The Ballad of Jesco an' Norma Jean

Kriscinda L. Meadows
Gettysburg College, meadkr01@cnav.gettysburg.edu
Class of 2009

Follow this and additional works at: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury

Part of the Poetry Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Available at: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2008/iss1/15

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
The Ballad of Jesco an' Norma Jean

Keywords
creative writing, poetry

Author Bio
Kriscinda Meadows is a junior English major, concentrating on the Gothic, with a Writing minor. She gave her first paper at Oxford on the zombie genre audience, and her second in Boston regarding HP Lovecraft's "Reanimator" stories and Burke's sublime aesthetic. This last year also saw the publication of her short horror story, "Wall-eyed" in the The Undead: Flesh Feast, a zombie anthology. Currently, she is studying in Bath, England and filling the gaps in her knowledge of 19th century Gothic. She usually lives in Gettysburg, with her partner, Peter, and their Spook.

This poetry is available in The Mercury: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2008/iss1/15
The Ballad of Jesco an’ Norma Jean

“Ever time I think about the past it comes back up in the future, a-messin’ up with my good life.” -Jesco White, Dancing Outlaw

He didn’t knowed ‘er ‘til he met her. His sister knowed ‘er, and waved the car t’a halt—tryin’ t’get tuh the Double Super Buzz. Norma Jean weared rich clothes, the kind that sparkled, shimry. He said, “I think I’m fallin’ in love,” an’ she drove, with her glasses—not the costly kind that could git a man kilt. He asked if she could see without ‘em. He took ‘em off ‘er and kissed ‘er.

She says there’re three husbands—Jesse, Jesco, and Elvis, and it must’ve be’n Jesse that put that charm on so thick that night, instead of robbin’ ‘er blind. But it’s Jesco who tars of eatin’ them sloppy, slimy eggs, gonna put her to bed in a coffin, gonna blow her brains ‘cross the dash.

Jesse says thar’s love an’ happiness, Jesco finds sorrow, hatred an’ madness. An’ Elvis gives way, out the trailer, to plywood in the mud, ta sharp shoes his daddy give ‘im. Shuffles soft in sports socks n’ spitz, an’ when ‘e hits the ground, on bend’d knee, ‘e can feel that shot shoot straight up from his shoes, and the shell spread like a rhinestone cape ‘cross D. Ray’s back—best in Boone County. Better ‘er worse, Norma Jean saw it all.