The Ballad of Jesco an' Norma Jean

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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.

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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 that’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.