THE POETRY OF AN ORDINARY MAN
AND OTHER COMPILED WRITINGS

HOW LOST LOVE SHAPED A MAN
IN PREPARATION FOR HIS
REDISCOVERING OF SELF

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO
ALL OF THOSE WHO HAVE LOST IN LOVE
YET REMAIN LOST IN TRUE LOVE
FOREWORD

I began writing poetry in January 1989 with my first poem titled "Her Eyes" (Dawn Marie). This poem was composed the day after I had met my bride to be. It truly was love at first sight for me. I began to feel and emote such powerful feelings. I had to write! She has never read this poem as I kept my love for poetry hidden from her and the world. Simply put, I did not want to be embarrassed if the most beautiful woman that I loved thought me weak. It was not manly to draw from the deep well of even deeper emotions. For years my love of the great poets grew. I wanted to write openly but pressure shamed me of this burning passion. How foolish was I as a young man.

It was never and will never be my intention to be mentioned in the same breath as those revered poets of old. I only wanted to write what I was feeling. That is the sole basis for this compilation. Poetry can be many things to many people but I have discovered that poetry is for self. No, it is not selfish but rather an outlet to express one's innermost feelings. I have lived a life of extremes, triumphs to tragedies and everything in between yet I am not bitter but rather I am blessed. In the midst of the triumphs of love and the tragedies of lost love, I was able to find me. So you may ask who I am? I am sorry. I am sorry that I did not share my love, my passion, my humble gift.

I have read and studied the many and varied styles of poetry with my favorites being the works of Edgar Allan Poe. Poe seemed to be a man much like myself, living a hard life, beset by the tragedy
of lost love. A man who only wanted to love and be loved. It was
his distinct yet melancholy works that had a profound influence
on me. I describe it much like the finest of brandy's which Poe
loved so much. Dark, rich, warming and satisfying to one's own
soul.

In my own works I attempted to incorporate differing characteristics.
For example, "Anaphora" or when the beginning of each line in a
poem repeats the same first letter, word, or phrase as found in
"The Death Of One". I also found that experimenting with meter,
foot, and scansion was enjoyable as well as challenging as found
in "Suicide's Tercet".

While not all poetry that you will read in this book is structured
or could even be placed into specific genre's or poetic categories,
I implore you to read them first to simply get a "gut" reaction
to what you have read. Second, read them again slowly and place
yourself into the emotion of the poem and the poet. Finally, try
to discover the many differing elements that are composed into the
body of the poem. Above all have fun! Enjoy the poetry. Poetry
is fun. If you choose to write your own poetry, do not hold back.
Go ahead and let your creative side couple with you emotional side
and you just might be surprised at the results.

Steven M. Crutchfield
THE
POETRY
OF AN
ORDINARY MAN
HAIKUS

A Japanese lyric verse form having three unrhymed lines of verse consisting of five, seven, and five syllables respectively. This form of verse is generally about nature.
Jagged craggy rocks
Standing in all her glory
It's wall of duty
FOUR LEAF CLOVER

One four leaf clover
A searching for many years
Hope found in luck
PRISON GRAVEYARD

Graveyard on the hill
Convicted, life begets death
Death is one's freedom
EAGLE

Eagle flying high
On nature's currents soaring
Majestic freedom
SPIDERWEB

Spiderweb glistens
Dew drops of the morning sun
Beckoning it's prey
NORTHERN LIGHTS

Lights spectacular
Aurora Borealis
Beauty of the night
NATURE

A deep green forest
Come upon a waterfall
Splashes dance awhile
ROSES

Spring roses budding
Dew drops kiss velvet petals
Nature's sweet incense
HOPE GROWS

Weed of insolence
Emerald green in stone gray
Hope in persistence
OMINOUS

Cumulonimbus
Mother Nature's own anvil
Thunder and lightning
STILL WATERS

A single pebble
Tossed into still waters
Ripples and waves dance
ALKUS

An Alku is a standard Haiku with each successive word using alliteration for each line of verse. This form of verse was developed by the author in the fall of 2005.
SUNSET POND

Peaceful pallid pond
Sunset's silhouette shadows
Calmative cattails
NATURE'S NATURE

Brooks babbling by
Wind whips wavering willows
Meadows morning mist
FREE FORM

RELIGIOUS
The old man was tired and gray.
Use me Lord is what he would pray.

He guided his feet and shuffled along.
Once a young man, vibrant and strong.

But now he is aged, wise but slow,
his heart full of love, I want you to know.

I am sure he has prayed many an hour on bended knee,
praying for men, men like me.

For I am the reason and the cause,
that great men like you stop and pause.

Your love of the Lord day after day,
has caused my life to greatly change.

Your love for me is the Lord's delight,
as you teach me to fight the good fight.

So I pen these words of thanks to you,
for all of the prayers on knees that you do.

I hope some other to lend a hand,
to help him know how to be a praying man.
CALLED AWAY

God's will is an awesome thing.
My bride I give you this wedding ring.
Follow me both day and night.
Pray without ceasing, fight the good fight.
The love of the Father is its own power.
He will meet you in your darkest hour.
As low as the valleys, as high as the trees,
God the Father beckons, trust in me.
My child you worry and experience doubt,
read my word and you will know all about.
The love of the Father, the love of the Son,
the love of the Holy Spirit who comforts everyone.
I have heard your cries and your pleas.
Now look toward Heaven and trust in me.
I am the Lord, the God of Moses,
I have all power and you shall know this.
I shall reign forever on high,
When my Son comes in the eastern sky.
Like a thief in the night he comes to call away,
those who are faithful and those who obeyed.
I will see all my friends on Hallelujah Square.
What a wonderful time we'll all have up there.
FATHER'S EYES

To you my Father do I pen these words.
Many a man believes it absurd.

To write to one that I cannot see,
but I know that you are keeping watch over me.

Watching and caring both day and night.
Showing me Your way, showing me Your light.

A light unto my path, a lamp unto my feet,
on bended knee is where we meet.

I offer you my love, my songs of praise,
to He who keeps me in all of Your ways.

Lord of my life, Lord of my heart,
please stay with me and never depart.

Your word is true, tried by fire,
to be more like you is my only desire.

In Your presence, here am I,
the apple of my Father's eye.
MY SON

Why God, why choose me?
I am not worthy of grace and mercy.

Why God, did I do what I did?
You called me, Your eyes keep not hid.

I hear Your voice, I hear Your call.
I let go, do not let me fall.

You said "my son be grateful in the vine",
I am yours and you are mine.

Why God, why me above everyone?
He simply replied "because I love you my son."
TOUCH ME

Touch me Lord, touch me I pray.  
Change me Lord, change me today.

Touch me Lord, here in my hell.  
Have mercy on me, on knees I fell.

Touch me Lord and hear my call.  
Wipe away my tears as they fall.

Touch me Lord, this is my plea.  
Convict my heart that I may see.

Touch me Lord, touch my heart.  
So I may repent and do my part.

Touch me Lord and save my soul.  
Touch me Lord and make me whole.
JUSTIFIED

Just if I'd never had sinned,
He allowed these words to be penned.
Because His blood spilled on Simon's shoe,
and said "my son, this blood is for you".
Just if I'd never done wrongs,
in the Lamb's Book of Life my name belongs.
He hung on the cross in place, in lieu,
and said "my daughter, this blood is for you".
Just if I'd never did hurt,
the spear pierced His side and His blood did spurt.
He cried "Father forgive them for they know not what they do".
He looked over them all and said "this blood is for you".
Just if I'd never caused spite,
to the depths of hell He went to fight.
Just if I'd never prayed on bended knee,
He conquered death and hell, ascending with the keys.
His pain was real, His nail scarred hands two,
as He said "my child, this blood is for you".
Just if I'd never did hate,
my Savior I meet at Heaven's gate.
Just if I'd asked for who,
He replied, "my son, this blood is for you".
GRACE NOT GRIEF

For by faith are you saved through grace,
let His countenance lift up your face.

And whenever your struggles and strife,
cause a cloud to cover your life.

My friend, be of good cheer,
and know that Christ is near.

For your toils are merely brief,
you are saved by grace, not grief.
DEAR LORD

Dear Lord, when I am down and feeling blue,
I know that on my knees I can seek You.

