declares universal law,
Whereby all have the freedom of speech,
This is inalienable,
Freedom of association,
Freedom of religion,
For Freedom is ...
Liberty, fraternity and equality,
For freedoms are won,
When one is free to act on conscience.

Amnesty speaks of prisoners of conscience,
Yet the High Court judgement must adhere to the
rule of law,
Yet is one ruled by law or conscience?
This is the fundamental question,
Which is right?
Is this mutually exclusive?
Am I right in my profession or do I profess my
right to be human,
For one must draw a line in the sand,
One must decide which side is right,
For to lend one's reputation to injustice,
Is to aid and abet,
This is not a humanitarian cause,
For to cause injustice is to gamble with life itself,
And the stakes are high,
In Court one is an instrument,
Of due process.

What if I was to say that justice is an act,
It doesn't exist in retrospect,
What if I was to say that judgement weighs facts,
It doesn't factor in the weight of conscience,
For what is justice but reconciliation,
In a world of perceived differences,
Where only the truth sets us free
from a prison of our own making.

Rights and responsibilities,
Reflect the social contract,
But many are seeking an opt out clause,
For their consuming passion,
Values profit over people.

Martin Luther King,
Had a dream,
Equality and freedoms was what he'd seen,
For violence perpetrated on the basis of colour,
Found the blue eyed to be recessive,
Colour is conditioned and oppressive,
Discrimination is division,
Freedom of expression a sedition,
For one becomes a victim,
When believing the other is right.

Human rights,
Claims the right to be human,
To freely express one's truth,
Is the highest justice,
Is the greatest freedom,
For one is free from judgement,
One is free from difference,
For it is not about them and us,
It is about diversity in unity,
To reawaken the sleeping giant,

For this is the public opinion of common sense,
Lying dormant,
For many are lying,
Self-interest must give way to best interest,
Or many will be dying,
For what we value is placed on the table,
All are equal players,
And the cards must be revealed,
If we are to understand the trick,
A royal flush can no longer win,
Yet a suit of Aces and one fool,
May just overrule,
Power in favour of passion,
For life is a joy,
Life is the kite,
For we are here to claim our right
to happiness.



UNIVERSAL RIGHTS



The Universal Declaration of Human Rights,
Declares the right to freedom of speech,
Is speech free when others think it's wrong?
Is it better to conform to belong?
Or to be one self and be strong?

Each has the right to silence,
To enjoy peace of mind,
For they may have nothing to say,
And this is their right.

Universal principles speak of higher truths,
Of the freedom to be fully human,
To express the world in a myriad of ways,
To allow each to have their say,
In freedom and with respect.

To speak or to remain silent?
Is the question,
Which is love?
Which is fear?
Which is at war?
Which is in peace?

Intention informs what is right,

Is it suppression?

Is it expression?

Do you require permission to exercise in-sight?

For freedom of speech can be judgmental,

The freedom to be silent can be manipulative.

So are we free to judge and force others
to comply with what we think is right?

Is that our right?

To be fully human we all make mistakes,

We lead with good intentions,

We play with pretensions,

But tensions result and life falls into confusion,

We feel wrong when we are right,

But what is right and wrong when following
your own truth?

For should we take ownership of our actions or in-
action?

Then claim responsibility for what is ours,

And not project our life onto the other,

From the screen of our own beliefs.

For life is the mirror not the movie,

The mirror reflects the self,
You see to look,
You judge what you see,
Given what you believe,
About yourself.

But just imagine if you could just simply look,
Without right or wrong,
To observe the shape,
To see the colours,
To not attach good or bad,
To the covers,
But to simply accept what is so,
And see the perfection of imperfection.

There would be no rejection of others,
There would be no judgement of self,
No unnatural selection,
For no-one would be isolated on islands of in-
difference,
For each would embrace every part of this race
with grace,
And accept all expression as the right to
freedom,
To be free to be one self,

For in truth we are all one,
Reflecting the other self.

