

Friday afternoon, July 17th

Last night I was afraid to go to sleep. It was as if closing my eyes was going to cause me to die. There is nothing more to do. There are no more arguments to make. Now I understand why so many of the guys who have been through it before, who have been away to prison, keep talking about appeals. They want to continue the argument, and the system has said that it is over.

My case fills me. When I left the courtroom after the judge's instructions to the jury, I saw Mama clinging to my father's arm. There was a look of desperation on her face. For a moment I felt sorry for her, but I don't anymore. The only thing I

can think of is my case. I listen to guys talking about appeals and I am already planning mine.

Every word that has been said in court is burned into my brain. "Steve Harmon made a moral decision," Ms. Petrocelli said. I think about December of last year. What was the decision I made? To walk down the streets? To get up in the morning? To talk to King? What decisions did I make? What decisions didn't I make? But I don't want to think about decisions, just my case. Nothing is real around me except the panic. The panic and the movies that dance through my mind. I keep editing the movies, making the scenes right. Sharpening the dialog.

"A getover? I don't do getovers," I say in the movie in my mind, my chin tilted slightly upward. "I know what right is, what truth is. I don't do tightropes, moral or otherwise."

I put strings in the background. Cellos. Violas.