Sympathy for the Devil

*For Derek Chauvin*

Hearing the verdict,

His mask hindering contagion,

Concealing what mouth and jaw

Might reveal.

His eyes, shifting left and right,

Like someone betrayed,

Suggesting that new technology

May have overcome

400 years of impunity.

Could truth,

*The ineluctable modality of the visible,*

Transform this devil?

Perhaps a tear, a slumping head,

Anything the might signal

The beginning of his journey,

Back to humanity,

Or is every cop a criminal?