



The Law as a Broken Clock

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Time moves slowly, endlessly, a broken loop—  
Tick-tock, they say justice for all, But for who? And  
at what cost?

The courtroom is silent,  
Yet outside, the streets are loud, The  
**bourgeoisie's** voices rise in power, While  
the **proletariat** work for hours.

9-10 am, the suits take their place,  
Behind closed doors in a high-stakes case.  
The **repeat players** grin, there victory is clear,  
While the **one-shotters** realize their loss is here.

The law is everywhere watching us, eyes unwavering— The  
**panopticon** is always there.  
Do they see me staring back?  
Do they care?

Tick. The promise of **formal equality**,  
Tock. The reality of divide. **Symbolic law**  
offers hope on paper, But hope won't heal  
our side.

11 pm debate—should I take a stand?  
Speak my truth or play by their rules?  
12 am stare—at the political conflict on my screen  
1 am loneliness—facing a system so large, so cold.  
2 am thoughts—of all the ways the law fails us.  
3 am consumed—by the glowing lies on screens, **The Rule of  
Law** promises fairness the la  
4 w never delivers.

Where has justice gone?

Why has fairness fled?

We are left with **repressive laws** that silence the people,

And **surveillance societies** with **Urban Governance** that call it safety.

**Substantive equality** never to be seen,

While **hegemonic power** takes the scene—

5 am: How long can this clock run?

How long before a revolution, a riot, a protest?

9-10 am: I wake, knowing the cycle will repeat.

Day by Day.

Tick.

Tock.

Justice, forever delayed.