

HOLIDAY POEM

Dear readers:

I humbly submit this poem in light of the holidays, in hopes of offering a reprieve from the assumed tedium of my normal column. I hope you read it in kindest jest, as it is intended, and that it haunts your holidays, pleasantly.



Vesselin Mitev
Vesselin Mitev, Esq.

Upon a dark night, stormy, dreary,
Perusing net worths, I grew weary,
And pen in hand and Westlaw browsing
I must have dozed off; startled, rousing,
I heard a knock upon my door.
This noise to me it made no sense
Clasping shut Prince, on Evidence,
I shuffled off the slumber cobwebs
And peered into blackness hence.
Outside wind whipped boughs bent and whistled
The night dew shivered 'pon the thistle
But there stood no one at my door
I clasped it shut alone once more.
This fever dream I'm now recounting
Seemed too real:
I stood alone at counsel's table and

Currently I'm ren'd unable to describe to
you dear reader the ghastly apparition
that arose before me then.

It assumed the human condition
but appeared gnarled, feral,
its vestigial position only vaguely
reminiscent of its origin of men.

"Mr. Mitev," the phantom croaked,
from inside its hollow cloak,
"are you ready to proceed?"

"I am, Your Honor, indeed, this matter
is now on for trial"

I heard myself responding as the spectre
guffawed, choked,

And nodding to something vile behind me,
that first snickered then it tittered,
then along the floor it skittered,
Arising 'fore-bench to announce:

"Counsel, but haven't you learned?
Your matter's once more been adjourned!"

Peals of laughter rose and followed
Each more hollow than more hollow and
The courtroom of immense proportion
Melted away; in my trance

I stood again not comprehending
How this nightmare was unending

When something grabbed me by the hand
And shook it hard.

"So good to see you" hissed this
be-spoked spirit

"Sent you an offer; did you see it?
It's good till five pm today.

And if your client should reject it," swayed and
buckled forth the wraith

"We'll see you in Brooklyn for a stay."
Next was something far more sinister

'fore a spectacled magister
I stood.

And while it shuffled papers
made up of nothing more than vapors
it grumbled hoarsely, deathly; then
it spoke, this apparition:
"Pon review of the petition, this Court be
most bound by tradition, and declines its
jurisdiction, so go away, away, away!"

I responded, quite despondent, "Sir! You have
yet to hear my plea!"

"Does not matter," rasped the spectre, "No good
will

come upon this vector, you who represent
Respondent, failed to file his FDA!"

Finally I lay surrounded by nurses,
orderlies, abounded,
concerned looks on all their faces;

"By the graces!" I
shouted: "Somebody tell me my prognosis –
is it deep *id*thrombosis
or of the spirit, a necrosis? Please relieve me,
ill at ease!"

The room parted as the doctor
head bowed, approached.

"Your particular affliction, I'm afraid is
quite contagious."
He paused; I yelped:

"This is outrageous! Why won't anyone inform me
of my malady? In mourning are you all already?
Oh, indeed, woe is me."

The next words the doctor uttered, chilled my bones
and made

me shudder, and had I not been laying prone
I should have dropped upon my knees; he said:
"I regret I must inform you, we indeed have come to
mourn you.

The diagnosis is confirmed. Prognosis: death. The
cause: Black Robe Disease.

Note: Vesselin Mitev is a partner at Ray, Mitev & Associates, LLP, a New York litigation boutique with offices in Manhattan and on Long Island. His practice is 100 percent devoted to litigation, including trial, of all matters including criminal, matrimonial/family law, Article 78 proceedings and appeals.