Dear Lord, You will meet me in the air,
I know You will greet me in my time of despair.

Dear Lord, I cry and bitterly weep,
I pray to God my soul to keep.

Dear Lord, a simple child's prayer,
I pray to Thee, take charge my care.

Dear lord, hold me close and tight,
keep me safe both day and night.

Dear Lord, let Your angels from above,
come in spirit, yes, in love.

Dear Lord, I love You so,
I thought You might just want to know.
Peace be still my Lord commands,
Tumult ceases by the words of a man.
Peace be still, here and now.
Tears well in His eyes and His head begins to bow.
For there is no toil, trouble, or terrible strife,
too much for you to bear in this earthly life.
You do not have to walk in a barren land,
I am the Lord your God, just take My hand.
I will lead you into promises and riches above,
I will lead you by My Spirit and My love.
Seek My face and you shall find Me,
full of grace and full of mercy.
My love is sufficient for everyone,
do not worry, only trust in My Son.
My Son the Savior in whom I am well pleased,
child repent, only believe.
Believe that My Son died for all of your sin,
Be washed in the blood and enter in.
Enter into the Father's will,
and hear My voice cry "peace, be still".
ALONE? NO, LONELY!

I cry out "I am so alone".
You say "no My son, you are just lonely".
I ponder where You are?
You say "my son, you did not see me,
but I passed you in a breath of wind".
I cry "Father, I need Your physical touch".
You say "my son I gently kissed you with the warmth of the sun".
Please O' Lord, let me hear you is my plea.
You say "my son, I sang you a beautiful song,
by the birds of the air".
I fall on my knees and cry aloud.
In my loneliness, I failed to see You.
Now, my loneliness has lead me back to You.
And You say "my son, you were lonely, never alone".
MIND OVER MATTER

Mind over matter is what the world tells.
Head over heart as selfish pride wells.

Actions over thoughts is what we are told.
Speaking over listening to prove we are bold.

Pride over humility, win at all costs.
Self over service and nothing is lost.

Comfort over pain is the world's call.
Cynicism over love, prepare for the fall.

Is it mind over matter?
No! It is a matter over the mind.
HER EYES (DAWN MARIE)

Dawn Marie! Dawn Marie!
Fawn brown were the eyes of she.
Trusted I, the eyes of her who took hostage my heart,
eyes of a cherub that brought forth love
from the midst of the loveless,
and lifted the countenance of a weary man
in search of everlasting matrimony.

At first sight, loved I you that you should be my bride.
Chosen in life by your fate and my destiny,
to share in the oneness of life's happiness.
Cupid could not draw his bow or let fly his arrow
of adoration with such straight and true precision.
Neither could the muse of Erato pen the words
to evoke the expression of love's pure joy.

Truly, our first night together,
the tropical sun set in shame and awe of your beauty.
The moon rose in the night sky
to celebrate the conception of new love.
The stars in heaven sparkled in your eyes
and sang a song of love to my heart.

Never lost in your eyes,
only consumed by what the future would hold, burgeoning love.
Boldly taveled I that future which called unto me.
Friend, bride, lover, mother!
Yielded I to the eyes of she.

Dawn Marie! Dawn Marie!
In your eyes the future I see.
THE GIFT

Since the earliest age of remembrance,
envisioned I the most beautiful of gifts.
Lovely, rare, and precious it was,
but alas, it was not to be in my own time.

O' God in Heaven, turn not thy face from me,
let not my pleas fall upon deaf ears,
keep not thy blessings hid from me.
When will it come? When will it arrive?
Knowing not of it's arrival, patience became my adversary.

Throughout the annals of time, artisans,
craftsman, and sculptors have been unable to capture
the beauty of the gift I seek.
The melodies of Mozart, Bach, and Beethoven could not suffice
to embody the essence of the gift.

The wisdom and oratory of philosophers such as
Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle could not articulate
in thoughts and words, the definition of the gift I seek.

Rembrandt, Van Gogh, and Michaelangelo failed
to seize upon and portray the beauty offered by the gift.
Neither the poetry of Poe nor the sonnets of Shakespeare
could elicit or express the abundance of emotion
that the poetic gift should bring me.

Then, in a single moment of time, there you were,
Heaven's answered prayer, the gift!
The gift of love, the gift of you.
UNTITLED #1

If love is blind then why do I see, the things that have happened to you and me?

UNTITLED #2

Love is something which cannot be explained but must be expressed between two people such as you and I.
SERENADE

One hundred Islands on an emerald sea,
a tropical honeymoon for me and Dawn Marie.

You and I sharing a deserted beach.
You and I sharing only and each.

Across an ocean in the Philippine sea,
is where I fell in love with my Dawn Marie.

Young we were, not aged at all,
young we were but heeded love's call.

Loved we with cherished love, her and me.
I gave no other thought but to love Dawn Marie.

Tropical days and moonlit nights,
sunsets on the beach by candlelight.

I am in love and always will be,
with love only for my Dawn Marie.
AUBADE (MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE)

Tossed I the bottle into the open sea,
it's missive sealed with everlasting love:

Dearest love,
Traveled we this great road of love and life.
Now, I sit alone hurting,
hurting the hurt of a thousand deaths.
Destiny would have served herself much better
by taking my life and sparing yours.
Fate stole you away and fate stole my soul,
I do not live, only exist a numb existance,
loving you more with each passing day.
There is no balm to ease the pain,
only the memories of your smile to help me through each day.
I mourn, not having you by my side each day.
I had it all in you yet I took you for granted.
Forgive me for not loving you more!
I stare out this window
and watch the waves gently lap at beaches edge.
I am reminded of our tropical honeymoon.
O' how your radiance shined, you became my happiness.
Now, the waves are simply waves of despair,
that serve to continually break a broken heart.
Nevertheless, I will go on loving you.
QUESTIONS

O' love of my life, where are you tonight?
Do we share the same hopes and dreams?
Will our love come together again in bliss?
Will this love weather the test of time and distance?
As does the lighthouse shining it's beacon
in the vast darkness of an ocean sky.
It stands everpresent, guiding it's vessels,
our vessels, of love destined to unite into one.
The depths of my yearning are sent to you this night
upon the wings of love and will land upon you only,
depositing it's precious cargo into your heart.
I look towards the heavens which are so vast,
yet you alone are my chosen star.
One star chosen for me in the innumerable galaxy,
a galaxy of love all our own.

O' the ache and despair of this loneliness,
for one who has loved, giving his soul to her,
the one who knows no love but can he love again?
Yes! The flames of love are kindled
by the coals and embers of the past.
A small steady flame that will someday roar again with passion.
The tugging and longing in my heart,
serves to revive a voidless soul.

Truth! Truth! Cries the bitter heart.
Yet all I receive are the vile disputations of her,
the one who cannot love.

Where are you O' mate of my soul?
I toil, it seems, in vain, day in and day out,
searching, hoping, praying for you my precious love.

Two souls searching, longing to be one.
THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE

Hair of chocolate
Eyes of a fawn
Lips of cherry
Skin of alabaster
Smile of a goddess
That's what you are,
Beauty beheld in the eye of the beholder,
love at first sight.

A quaint laugh
An impish grin
A slight turn of your head
A cherubic, engaging glance
That's what you are,
Beauty beheld in the eye of the beholder,
love at first sight.

