



The Great Writ

WITH APOLOGIES TO E.A. POE (AND ANNABEL LEE),
JUSTICE J. MICHAEL EAKINS, AND THE S.D.N.Y.

Laura I Appleman

*It was many and many a month ago,
In the magnificent New York City,
That a criminal appellate defender there lived
Who fought for her clients without fee;
And this defender she struggled to bring the best case
For appellant against appellee.*

*I was a lawyer and he was a judge,
This Justice J. Michael E.,
But we battled with a battle that was more than a battle,
Appellant against appellee;
With a battle that the other attorneys in court
Feared for my client and me.*

*And this was the reason that, long ago,
In the magnificent New York City,
I received the decision from the court
Holding for the appellee;
So that my client with tears of pure grief
Renewed his attentions to me,
To appeal his case to the federal court,
The Southern District of old N.Y.C.*

*Those judges, charged with the federal law,
So much more favorable to me –
Yes! – that was the solution (as all crim. lawyers know,
In the magnificent New York City)
To get around AEDPA, by hook or by crook,
And get habeas for appellant's last plea.*

*For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of that case from October weary;
And the stars never rise but I feel the deep sighs
Of appellant losing to appellee;
And so, although leaving the defender life
For towers academe and ivory;
I still have desire to try that last try
So appellant may beat appellee;
So appellant may beat appellee.*

THE END.

