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They Came and Got my Friend Jim Today

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Karen Knig

They Came and Got My Friend Jim Today

They came and got my friend Jim today.
(I saw it all on the evening news at six.)
The police broke down his door early one morning
Toward the end of November,
When the sun had not risen above the mountains yet.
Jim was still in bed dreaming dreams.
They did not even show him the courtesy
To let him wake up peacefully in his own bed,
Or think about his life and what he might do that day.
They did not even let him brush his teeth or drink a cup of coffee.
They found two joints
And hauled him away in a pair of handcuffs.