A breath stolen away
A sigh of fulfillment
My heart yearns
Love blossoms it's new beginnings
That's what you are,
Beauty beheld in the eye of the beholder,
love at first sight.
SLEEPLESS LOVE

Sleep precious bride,
for the day dawns anew.
I watch you sleep,
I watch you breathe,
not wanting to miss even a single breath.
How can one sleep beautiful?
Yet somehow you do.
The moonlight dances upon your mocha hair
while the stars of the night glisten
against your unblemished skin.
Beauty in perfection, perfection in beauty.
A simple touch, a gentle caress,
completes a feeling of unrequited love.
A love that grieves the very core of my being.
Mere words alone, no matter how eloquently
spoken or penned shall ever express
the true height and depth of my love.
Soulmate, bride, lover, friend,
I offer to you all that I am, heart and soul.
TREASURED LOVE

Waiting for something you have longed for,
yearning for it's light.
Open wide thine heart to bear the burden of love's hope.
Hoping for truth, truthfully hoping,
that your soul will share with mine in love's bliss.
Let my eyes of desire adjoin with thy heart of hope.
Let love be birthed in the hearts of two.
Love's treasure to behold.
CHERISHED YOU

Traveled I this toll road of life
in pursuit of the half that makes me whole.
Paid I the handsome toll
traversing the globe in search of you.
Battled I death's woe
battled I loneliness' despair.
Finally to arrive at journey's end.
Rewarded with cherished love
rewarded with cherished you.
Here, my quest doth truly end.
FIBONACCI'S ANAPHORA

Alas!
Alas!
Angels breath
And butterfly kisses
Accompany cherished dreams of you
Adoration sleeps within
Awake dreamer
Alone!
Alone!
FIBONACCI'S HOURGLASS

Sands of time slip without effort thru this hourglass of life and love.

Life and love ceases, yet time advances unabated

A life fulfilled, death dies

Love fades away

Life's love

Death

Loss

Love's life

Life begins anew

A life full of promise

Death flees, life lives, loss succumbs, love flourishes

The hourglass of life and love rejoice in time by turning it over
LOVE IS A FOOD GROUP

Take food into thy body
for nourishment to sustain life.
O' man, fail not to give proper attention
lest your soul becomes starved of love.
Loneliness and despair crave
the nourishment that love offers
to satiate the ache of remiss passion.
Feed thy heart to nourish thy soul.
Love is a food group.
EPIPHANY

Falling in love is finding the half that makes you whole
and knowing you are now complete.

It is the treaty of two hearts emboldened
to fight against the despair of loneliness.
HOPE'S TREASURE

Hope is breath to the lungs of the hopeless.
Hope is life to the lifeless.
Hope is the marriage of imagination and faith.
Hope is the journey through life down the unbeaten path
where surprise, wonder and heartaches await 'round each bend.
It is not the well trodden path where others
have gone and many will follow.
Hope is a currency more valuable than diamonds
and more precious than fine gold.
Without hope, one lives in spiritual and emotional poverty.
Hope is love which is not yet found.
HEALING TOUCH

Reach out and take the hand
that offers its healing touch.

Heart of woe, grieve no more.
For the lover's carress is to soothe the soul's unrequited love.

Speak not a word. Hear only the meditative declarations
of pleading eyes held in desirous gaze.

The silence of love speaks,
yet it is the touch that speaks its volumes.

Receive the warmth that is proffered through eyes of affection,
transferred through the surety and strength of a firm touch.

A touch with your look to the penetrating of a wounded soul.
Heal me with the kindness of your tender loving touch.
I came upon a waterfall
and watched the splashes dance awhile.
The kaleidoscope of colors, the cacaphony of its rancorous noise
falling from on high, crashing into its own pool of azure waters.
Its misty rainbow's prism shown in the morning sun.
Forest of green, air so pure and sweet.
I am but a traveler
in this picturesque wonder of God's nature.
DESTINY AND FATE

Destiny and fate, you sisters of whoredom.
Suffer me no more the vexation of this torturous life.
Filled with everpresent heartache,
and the constancy of despair.

Is it I, the unlucky, who lives to feel woe and pain?
O' grave, take this my soul, quench the flame of life,
that is maintained by these twins of whoredom.
End now this pain of brokenhearted despair.

Death, stand up in courage for me,
against destiny's misery and fate's angst.
The nobility of death's courage to stand for me
is the only right action to defend me.
The one who has no defense against woe and worry.
LOVE'S AMISS

Child of life, retain no more thy struggle to live.
Ease thy suffering and pain, for Sheol beckons thee.
O'death, stay the execution of this tortured soul.

For the heart is broken, in need of mend.
Not dead with the bitter poison of despair.

Love and time are the alchemy prescribed
to combat the necrotic growth of vengeance and woe.

O' life, remove from mine eyes the scales
of dark love that has blinded me these many years.
Choose I to walk the lighted path of true love.
Soul live! Succumb not to the ease and relief
that has been offered by death.

It is only in life that if you have loved,
you have still loved for awhile.
Life, let me draw breath that I may live,
that this soul should find it's mate.
S U I C I D E ' S  T E R C E T

Loved I thee to no avail
Parting we, tragic sorrow
Cyanide sayonara
Castigated to the solitude of darkness, the silence screams, the brain itself hears.
The mind listens intently, endeavoring to decipher the cacaphony of the tumult created by the deprivation and solitude of this man made cave.
No love! No touch! No hope!
This sarcophagus of rehabilitation suffices not it's intended task or purpose but rather serves to breed bitter torment of the mind.
BITTER END

Standing at the foot of that bed
memories of you running through my head.

I don't remember what hurt more
this heart of mine or seeing that open door.

We were so in love back then
I never saw this bitter end.

My heart skips a beat thinking of our first kiss
you and I blinded by love's bliss.

I cannot bear to look to the past
It was you and me, once, only, always, and last.

I dare not look to the future
for it's there that only pain abounds.
FOE OF THE NIGHT

Greetings to you foe of the night.
We meet once again on the battlefield of thought.
To determine who can wrest control of the mind.

Choose your weapon!
Ah! You choose the weapon of lust, deceit, and adultery.
A formidable weapon for tonight's battle.

Choose I to be armed with love and forgiveness?
Nay! I shall wield the sword of rage and vengeance.
This rapier of death shall strike thee thrice and one times.

The adulterer and adulteress shall no more carouse
in their selfish desires of lusts and deceit.
For the demon who worked through the man
shall be destroyed by the power that resides within the man.

Take thy rest, for the battle of the mind
is won this night by rage and vengeance.
Morning has dawned!
Sleep, for the battle rages again in the 'morrow.
A SOUL'S REVENGE

Open wide you gates of hell.
For this soul shall battle forever,
you demons of lusts and betrayal,
You have mastered your craft well
O' evil imps of darkness.
You destroy love, life, and families.
Mock no more the sacred bonds of matrimony,
rejoice not in it's destruction.
This sarcophagus of death serves only
for the putrification of the body.
It holds not the angry soul that seeks it's revenge.
Fear the night you demons of adultery,
for the shadowed soul of death stalks you as prey.
To the highest heights and the deepest depths,
never wearying, never more to rest
until two souls of love
come together again in everlasting life.
STORMS OF LIFE

The winds of trouble and waves of torment
crash against the heart, yes, a tropical depression
which grows with anger and bitterness,
bearing down it's full force of strife.

A tropical storm of woe and worry
for those who heed not her warning.
Eager to unleash her fury,
Descending on her naysayers, but her will be done.

This typhoon of madness and mayhem encircles,
it's veil of destruction covers the heart.
A heart which is rent in two.
Certain death of love ensues.

The eye of the storm and all is calm.
Her gale force winds are yet to come again.
Can we rebuild in the midst of the storm?
Nay! We shall remain in the shelter of truth.

The storm has ceased and all is lost.
Is it the destruction that we lament?
Nay! It is the despair and hopelessness
that drives toward continual pain.
Is there an end to this pain?
LOVE HAS IT'S LIMITS

Time heals all wounds
Yet this love festers
With the acrid smells
Of angst and anguish
No medicine to soothe
The hurt of lost love
DEATH'S MELODY

Under an old dead oak tree
lies a grave that reads rest in peace.
A murder of crows rests
in the barren craggy branches
to sing death's melody.
There shall be no rest.
There shall be no peace.
For this tortured soul stirs restlessly,
haunted forever by a love spurned.
Only to toil in the anguish of his own ruination,
Never more to love. Never more to love.
If the world could only comprehend
the depth of love that drove him from freedom
into eternal damnation of captivity and loneliness.
A requiem of death's melody
resounds through the vast caverns of hell
sang by unyielding companions, Satyr and Nymph.
Their cries pierce the silence,
Bitter truth!
Justice!

A haunting reverberation that forever lingers,
never to be forgotten.
I defeated you in life, must I destroy you in death
you demons of lechery?
Mephistopheles! Mephistopheles!
Dispatch you Incubus to seduce my bride?
Bid you Succubus to chivvy my senses,
suffering my loins to rage in erotic desire?
Incubus! Inhabit you the man
that has defiled the maiden's dreams?
Turned you her toward your malevolent deviance?

