

WHO ARE THE CRIMINALS?

Massachusetts, with solemn pride,
Upheld her courts; and two men died.

The brazen state house on the hill
Shrieked to the world her right to kill.

Massachusetts squared her jaw
And loosed her holy hounds of law.

Shrewd dogs are they who know red bait,
Well-trained for punishment and hate.

The judges, rulers, rich men smile,
And silk-gowned ladies feast in style.

To such what means the awful chair?
Or whether trials are just and fair?

Cruel men, beware! The Christs you kill
Will walk in power with us still!

Within your room of harnessed fire
You have built a mighty martyrs' pyre.

By the great Grand Jury of Mankind
You stand condemned as fools and blind.

Your folly proves a turning key
To set the hordes of the crushed ones free!

—*Vincent G. Burns*