

## *Nothing to Gain*

Augusta balanced a bible on his head,  
Told him to be her good, good boy  
Fed little Eddie tales—whores, demons, fire, brimstone.  
Brother was a bad, bad boy?

Augusta finally died, stole out with her son's mind,  
rode away—way, way down on the back of her  
flying black book, its leather wings spread wide, wide,  
wide—illuminated in colors of orange by firelight  
Whores and Demons met her—gates opened—  
She broke into vicious sweats; writhing scholars  
Of another kind laughed, taunted Augusta's  
Reading comprehension skills.

There hung no exit signs upon any wall,  
and she noticed there lay out no welcome mats  
to make her feel at home.  
Her feet caught fire, melted into the floor while  
A whore fed tales to her—Husbands visiting loose women,  
Angels disrobed by bad, confused sons.

Augusta; force fed until she choked.  
Over, and over again—

Eddie said goodbye his way, released tension.  
All built up; missed her here and there.  
Sent Mother off with a bang that opened a creative mind.

Madness redecored the farm house they once shared  
Faces of women stared down from dirty walls, while he  
Pranced around wearing Mother's clothes—Ed had a friend in Gus  
They went digging for old bones, new leather pieces to dress a  
Gory abode.

He brought women home but they never had much to say,  
So, he put them on display. Who lit up the room? Soft glow  
Of Lamplight through Eddie's lonely nights, while strange belts  
Never fit quite right, although pride struck him anyway.  
Creative addiction inspired transformation—Transformation,  
Pupas, moth's torn wings soon repaired and he might fly away  
With Mother.

He did—  
Way, way down on the back of her  
flying black book, its leather wings spread wide, wide,  
wide—illuminated in colors of orange by firelight.

Augusta met him at the door, became furious when she  
Saw Eddie wearing her best dress, and a little bit more.

Nothing to Gein but an ode to Mother.