Maiden of my heart
you have acquiesced to the amoral deed
of deviant fornication, soiling our vows of matrimony.
O' man-whore of Incubus
you have succumbed to the wiles of this vile demon
so tonight death shall befall thee.

Trade I the pain of adulterous love
for the shame and scorn of jurisprudence?
Yea! Life is no more.
Fear not maiden for you shall live,
and live you shall with his blood upon your breasts
until the minions drag your soul
to reunite with his in the depths of hades.

Succubus! Suffer me no longer
the vexation of tortured dreams.
True, thy breasts are pleasing,
Thy lips are as pomegranates.
Nay! I shall not be enticed as was the maiden.
Devoted, trustworthy, and faithful will I remain,
even in the midst of death and abject desolation.
DEATH BRINGS FORTH LIFE

The melancholy madness of life's new beginnings. The pressure of birth, stress, and cold serves only to remind that the race towards death has ensued. Pursued unwittingly by new life and innocence, innocence created of lusts and love. Destiny's design to form new life.

The macabre nature of morbid birth together with it's companion of pain, interjects themselves into an otherwise normal life of stability and security. Love disseminated through pain, pain that brings joy to a mother's lifted countenance.

Suckle dear child from the breasts of compassion. Take nourishment that sustains thy life. Draw breath of my soul that thy soul may flourish. The bond, the cord of blood shall be severed, never more to be one.

A steady tone and one final gasp for breath. Darkness enshrouds.

O' angel of death, touch not the soul born of my womb. Seraphim! protect the life of this meager soul. Guide the cherub of my womb with goodness and wisdom. Death draws nigh! Life is brought forth. A child is born.
THE BECKONING

In the midnight hour, death arrives
and beckons, come child, life is no more.
Love no more abounds for thee, loose thy soul
from the bonds of this fetid sea of inhumanity.
Let not the putridity of death
assuage thee for the pains in life.
A broken heart shall hurt no more in death.
There will be no weeping or mourning
for your insignificant life.
The world rejoices in ending the suffering of others
while cheering their own mercy and compassion.
Heed their call! For the citizenry of death
awaits thy presence.
Warriors of death wait to greet thee into everlasting death.
PAIN

Amazed by you everyday,
dreams of you each night.
Mate of my soul, we belong together.
In life you were honored and cherished
in death your memory shall live forever.
There shall never more be love
experienced in this broken heart.
For this heart has loved but once,
ever more to bear the burden
of love and replacing perfection.
You are perfection, God's perfection for me.
You perfectly stole my heart
only to be dashed upon life's jagged shores.
COLORS

The insecurities arouse the pain.
The pain cries out in desperation.
Searching for the peace of love shared.
A love eternal like that of a timeless Rembrandt.
Pain, betrayal, and death
are the colors of the painter's palate.
Varying shades of charcoal and gray
painted on the canvass of life,
framed in despair.
Imperfect love,
I can hear your soul.
ANGEL OF DEATH

Greetings to you O' angel of death
is it I who has drawn life's last breath?

Are you come as friend or foe?
Tell me this so I should know.
     Ah! You come as foe.

Death's chilly hand is laid upon head
letting life lose to the flow of crimson red.
     There he died, there he bled.

Awakening in the pit of hell
the flesh burning a repulsive smell.
     This to you a tale I tell.

Life torn asunder by certain strife
for you my love, I accept defeat in this life.

In death there is no humility or shame
so I will shout and procalim,

     The battle's end!
EMOTIONS

Darkness engulfs me.
Madness consumes me.
Rage fuels me.
Psychosis surrounds me.
Bitterness, jealousy, hurt,
I knew them all.
Emotions become seared,
life is unreal.
The caldron of insanity boils,
fueled by anger, obsession, and love.
A love that brings forth deceit, deception, and despair.
The love of one who cannot love.
The fire burns white hot,
the pressure builds so great.
In a single moment, the caldron boils over,
spilling it's vile contents to the earth.
Destruction, shadows, redness,
cold, hard earth.
Light has dawned.
EXISTANCE

Tears roll down the mottled white cheeks
leaving behind the remains of their salty existence.
A cry from deep inside springs forth with no warning,
shattering all manner of pride.
Heartaches are brought forth of memories, good and bad,
life is a void existence.
Gazing skyward, nothing but gray.
North, south, east, west, nothing but gray.
Looking down, nothing but stone cold gray.
A vast sea of despair roils and churns
swallowing up its inhabitants.
Caught in her steely, gray, mesh nets,
holding them captive,
slowly extracting any reason to live.
Voidless stares, numb to care,
enslaved only to serve her.
Love is absent.
JUDAS KISS

I walk I talk, I stare amiss
I've been chosen by fate to receive death's kiss.

O' destiny, what do the fates hold in store
for this meager soul whom my mother bore?

Is it toil, trouble, or terrible strife?
Is that your will, my lot in life?

For I am but a man who knew no crime.
Now death greets me in a matter of time.

I was deceived by love's bliss,
then betrayed by Judas' kiss.

The kiss of one I loved the most,
The woman who turns out to be death's host.

She flattered and smiled, even deceived,
Now the executioner's song I receive.

I receive death's melody but in the midst,
I know I was betrayed by Judas' kiss.
THE DEATH OF ONE

I am one who loves
I am one who cares
I am one who hopes
I am one who dreams
I am one who cherishes
I am one who is sick
I am one who feels pain
I am one who bleeds
I am one who hurts
I am one who suffers
I am one who smiles
I am one who laughs
I am one who weeps
I am one who succumbs
I am one who lost
I am one who stares
I am one who waits
Death draws nigh!
I am one who dies
UNTITLED #3

Come O' fate, come what may,
For I have long suffered hate and rage.
My life is one of soothing, restraining passion, proud in spirit.
In one terrible moment, death strikes
from the flint of love and hate.
The inferno rages out of control,
for the heart is consumed by flames.
Voices speak from the beyond,
maddening me, driving me into the void, never to return.
Eyes close as I ponder my true love.
Truest of love's, I gave her my soul.
In a sense, it was traded to the devil in a dress.
So charming, so flattering her smile,
taken aback by love's first sight.
A rainbow of sorts, of beautiful vibrant colors,
faded to ashen gray.
UNTITLED #4

The night weeps!
The dawn cries!
The day mourns!
The spirit begs!
The soul screams!
Silence!
Madness!
Mayhem!

The gray ashen soul claws at the pit.
Worms of destruction abound in the cavity.
Rotting flesh is devoured for all eternity.
UNTITLED #5

What is life? What is death?
At times, life is death and death is life and freedom.
No more pain, no more sorrow, no more tears.
Death truly is life to me.

Torments of the night grip with fear.
All is hopelessly lost.
Haunting memories pierce the mind.
Relentless taunts of the demons enshroud like a fog.
Death truly is life to me.

O' to be set free from this bondage.
To find the peace for which I search.
Death truly is life to me.
Thump-thump, thump-thump.
The sound of blood pulsing through veins,
it must be done the voice loudly proclaims.
Temples throb and the head pounds,
the world collapses and spins around.

Thump-thump, thump-thump.
The heart races and vision turns black.
The flesh is soft, there's no turning back.

Thump-thump, thump-thump.
Hot flesh and cold steel come together,
for the love of life was stolen by another.
The warmth turns cold and the cold to blue,
as life is laid down for you.

Thump-thump, thump-thump.
The heart grows weak and weaker still,
Life's hard lessons are a bitter pill.
Lying on a stainless steel gurney,
another soul condemned to burning.

Thump-thump, thump...! No more hell.
Can love survive the test of time?  
The emptiness inside says no,  
but the heart longs for it's mate.  
O' what fate may come  
for a love not understood.  
Heaven willed it so.  
You are the missing piece of my heart, yea even my soul.  
For I can never be complete without my truest of love's.  
I will forever lack until such time  
as fortune brings us together again.
ALLEGORY

Hello beautiful! After all of these years, we must ask, is this a marriage of convenience or of necessity? They stand in awe of your beauty, weeping silently. O' how your radiance shines in spring's sunlight.

