

LAMB

Kevin Ian Dutton

She knew he'd be home soon, she knew what he'd do,
Probably drunk, and in a mood again too,
That she could handle, just the violence she couldn't take,
The cuts and the bruises, the sprains and the breaks.

She sighed with relief as she put down the bags,
From the shopping, on the table by her handbag,
Opened the cupboard, and started to unpack,
When he barged through the door, and commenced his attack.

“Why isn't my tea made, you stupid old cow,”
Banged his fist on the table, scatters shopping around,
But as he loomed over, this time something snapped,
She had finally decided to give him some back.

He grabbed both her arms, flung her down to the floor,
She just couldn't take this, no not any more,
The first thing she could grab was a frozen leg of lamb,
She cracks him hard round the head with, as hard as she can.

He staggered and stuttered, but not from the drink,
Blood from his ear, running red, but first pink,
Slowly but surely, his eyes then glazed over,
And he slumped to the floor, on the lino below her.

She checked him, and yes he was certainly dead,
As relief, and then panic both pulsed through her head,
She ran into the garden, not sure quite what to do,
But she'd planned this before, she knew just what to do.

She went back in the kitchen, cleaned, unpacked all the groceries,
Talking to husband, while he lay there emotionless,
Went out to work, with not a care in the world,
Bottled up the screams till she later returned.

Pretended she'd found him, on her way in from work,
Compressing the voices, which drove her berserk,
Called the police, shedding tears down the phone,
“Who could do this, he was in his own home?”

The policemen arrived and took down all her statements,

Cordons were made, more cops guarded the pavements,
“We’re not sure what happened, did he have many enemies?”
She replied “Hard to tell, I can think of so many!”

The search went round town, for the weapon they used,
Forensics were searching for any small clues,
They couldn’t describe, only a blunt instrument,
Had delivered the blow to the head he was sent.

No evidence found, not even small clues,
No real signs of a struggle, to the boys in blue,
The only thing sure was the blow to the head,
It seemed so many people had wanted him dead.

The time then had come, to pack up for the night,
The policeman asked her if she would be alright,
She replied “I’m so scared, would you stay here for dinner?”
The PC said yes, thinking she was no sinner.

The dinner they had, was his finest in ages,
Potatoes, and vegetables, stuffing with sage,
Unaware he had helped her to complete her plan,
Sipping his wine as he finished his lamb.

“Lamb” © 2007 by Kevin Ian Dutton

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 2 2007