In the universal union,
We love in sickness and in health,
For we are sick of living in fear,
For happiness is healthy love,
And this is the true wealth
of nations,
As it truly is the State of well-being,
That inspires the desire,
To be free,
To express,
Universal rights in peace.



RIGHT HUMAN

Human rights,
Is it wrong,
To give something that is ...

Inherent,
Inalienable,
Cellular,
Spiritual,
Spectacular,

From the heights
Of human evolution.

Universal declaration,
Universal separation,
The nation state,
Draws its boundary line,
The line of contention,
Full of suspicion,
What a pity,

We need an international treaty,
It seems quite a feat just to get
Agreement,
A world fragmenting into the struggle for power,
A figment of the imagination goes sour,
It is now the hour,
To move realism to the side,

To step away from pride,
Economic rationalism,
Is irrational and insane,
Taking the link from the food chain,
Joy out of work becomes a strain,
The missing link,
Doesn't look back to where it has been,
And look within,
The microcosm feeds the macrocosm,
It is really the human face,
The character is the letter of the law,
What for,
Go to principle,
It is simple,
Shine the torch of peace within,
When the other loses,
There is no win,
Ever.

The book is old,
Cobwebs grow where
Interest used to be,
A universal covenant,
A sacred vowel,
Inherently true,
Was sacred between me and you,

We saw the reflection
Of the one,
In the two.

The community came soon,
Now the holocaust looms,
The tiger runs from the mouse,
It is determined and meek,
But roars when it squeaks,
It's deterrence is bluff,
It feels raw and sharp,
It is driving us to the end,
Of the cliff of possible futures,
It is consumed with its passion,
We are going to crash on the rocks of denial,
In single file we march off the pier,
So insincere,
So mislead,
Cyber noise incessantly fed.

But you can turn off,
You can turn the page,
You can make a decision
At this late stage,
You can decide you have the power,
Not the power to abuse,

But an inner strength,
That you must never lose.

When the ending is the beginning,
Loving is winning,
Polarities diffused into the ether,
Where success is normal weather,
Climate change stays the same,
The game is of Win Win,
Our family is kin,
In your arms my freedom takes flight
on the kite of your support,
The winds rustle my hair,
With you,
I don't care,
We're important,

We dare,
To care,
For someone
else.



(This was given to Former Justice Kirby)

**A HIGHER COURT OF NATURAL JUSTICE DECIDES THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR ALL**

What is Justice?

Is it a hearing?

Is it evidence based?

Is it legal
representation?

Is it to speak the truth,

the whole truth

and nothing but the truth?

So help me God!

I walk through the High Court of Australia,

Warm carpets of tangerine,

Paintings of Queen and country,

A profile of the High Court Justices,

A line up of men and few women,

I think of the feminine and masculine,

Logic and emotional intelligence rebalancing,

For I know to balance the scales of justice,

She must stand blind to prejudice,

Deaf to False Evidence Appearing Real (FEAR),

And unable to speak untruths,

For the truth in the highest courts of justice,

Set all free.

A walking meditation on justice for 15 years,

I contemplate fairness as all being equal before the
law,



I wonder at the language of lawyers and why it is
about winning or losing but not learning?

I sit with conflict resolution as a solution to
emotional turmoil as the soil of discontent,

I reflect on the fate of the many who toil,

At the hands of the few who do not recoil,

For the decision for power or conscience is the
litmus test of genuine democracy.

The Magna Carta is displayed as the foundation
stone of justice,

Human rights are the Charter that recites the letter
of the law,

Yet can those with letters give wise counsel?

For the right to be human suppresses a silent
scream for freedom,

Injustice is deception parading as innocence with
eloquence in tandem,

When demonization becomes the brush that
smears the true picture,

There is no charity or clemency when winning the
argument is the ends justifying the means,

As truth becomes the barrier to unfettered greed
and misdeeds,

That can be buried alive when precedent becomes
the gavel of injustice.

As I sit in the highest court in silent repose,

I feel prose arising to uncover the song lines,

I am impartial as I feel for suppression orders,

I ask do orders suppress ...