Now, we lie here staring up into the darkness, on our endless honeymoon. I caress your satin skin as your warmth surrounds me, our love is sealed for all eternity. Entombed from the vices and temptations of the world.

Fate has chosen you and I as soul and mate to share in the changing of the seasons, year in and year out, to hold each other. Love me forever for I am the man in the coffin.
A PROMISE KEPT

I look to the heavens
to see a kaleidoscope of stars.
I gaze longingly into your eyes
to see that same kaleidoscope of stars.
In your eyes, I saw our future
and beheld the essence of life.
In your eyes I saw our future
and beheld the essence of love.
Take my hand and walk with me as one.
Took you my hand and walked we together as one.
Your smile, your kiss pierced my soul,
your smile, your kiss blessed my soul.
I promised 'till death do we part,
a promise kept, 'till death did we part.
MOMENT (THE BIRTH OF MEAGAN)

Give me this moment! Give me this gift!
Beauty and strength with life flourishing inside.
Beauty and strength with promise of a future.
Blessed was the day of your conception.
Blessed was the day of your birth.
Heaven smiled and willed it so.
Heaven smiled and my heart cried with joy.
ONE YEAR (MEAGAN)

A gurgle, a smile, a smelly burp,
a sippy cup, little fingers, and a slurp.

Zurberts, raspberries, and slobber bubbles,
feed you, change you, love you, no baby troubles.
Sit up, pull up, stand up, first steps you tried,
mommy cheered while daddy silently cried.

Life's first steps for my little girl,
 baby independence to take on the world.

A fall, an ouch, a precious puckered lip,
a tear, a hug, a kiss for baby's first trip.

I am here for you and always will be,
her almond eyes look up and she says "daddy".
TWO YEARS (MEAGAN)

Terrible two's for you and me
trying the patience of daddy and mommy.

Meagan Marie, independent and headstrong
your mischievous smile melts my heart of stone.

Car seats, tantrums, and pictures to show
sometimes I think we should have named you "No-No".

Boundless energy, you're in constant motion
bubble baths, jammies, the smell of baby lotion.

Dear Lord, protect and guide my precious baby.
Dear Lord, teach me to be a better daddy.
DANCE WITH MY DAUGHTER AGAIN

The day you were born I cried and smiled.  
I picked you up and whispered let's dance for awhile.  
Wrapped in a bundle, I spun you 'round and 'round.  
Unspeakable joy in this father's heart did abound.  
This is where we let our memories begin.  
That I could dance with my newborn daughter again.

When I get home and walk through that door,  
I kiss my wife and my baby girl.  
Six months old, she crawls on baby's knees.  
Her brown eyes beckon daddy dance with me please.  
No matter where I am or where I've been,  
She knows I'll always want to dance with my daughter again.

Three years old today and it's time for our dance.  
Butterfly kisses, standing on my feet, dancing hand in hand.  
Danced we danced with a twist and a twirl.  
A dance with Cinderella, my little girl.  
She laughed and smiled, said 'gin daddy 'gin.  
It brought me such joy to dance with my daughter again.

Years have past now and we've been torn apart.  
Yet love never ceases flowing from your father's heart.  
Each day I dance alone with only tears and a memory.  
A daddy's little girl, my daughter and me.  
In her life Lord, I pray let me in.  
That I may someday dance with my daughter again.
DADDY

Daddy! Daddy! I caught the ball.
Daddy! Daddy! Don't let me fall.

Daddy! Daddy! Catch me if you can.
To be like you is my plan.

Daddy! Daddy! Please don't cry.
Sometimes mommies say goodbye.

Daddy! Daddy! I know you grieve.
Why did mommy have to leave?

Daddy! Daddy! I made the team.
See my medal, see it gleam.

Daddy! Daddy! I met a young lady.
Is this puppy love about which you told me?

Dad! Dad! I need the car.
Dad! Don't worry it's not very far.

Dad! Dad! It's my graduation.
Dad is so proud of his son.

Father! Father! To college I go.
To be like you, I must grow.

Father! Father! I've met my bride.
It's you as best man I want by my side.

Grandpa! Grandpa! The little boy screams so loud.
Grandpa says "Daddy, you must be so proud".
ANTITHESIS

A father tells tales.
A dad has a tale to tell.

A father is selfish.
A dad is selfless.

A father hears.
A dad listens.

A father avoids pain.
A dad confronts pain.

A father accepts fear.
A dad conquers fear.

A father seeks peace.
A dad knows peace.

A father cares.
A dad loves.

A father plays.
A dad prays.

A father remembers.
A dad makes many memories.
THE CHAMBER

It's white walls are pristine
the stainless steel shines eerily with gleam.

One wall of glass for those who care to watch
the executioner insert the needle's swatch.

Penetrating deeper the needle bevel goes
buried in the vein to let the poison flow.

The new leather straps on the table are cinched
causing flashes of pain in his ankles and wrist.

His head tied down, his eyes taped closed
as the I.V. snake is connected to the hose.

This snake of death shows no spite
looks on it's victim before it's bite.

Any last words as he hears the sounds of the clock
I love you brother, sister, mom, and pop.

The venom begins it's steady flow
for those who came to watch death's show.

A twitch a jerk and one final breath
are the sights and sounds of antiseptic death.
SCHIZOPHRENIC
The lights dim, the night begins it's solitary march into the darkness. The noisome pestilence is quieted. In the midst abounds a vile pollution of sound. Did you hear it? There it is again. Those menacing screams and pathetic cries of the unknown. I often wonder, why me? Why is it that I can hear the voices of the night? Can't anyone else hear them? Their monotonous repetitions serve only to madden me by heightening my senses. Can you smell them? Putrid, suffocating, literally drawing breath and life from me. Am I mad?

This is yet only the beginning of the macabre midnight madness in which I will endure. Is it real? Step into my world. It's easy, just close your eyes and feel the warmth of their breath upon your neck, chilling your spine into complete paralysis.

Let the fear grip you. Let the terror envelope you. Now, envision the voices manifests into the spirit realm, it's very presence encircles, yes, encompasses your very being. A shroud of black covers the abstract faces, trying to hide them yet you sense the coming of the beast. Is it death or merely a soldier
of strife sent to menace? There is no rest, for sleep fears
the demons of the night.

The last sound that he hears are the resounding echos bouncing
to and fro causing what could be an illusion, a haunting reverber-
ation of terror. His pulse quickens and his heart races as his
blood careens it's way toward pounding temples. Adrenaline has
journeyed to it's target organs causing the fight or flight
response. His mouth dries as his pupils dilate. There will be
no fighting or fleeing this night. The terror rages only in his
mind but its reality causes instant panic in a schizophrenic mind.

"What do I do?" The evil voices penetrate his mind like that
of a canker worm, destroying the fruit of thought and speech.
"Fear the night! Fear the night!" mocks the demonic voices, all
the while cursing and blaspheming. "Oh no! Here come the visions!
Please! Someone help me! I fought you demons in life, must I
fight you in death also?" His blood begins to flow. Look on it's
crimson color. It has the odor of iron brought forth by it's
life giving heme. "Oh it's warmth".

"You demons of lechery, you have stolen all that I called my
own. Therefore, I require of you this night, your own lives
which is not yours to give but I take it rapaciously. Now, you
my terror can experience the pain and loss of a voidless exist-
ance." Do I dare move? Is the lifeblood sufficiently emptied to
allow for death?

"Fear the night for we shall never die." wails the voices.
"Stop this insanity!" he screams aloud. A caldron of insanity
boils within. More voices begin their genuflection. "Can I? Should I maintain this facade of sanity much longer?" The shadows lurk, yes move, pressing in and enclosing him. The struggle to control the night begins yet once again.

This time there are two of them, Ekim and Eicart. From the depths of hell they spring to wreak their hellish havoc. In desperation of the throes of death Ekim cries out with great sobs of lament, "You have damned my soul to hell." Eicart screams "You have stolen my lusts and sin." The man cries "Oh fate, why did you bring me together with these two lecherous demons of the night?"

The day dawns anew or so he assumes. His only light is produced by the incessant buzzing of the flourescent lamps that hang overhead. His pale skin hangs from his unshaven, thin, gaunt face and neck. The bloodshot eyes attest to another battle to control the night and his mind. This is not a portrait of a man but rather one whose mind is crossing over nightly into the realm of the unknown, only to return to prepare for the next battle of the night.

