

The Peace Offering

By Mark Edgemon

(Inspired by Robin Lipinski's challenge on the topic, "Rusting Gold at the Bottom of the Septic Tank".)

A present for you, a seal of my commitment,
From the legacy which bares my name.

A hundred years ago it was new,
Given to my beloved great, great grandmother
By her husband, who loved her soul.
She died with child in arms only moments after receiving the gift,
As if the charm was cursed, that was to hang upon her neck.

The offering was pried from her fingers,
Her arms pulled apart to release her infant son,
As she lay lifeless on the floor.
Her man grieved for time unending for what could have been.

Years later, the talisman was discovered by the rightful heir,
The grandfatherly patriarch of our family.
He gave it to his wife of 50 years that evening.

My grandmother enjoyed her evening meal,
Until she choked while drinking a glass of water.
The golden chain unlatched when she fell.

The man who loved her did not live long hence,
For his grief, tormented his soul by the hour.
He found solace in death's sweet release.

My father, gave the charm to my mother on their anniversary,
High atop a Ferris wheel, the year the carnival came to town.
She stretched to clasp it, but it fell to the ledge beneath.
She strained to reach it, but the brace which held her securely snapped,
Causing her to fall, hitting every girder on the way down.

Horror gripped those who saw her demise.
The paramedics retrieved the charm necklace from the ground,
Handing it to my father as they carried her body away.
My father began rubbing it between his fingers in disbelief.

My wife and I were always having problems.
Susan knew every button to push and hammered me unmercifully.
She took delight in each score of hurt,
For I was no match for her searing wit and malicious rancor.

Until one day I passed a sign, which read,
"Give her a peace offering of jewelry".

And so I offered her this hand me down keep sake,
And in so doing... I found peace!

I left the room and returned moments later,
To find her body on the floor.
I flushed the charm before calling the hospital.
That was many years ago.

The septic service came years later to pump out my system.
I casually looked out the window and saw a workman,
Fingering something he found in the mire.

Evil has a life of it's own!

The End