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## The Ballad of Jesco an' Norma Jean

Kriscinda L. Meadows

Gettysburg College, meadkr01@cnav.gettysburg.edu

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# The Ballad of Jesco an' Norma Jean

**Keywords**

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**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.

## 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*

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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.