He thinks to himself, "Even soldiers of war are due a break from the battle and from the fighting so as to recuperate both mentally and physically. Not so in this case. It has been a minute by minute battle to wrest control of his mind. These two demons have been in training for quite some time, carousing in their lusts, deceit, and adultery with one another. A stranger who has invaded the sanctity of his bedroom and stolen the purity
of his bride. A virtual bootcamp of deception and family carnage, mocking their solemn vows of matrimony. The psychological warfare they have mastered from the beast, satan himself. "Mentally and psychologically speaking, Ekim and Eicart defeated me. Though, physically, I defeated them both. Now the battle rages from the depths of the beyond and I vow to defeat these two twins of whoredom in death also. Therefore, I must descend into their netherworld in my own death and ruination, not to win a battle but rather to succeed in the war."

The thoughts of death and dying become exhilarating to him knowing that his struggle will end soon. Ekim and Eicart continually taunt him to join them in death. Like warriors of death they wait to greet him. He replies, "I am coming to destroy you." His palor turns a mottled bluish-gray. There was no struggle in his death. He had to do this to liberate himself from the terror of these two demons from the beyond.

He awakens to find himself in some sort of tunnel, a tunnel of horror. A gray mist lingers ominously, trapping the stench of death that resonates in this pit of hell. He gazes at the walls of the tunnel and captures a haunting vision. A vision of abstract faces protruding from the sides, pushing, wailing, and screaming to be set free from their torturous hell. Their voices fill the acrid air, piercing the sulphurous air, crying out in desperation for help. There will be no help! For these are the souls of the adulterer and adulteress' that shall burn forever in their lusts. Their souls are trapped forever in this tunnel leading to hell.
Cautiously, he gropes his way through the putrid smelling mist in search of his nightly nemesis. He seeks to destroy the demons of the night that stole his life, family, and sanity. "Come out, come out, wherever you are!"
POST MORTEM
The incessant chirping of the phone woke him out of a sound slumber. The flourescing numbers on the clock read 2:37 a.m. This call could only mean one thing, someone was dead. As the County Coroner, an elected position in the small county of Aubade, Illinois, he drew a meager salary of twentyfive hundred dollars a year. In other words, he owned a van and agreed to be on call to pick up those unfortunate souls that had died. Though there are few deaths in Aubade County, it was the paperwork and the tedious nature of completing it that takes up a significant portion of time to properly perform the job. Twentyfour hours a day, seven days a week, on call for the dead.

"Hello! Yes, I'll be there in an hour. O.k. so this is being investigated as a suicide?"

Well, there was no use in wasting time. I would pick up the body, drop it off at the morgue and then get some breakfast before heading to work.

At the hospital I was surprised to learn that the deceased was a young man I had befriended as a fishing buddy. In our spare
time we would get together and share our passion for the outdoors. I knew Steve to be a vibrant young man with a promising future. Needless to say I was somewhat saddened as this turn of events but I had a job to do and that meant separating my personal attachments from my professional responsibilities.

It is six a.m. when I open the doors, heavy and cold, to the morgue room. The lights flicker to life with a familiar florescent buzz. The room smelled of strong antiseptic mixed with years of stench and death. The floor was covered with an industrial gray tile that had been permanently stained from the many years of blood and body fluids splashing on the floor. The stainless steel table shone eerily in the middle of the room. There in the corner stands the antique stainless steel and glass cabinet from the 1950's. Inside are the tools of an artist's ancient trade. Some may even say the tools of a mad man. In the background, the whirring of a motor serves to remind me that my next piece of art lies refrigerated, waiting like a blank canvass to be handled by the artisan's hands. Not only am I the County Coroner but I serve as the Anatomical and Clinical Pathologist in the county hospital.

Aubade County rarely if ever had the need for a full and complete post mortem to be done. Most deaths were classified as "natural" from previously, well documented medical records. However, this case was different.

I began to prepare the room and the table to receive the body or "sculpture". The solutions of formalin were poured into
separate containers marked "left" and "right". These containers would serve as the receptacles for the various tissue samples that would be collected. I found the scent of the pungent preservative to be intoxicating. Most health care workers associated its smell with the odor of death. I, on the other hand was stimulated to the point of excitement that some may construe as ecstasy. Death to me is not mournful. Death is life to the one who lies naked and cold on the steel table. The body has died, the soul has simply moved to it's afterlife.

Before the post mortem begins, it is very helpful to review any medical records that are available that are associated with the deceased. It is also helpful to review the detectives on-scene notes that may garner any information that may prove instrumental in determining the cause of death. In this instant case, the available medical records were sparse. A healthy twenty three year old male with only notations of innoculations. There were no other indications of regular doctors visits, allergies, disease, chronic conditions, or emergency room visits. The notes taken by the detectives were equally unremarkable with one exception. An entry notes that the deceased fiancé' found the body in his bed. Nothing was reported out of place and nothing was reported as being disturbed or missing. There seemed to be no indication of suicide as previously thought, no empty pill bottles or weapons. There was no suicide note found on the deceased computer. or in hard copy form. However, "Stephanie" states that she arrived at the deceased home around 2:00 a.m. She was concerned in that she and the deceased had recently
ended their engagement due to the deceased finding her in the act of adultery. Stephanie further states that the deceased was devastated but never made any mention of harming himself. She also denies that the deceased had any suicidal ideations. Other than the miniscule information provided, there was simply no credible indicators as to the cause of this young man's death.

In the changing room I prepare by changing into a set of thin, worn, faded blue to gray hospital scrubs. Looking intently into the mirror, the reflection that appears is that of a master artisan. A rush of adrenalin enters my body as a tingle of electricity rockets up my spine. Truly, there is joy in death.

Shoe covers, a surgical gown, and a mask complete the macabre ensemble. I choose to "glove-up" after the body is transferred to the table and prepared. It is the exhilaration of running my bare fingers over the body that allows me to focus more solidly on the task at hand. And that task is to produce a piece of medical art worthy of those masters of forensics who have gone before me.

Now it is time to move the "clay" to the post mortem table. I open the door to the refrigeration unit as the cool air escapes and condenses upon it's meeting with the warmer air of the room. This causes a shroud of fog to migrate slowly across the floor. The heavy door groans in the virtual silence of the morgue, opening wide to give up its treasured raw materials.

The gurney is pushed through the fog that emanates from the cold storage unit. I imagine myself entering through this fog
as if being introduced as the "Great Maestro". Oh, how my expectation and excitement begins to build. The steel wheels of the gurney clack loudly against the tiles as it scoots its way across the industrial tile floor. I take a moment to stop and notice the walls which are painted a battleship gray. Why must the unlearned and unknowing always paint death as black or gray? Why must they see it as sad, somber, or mournful? One day this art will be understood and this "studio" will be alive with the vibrant colors reminiscent of art and life. After all, life imitates art.

The gurney nears the post mortem table. As the two metals meet, a glorious timbre resounds, not unlike cymbals coming together in an orchestral composition. A beautiful music is offered up to the gods as a sweet melody unto their ears.

The brakes are set in preparation for the transfer of the body. I step lightly to the opposite side of the table. Leaning over, I grab the cold, mottled blue arm. The cold of the stainless steel penetrates through the thin worn clothing. This act must be executed with great care. There can be no chance taken with dropping the deceased as it would reflect badly upon the artist's skills, not to mention it would be disrespectful and unprofessional.

The thought of damaging a piece of art moves me to take great care. It is helpful to lubricate the edge of the table with a small amount of liquid soap to facilitate an easier transfer. The body slides onto the table with a melodious thud. A quick
disposal of the gurney and the time has come to produce a masterpiece. How grateful am I to be chosen to be an artisan to further the cause of the "art" of death.

I have further found that my creative thoughts better flow with a bit of music. I prefer the music of bagpipes combined with the low tones of monks chanting. Eery it sounds, but its trance like melodies and chord progressions open my mind into another higher level of clarity. This odd combination of music seeks out my ears like that of a fine Italian opera. The bellicose bagpipes resound, penetrating the soul to the very core of my being.

