

Feudal Rules of Civil Procedure

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*I am a weary pikeman on the field of litigation
in the motion-drafting phalanx of a mercenary Knight;
we do battle o'er the treaties wrought by warring corporations
in their quest to sunder market-foes with economic might.
Now we've lately taken orders to subdue a wayward vassal
who declared independence from the franchise of his Lord,
so the seigeworks of injunction we have laid to his White Castle
and when that has done its damage we'll release the Lawyer-Horde!*

*Oh, the Horde's a certain coup-de-grâce to deal a struggling firm,
for we're vicious with a battle-fax and quick to storm the gate;
when we've smote the foe with yammering to make a hero squirm,
then the toil-weary Mamluks standing guard will know their fate:
we will pillage without worry for conventions of engagement,
we will leave no well un-salted and no conference room un-sacked,
for our Lords prefer their enemies to suffer low debasement,
and we'll earn our full retainer when we raise the creaking rack!*

*We are thugs in woolen armor shrieking Latin battle-cries,
our opponents we will bludgeon 'till we've left their wallets bleeding;
we will crush them 'neath a million sheets of ev'ry shape and size
filled with factless corporate drivel unrelated to the pleadings.
(Lo! The cruelties of corporate war can hardly bear repeating!)
Though as troops we're lacking manners, we are nothing if not pious
so as battle looms we take our knees to importune the heavens:
we seek blessings on the "civil" RICO pleadings drafted by us,
(and forgiveness for the heed we failed to take of Rule 11).*

*When at length our ram is poised to batter down their weak defenses
and our Briefs of Death are sharpened, spelling-checked and Shepardized,
then the foe will offer tribute of his profits and his rents
in return for which we'll low'r the flags and loosen up our ties.
Then as pikemen we'll recede into the respite of our quarters
though the knights regale their partners with accounts of derring-do;
we will bill away our hours drafting memos, briefs and orders
while our Lords survey the kingdom for another foe to screw.*

