



**Bradley Murff**

**Law School for Anyone**

Any law school worth a damn teaches this  
one truth: the law is about what you can show.  
You can show the blood on the glove in the woods.  
An attorney can powerpoint a suspect's face  
dashing through a parking lot of pistol smoke.  
You can wheel a body into the courtroom  
and make its lacerations speak. During the trial  
you can show the jury how it would have gone  
had the assailant bought a box of doughnuts  
instead of a bag of heroin, had he enjoyed  
whittling tiny canoes instead of slicing throats,  
had he called a taxi, rather than stagger alone  
to his beaten-down truck. You can even ask him  
questions like: Sir, what's your favorite movie?  
Let me guess: Die Hard, no, Dumb and Dumber?  
Or perhaps, Sir, do you like being tickled? Your Honor,  
may I have permission to approach and tickle the witness?  
And of course she'll say yes because it would be  
surreal or at least different from the everyday  
torture of sitting on a bench in judgment of others.  
Perhaps the judge will pose for a selfie with the criminal,  
the prosecutor, and the public defender alike.  
And then just maybe, the family of the slaughtered  
will forget, for a second, why they woke up early  
that June morning, put on their Sunday best and drove  
downtown, passing vacant shops along the way.