The requiem begins as the water is turned on and the rhythmic suction of the vacuumed trochanter is activated. One final step in preparation. The head is placed gently on a stainless steel head and neck immobilizer. Some artisans choose to cover the face but I want the eyes to speak to me and they will if you let them.

Begin! The voice activated recorder clicks to life. "Doctor Reichen M. Fields performing the post mortem on a twenty three year old white male. Subject is identified by detectives notes as that of Steven Bowen.

**CLOTHING:** The body is received naked, noting that all clothing was removed and bagged for evidentiary purposes by hospital emergency room personnel. However a separate bag of jewelry is present. The contents are as follows: There is a gold watch, an Air Force Academy ring and what appears to be a wedding band although the deceased is reported as being single, not married or divorced.
The watch is engraved with "Sweetie" and the gold band is engraved with "Once, Only, and Always", dated May 22, 1999. It is important to note that today's date is April 4, 1999. My educated guess is that May 22, 1999 would have been this young man's wedding day. This is an indicator of the possibility of suicide but at this time I cannot rule out foul play.

**GENERAL DESCRIPTION:** The body is that of a well developed, well nourished, white male, appearing the approximately stated age of twenty three years. The body length is 72.5 inches. Post mortem rigidity is severe at 0900 hours and post mortem lividity is distinct with posterior non-blanching at 0900 hours.

A rectal temperature is not taken due to refrigeration and the weight is approximately 180 pounds. There appears to be no evidence of injury anterior, posterior, lateral, medial, superior, or inferior.

The head is not unusual. There is a goatee type mustache and beard. Otherwise, the face is not unusual. The nose is not unusual and is not pierced. Neither of the ears are unusual nor are they pierced. There was an endotracheal tube in the mouth. On sectioning of the neck, the tube was found to be properly placed and inserted into the trachea. The natural teeth were in place. The hair is brown and the scalp is clean.

The eyebrows are brown and the irides are blue/cloudy. The pupils are not visualized. Vitreous humor is obtained by needle aspiration from the right and left eyes and placed into two tubes at 0925 hours.

ENT and neck are not unusual. The chest has six cardiac
monitor leads in various but typical locations. The breasts and abdomen are noted as not unusual.

The external genitalia are not unusual. The penis is circumcised and the testes are palpable in the scrotum. The upper extremities are as follows: There were approximately three needle puncture wounds in the left antecubital fossa and two needle puncture wounds in the right antecubital fossa. There were two I.V. catheters present, one in the left antecubital fossa and one in the right.

For the lower extremities there was a large cardiac pad on anterior left thigh. There was a hospital I.D. band on the left ankle. The lymph nodes and the back are noted as not unusual.

The stainless steel scalpel catches the light from the overhead surgical lamp. Its prismatic colors are reminiscent of the Hope Diamond. The metal is cold to the touch but warms quickly with the touch of the hand. I close my eyes and inhale a deep breath of death and formalin as I prepare to make the first incision. It feel like I have just retrieved the bow to draw across the strings of an exquisite and priceless Stradavarius violin.

The first cut causes a massive release of endorphins and enkephalins to flood my brain. The cut begins at the temporal process behind the left ear. In on single motion, the blade travels with ease over the temporal bone, past the parietal and over the crown of the skull. It then begins its descent over the right parietal and temporal bones, terminating behind the right ear.

Muddy red blood trickles from the open edges of the fresh
incision. The smell of heme permeates the air. Just like sampling a fine wine, I breathe in deeply, utilizing both the mouth and nose. This practice allows the essence to pass over the taste buds of the glossal muscle while simultaneously allowing it to seep upwards through the cribiform palate, penetrating the olfactory center. This in turn causes a passive, serene feeling to flow from head to toe.

The face and scalp must now be "rolled" away to expose the bones of the skull. I insert my fingers into the incision as if to play a Steinway concert grand piano. By applying nominal pressure, the face peels away rather easily as the sound of the muscle pulling away from the bones reverberates throughout the morgue. The same practice is used to peel and roll back the scalp off of the back of the head. The skull is now ready for dissection. A quick wash with a bit of water and the blood and excess tissues are floating their way to the end of the post mortem table where an industrial disposal will grind it to chum before it is sent on its way to be deposited into the local sewage system.

When the scalp is reflected there is no evidence of injury or trauma. A quick flip of a switch and the buzz saw sings its macabre melody as it bites into the skull cap. The spray of bone dust and marrow rises and forms what I find to be analogous to that of a mist that might be produced by a radiant Hawaiian waterfall in the tropical sunlight.

One must take great care not to press the instrument too deeply as it could penetrate the dura mater, pia mater, and the
brain itself. This in turn could destroy critical tissues that could potentially be the cause of death. Once the dissection of the skull is completed, a small tool is inserted in the space created by the buzz saw. With a firm twist of the wrist, a grotesque "pop" signifies that the skull cap is finally ready to be removed.

Again, blood mixed with cerebrospinal fluid gently runs down the back of the brain onto the stainless steel table. The rhythmic drip, drip, drip, is like the delicate tinkle of a musical triangle being played. It continues unabated until the cavity is fully emptied.

There sits the most unknown yet marvelous of all organs, the brain. I will note that the skull cap was intact and when removed, there was no evidence of subdural hematoma or subarachnoid hemorrhage. The brain weighed 1430 grams and there was no evidence of brain swelling, flattening of the gyri, or narrowing of the sulci. There was no evidence of tonsillar herniation or uncal grooving. The blood vessel at the base of the brain, that is the Circle of Willis were free from atherosclerosis and congenital anomalies. On surfaces made by cutting, no unusual features were noted. Portions of the brain tissues were saved and sections were taken. The pituitary, larynx, and thyroid were noted as not unusual.

"Young man, you must speak to me in your death if you wish to be avenged. Damn! Nothing unusual so far. Are you a drug abuser? Is your death to be classified as undetermined?"

Now moving on to the trunk. The standard "Y" incision is made,
armpits to xiphoid process and the followed by an incision from the xiphoid process to the pubis symphysis. The skeletal muscles of the trunk appear to be dark and well developed. At the level of the umbilicus in the midline trunk, the subcutaneous fat is measured at 2 centimeters.

The crude rib cutters crunch heartily into the remarkably flexible bones of the ribs. This tool has been largely unchanged for more than a century, yet it continues to perform its intended task with ease and efficiency. By lifting up the breastplate that is now loosened, a scalpel can be inserted to sever the tendons on either side of the sternal notch. This allows for unfettered access as the breastplate can now be folded up over the face.

The internal organs are now exposed. A macabre Picasso of modern art stares back in the quietness. Leonardo DaVinci was a blessed man to be able to dissect, map, and document the human body so thoroughly. Here lies before me a virtual "Vetruvian Man".

In the abdominal cavity it is noted that there is no blood or excessive abdominal fluid. The diaphragm and appendix are not unusual. The right lobe of the liver is at the costal margin of the axillary line. The left lobe of the liver is at the xiphoid process in the midline. Sections were taken for microscopic examination. The stomach is empty and is not unusual as is the lesser space of the peritoneum. The pancreas is not unusual and sections were taken for microscopic examination.

Internal genitalia is noted as not unusual. The urinary
bladder contains a quantity of fluid, a portion of which was aspirated and submitted for toxicological study. Next, I shall run the bowel. The small and large intestines are noted as not unusual as is the mesentery and pelvis.

In the thoracic cavity the chest wall is not unusual with no signs of trauma. The sternum is not unusual. The left pleural cavity has a marked quantity of blood measured at approximately 1500 cc's. The right pleural cavity is noted as not unusual as is the mediastinum and the pericardium appears to be torn or blown out. The pulmonary artery is opened in-situ and contains liquid blood. Blood is aspirated from the root of the aorta for testing purposes.

Examination of the thoracic organs revealed the following: The thoracic aorta and abdominal aorta are noted as not unusual. The ostia of the renal arteries are patent and the renal arteries have no unusual features. The esophagus, tracheobronchial lymph nodes, trachea, and mainstream bronchi are noted as not unusual.

