

## the locket

atlas

Moonlit cafe, jazz in the background  
Clock strikes 12 as my partner gets sat down  
"Mad town, ain't it?" heard him say between the sirens  
But we both knew the answer so there's no point in replying now  
Someone made a call about an hour ago  
About a body found, left out on Countington road  
No signs of struggle, no trauma sticking out or exposed  
Just a heart-shaped locket with two flowers enclosed  
A single rose in a gold-tinted tunic  
With an old-scented tulip wrapped around it's fragile stem  
And behind the flora's aura was engraved a battle hymn  
It read "Better find me before I do it again"  
No cause of death was ever found, nor identity recovered  
It resembled a cadaver that was placed to be discovered  
And it only took two weeks until we found another  
But this time it was the figure of our home state's governor

Wait, wait, wait, wait, no... heart racing  
The same circumstances, location, and pacing?  
The same twisted flowers, same fingerprint erasing  
And the same heart shape with the same gold casing?  
The same engraving, but now a new message:  
"This was your last chance to learn your lesson."  
A threat in/of itself, but upon further inspection  
The carvings housed tainted blood samples and resin  
Close examination led to find the same poison  
In the body of the first victim that had been reported  
Details recorded, mulled over, and considered  
Were thought to be going nowhere until we received a picture  
Of our victims at a party, hot and heavy, sharing hands  
The governor was thought to be a faithful, married man  
So when his wife was named the culprit and was rottin' in the can  
I knew that I had been successful when I had thought to lay my plan