

Lizzie's Pears

*Lizzie Borden took an axe
And gave her Mother forty whacks.
And when she saw what she had done,
She gave her Father forty-one—*

Forgive me, Lizzie... *Step-Mother*, as you made it very clear
Not forty to Abby, not forty-one to Father;
Twenty-nine split unevenly between two did nicely
While hot August cooked a stench of kill O' wise gone to rot
Freedom reeks of liquid copper haunting a nose cut off;
In spite of its face—

Maggie swore she heard your muffled laughter from up the stairs
Pears are pears in threes when falling from ripe trees;
Unkindness beholds crooning pigeons

Ten handkerchiefs sprinkled, flats were cold, fire smoldered
Sinkers could not drown a lie? Meat of another kind spread wide
Autopsy performed atop the dining room table; sister Emma came
Running home thereafter to feast upon wealth of a beast ever-after

One slick eye-ball gazed misplaced, after breakfast went amiss
Prussic Acid, only 10 cents, less a bloody mess might have been tidy
But, unclean bread set a sickening mood through moldy dwellings
Poisons purged, naturally—Yes, before the eye-ball incident...

Thinking of your birds while lingering beneath sweet smelling trees
Footprints later went missing with a burning blue dress;
Red tide cycle subside, and everything looks different

Sunday school children sang on without their teacher, most macabre
Parents whispered accounts of a headless funeral, black procession rudely
Interrupted; something never returned to complete fleshless family grins
Scaring seasoned daemons, they finally lay out in a neat little row, Oh grim!
Pears are pears in threes when falling from ripe trees;
Unkindness beheads crooning pigeons

*“Hacking is almost a positive sign of a deed by a woman who is unconscious
of what she is doing” Leading physician reports—*

Well, let us all be conscious, dear, while we do what it is that we do;
those of us
Who do a deed respectively provoked.
Subconscious inspirations sewn & reaped
Eat, and bury not seeds of fallen things, or re-bloom what offered opportunity
Evidence simmered down to ruin a cast-iron kettle,
which was black as the pot—

Waste not, want not, Lizbeth.

It was right in front of their dim faces, wasn't it?
You must have laughed through the off hours,
while rocking in your creaking chair
Candles lit up darkest nights,
sharp licks of jumping light making familiar shapes
Dance; beside you, baskets of pears all a yellow-green glow—

Pears are pears in threes when falling from ripe trees;
Unkindness beheads crooning pigeons.