The freedom of movement,
The freedom of speech,
The freedom to a fair trial,
When threatened by the revealing of truth?

I ask earnestly ...

What of equality of all before the law?
What happens when legal aid is not available to the poor?
What of equity and equality subverted?
For lawyers are word smiths where truth can be perverted,
Allegations can be false evidence spun as ignorance is converted,
Is justice fairness? OR dispensed by expensive lawyers?
Are lawyers there to resolve conflict OR to win a fight?
Why must words angrily degenerate in to abuse?
What of honour and respect?
Is this not violating the human right of freedom from fear and persecution?
How can negative words be the liberator of truth?
For fear and truth are not bedfellows,
Fear shuts down, hides, conceals and leaves,
Love heals, reveals, shares and stays,
So is justice fear or love?
Only love reveals true answers,
As justice purifies the guilty heart,

Illuminating a way out of the darkness obscuring our shared humanity.

I feel the Roman Coliseum as the modern forum for Agora's of discord,
Where intellectuals joust for fame and titles,
The poor entertain spectators,
As wins become trophies and reputation as people are trials and tribulations,
In conflict that never end wars but impose control orders as retribution as solutions,
Social order is the legislated purpose,
Yet an order imposes without truth or resolution,
A jail term restricts without learning wisdom,
For the true transformation occurs in the heart of realisation,
And this resides within indigenous lore,
For the spirit of justice is natural law,
Karma is the cycle and the circle completing,
For what you do to another always returns to the self,
In this life or the next,
For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction,
Relativity rebalances the karmic scales,
Where in the end no-one fails to learn the lesson,
For life is in-session,
As the real school without walls,
For when one falls down,
Wisdom helps us up to our feet
empowering change by example,
Punishment pushes us to our knees to repent,

As fear and control cannot evoke conscience,

For the heart resides in the seat of the soul,

Appealing for the resolution of ALL conflict,

For it is the responsibility of those that know
to tell the blind horseman on the blind horse
that he is heading towards the abyss,

As justice is not being seen to be done
but must be done and then be seen,

As visibility,

Fairness and equality are the horseman that can see further than self
interest,

Resurrecting a renewable Magna Carta of the 21st century,

A noble roundtable where all have a seat and a say,

For all are responsible for truth and justice in the pursuit of real
happiness,

And this is the justice of the peace,

That brings real peace into justice



(This was inspired by the High Court of Australia)

THERE IS NO JUSTICE

Anything I say,
Will be used against me,
For no matter full disclosure,
No-one is interested in the
truth,
A fact I could never understand,
Until now.



I have been informally labelled a stalker,
The word chokes in my throat,
I feel sick to the stomach,
I cry as the trauma will not subside,
I rock as there is no-one to hold me,
There is no-one to talk to,
There is no compassion for my plight,
They think they are right,
No matter my words,
No matter my assurances,
No matter the truth,
I am wrong,
In their suspicious eyes,
I am to blame for everything,
I am nothing... just a name.

I know the image demonization creates,
I know the ugliness of the allegation,
And I feel dishonoured and abused,
My disclosures ignored,
My facts irrelevant,
For there is only one that is heard,
And I have learned that justice does not reside,
In academia.
There is nothing I can say,
When no-one wants the truth,
I exposed my heart and soul so others could know,

I shared my intimate life to be clear,
I did so with fear, I shed many tears,
I believe in truth more than my own life.

My words are just ink on a page,
Under the title 'case management',
My life has no value or worth,
For who I am disappears under the weight of
whatever...

I feel the paper weight,
It weighs heavily on my heart,
My heart is broken in a way beyond repair,
As I stare into nothingness I don't care,
As justice died for me in your lies.

Who cares? Who cares? Who cares?
I whisper in the depth of this moment,
No-one, No-one, No-one silently returns.
I pray for an ending that has no beginning.
Perhaps I am at the beginning of the end.

I don't know
...anything

I don't want to know
... any more.

*(This poem was written when desiring to end my life.
It is why Justice is important).*