The examination of the lungs are as follows: The right lung weighed 400 grams. The pulmonary vasculature was unremarkable with no evidence of pulmonary thromboembolism. The airways are not unusual. The pleural surfaces, degree of crepitation and appearance of the surfaces made by cutting were typical. On surfaces made by cutting there was moderate posterior blood pooling. Portions of the right lung were placed in cassettes for microscopic examination. The left lung weighed 350 grams. The gross appearance of the left lung, including the vasculature,
airways, and the surfaces made by cutting were similar in all essential features to the right lung. Portions of the left lung were placed in cassettes for microscopic examination.

The heart weighed 325 grams. Upon visual examination in-situ, the heart appears to be torn in two from superior to inferior. The wound edges are ragged and appear to be caused by tearing. The right and left coronary arteries are noted as not unusual. The anterior descending branch is not unusual. The circumflex branch is not unusual. The right atrium and right auricular appendage are not unusual as well as the left atrium and left auricular appendage. The foramen ovale is closed and the endocardium is torn with ragged wound edges. The heart valves, tricuspid, pulmonic, mitral, and aortic are noted as not unusual. The thickness of the right ventricle is measured at 1.8 centimeters. There is no evidence of disproportionate thickening of the intraventricular septum. Surfaces made by cutting of the myocardium were not unusual. Sections of the myocardium were taken and placed in cassettes for microscopic examination.

Examination of the abdominal organs are as follows: The inferior vena cava, renal, and adrenal veins were noted as not unusual. The right adrenal gland weighed 5 grams and is noted as not unusual. The right kidney weighed 120 grams. The cortical surface of the right kidney was not unusual. A portion of the right kidney was placed in cassettes for microscopic examination. The left adrenal gland weighed 5 grams and is noted as not unusual. The left kidney weighed 120 grams. The cortical
and cut surfaces of the left kidney were similar in all aspects of gross appearance to that of the right kidney. A portion of the left kidney was placed in cassettes for microscopic examination. The ureters, biliary system and gall bladder were all noted as not unusual.

The liver weighed 1600 grams as was noted as not unusual. A portion of the liver was saved for toxicological study. Sections of the liver were placed in cassettes for microscopic examination.

The spleen weighs 200 grams and is noted as not unusual. Sections of the spleen were placed in cassettes for microscopic examination. Portal and splenic veins are noted as not unusual.

The pancreas weighs 45 grams. The surfaces made by cutting had evidence of post mortem autolysis and were otherwise unremarkable. Portions of the pancreas were saved and placed in cassettes for microscopic examination.

The stomach was essentially empty. The wall of the mucosa of the stomach, pylorus, and duodenum were not unusual. The small intestine, large intestine, colon, prostate, and urinary bladder were all noted as not unusual. The testes were normal to palpation without unusual features.

This now concludes the gross dissection portion of the post mortem. "Young man, the obvious cause of your death was exsanguination due to obvious heart trauma. However, the question remains, how did this trauma come about and why was there no bruising, abrasions, or any other marked signs of trauma? This tape recorded description will be transcribed into a final report as soon as all toxicological reports and reports of microscopic examinations are completed.
FINAL REPORT OF: REICHEN M. FIELDS, MD
FORENSIC MEDICAL SERVICES
AUTOPSY NUMBER: AA-04-99
COUNTY OF JURISDICTION: AUBADE

NAME: Steven Bowen
SEX: Male
AGE: 23 Years
DOB: 12-22-76
RACE: Caucasian

DATE & TIME OF DEATH: April 4, 1999 @ 0423 hours.
PLACE OF DEATH: Home
DATE OF REPORT: April 10, 1999
AUTOPSY PERFORMED BY: Reichen M. Fields, MD
REPORT PREPARED BY: Reichen M. Fields, MD
AUTOPSY PERFORMED AT: Aubade County Hospital

FINAL AUTOPSY DATA SUMMARY

1. Cardiac trauma: History of deceased being in a long term committed relationship/engagement. Deceased was to be married on May 22, 1999 but the engagement was cancelled due to infidelity on the fiance's part. The relationship was subsequently terminated. Wound features of the heart are compatible with having a BROKEN HEART due in part to loss of love and affection. Wound track evidence of tearing of the heart muscle from
superior to inferior. Cardiac trauma is consistent with BHS or "Broken Heart Syndrome" as listed in the DSM IV.
2. Blood Ethanol: 0.000%
3. Urine Ethanol: 0.000%
4. Vitreous Ethanol: 0.000%
5. Carboxyhemoglobin Concentration: Less than 1% hemoglobin saturation by cooximeter.
6. Blood Drug Screen: No detectable levels of drugs identified by thin layer and gas chromatography and enzyme immunoassay.
7. Urine Drug Screen: No detectable levels of other drugs identified by thin layer gas chromatography and enzyme immunoassay.
9. Right and Left Nasal Swabs: No detectable level of any other drugs identified by gas chromatography.

AUTOPSY SUMMARY

Information regarding the circumstances of death is obtained from on-scene detectives notes and from Reichen M. Fields, MD, Aubade County Coroner.

The deceased is a 23 year old caucasian male who reportedly was involved in a long term relationship and engagement that ended abruptly when the deceased found his fiance' in an act of infidelity. This incident took place some time in March 1999 at the deceased residence and future marital home. The individual
responsible for the incident of infidelity, "Stephanie", later attempted to reconcile with the deceased which she reported was unsuccessful. Responsible individual became concerned after several attempts to make contact with the deceased. She was unsuccessful. Responsible individual arrived at the deceased home to find him unconscious in his bed. She then called 911. Emergency efforts were unsuccessful. Police have the responsible individual in custody and the suspect has confessed to breaking the deceased heart.

The major findings at autopsy and conclusions based on the known circumstances of death, microscopic examination and additional testing are as follows: The deceased expired due to uncontrolled, massive exsanguination due to a single act of infidelity. The center of the wound begins superior to the atrium (midline of the heart) and tears or rips down the posterior ventricles. The wound track was superior to inferior the entire length of the heart. No other significant injuries or congenital abnormalities were found.

**CAUSE OF DEATH:** Exsanguination due to heart broken induced trauma or "BHS" caused by intentional infidelity and callous indifference.

**MANNER OF DEATH:** HOMICIDE! i.e. Broken Heart Syndrome.
ONE YEAR LATER

JUDGE: We are back on the record in case #99-CF-251. The State's attorney is present along with the defendant and her counsel. The court has considered, pursuant to the sentencing statutes and the evidence which was received upon the jury trial of this case. The court has also considered the pre-sentencing investigation, the financial impact of incarceration, as well as evidence and information received by both parties in aggravation and mitigation. The court has further considered sentencing alternatives.

The sentencing statutes require the court to consider imposing, the statutory factors in aggravation as well as the statutory factors in mitigation. With respect to the statutory factors in aggravation, the court finds that the sentence being imposed is necessary to deter others from committing the same crime.

With respect to the statutory factors in mitigation, the court finds that the defendant does not have a history of delinquency or criminal activity and has lead a law abiding life prior to the commission of this crime. However with one exception, the defendant has a history, well documented of affairs and infidelities. I have further listened to the testimony of your family members. It is obvious that they care about you are concerned for you. However, that fact and the fact that you have never been in any trouble are dwarfed by the facts of this heinous crime that you committed.

You have been convicted by a jury of your peers, and I must
note that the jury was made up of ten women and two men. You were unable to garner any sympathy whatsoever for your criminal deviant behavior. You have been convicted of first degree murder in the death of Steven Bowen, your fiance'. Further, you have been convicted by the jury of the additional charges of adultery, reckless disregard for human life and loss of love and affection. Your callous disregard for the life and deep emotion feelings of this young man are found by this court as well as by the jury to warrant a special verdict of brutal, heinous, and indicative of wanton cruelty.

In the annals of criminal law, my research has concluded that going all the way back to the very inception of documented jurisprudence, there has never been a documented case of this sort. You have single-handedly ruined the lives of many in the names of lust, deceit, and adultery. All indications were that this young man had a promising life to live, a promising future which he chose to share with you. You betrayed that trust, love, and commitment that he made to you. You in turned killed him for his love.

I also believe that if given the opportunity, you will commit the same type of crime to fulfill your own selfish desires of the lusts of the flesh. For your crimes against humanity, I sentence you to a term of natural life imprisonment in the Department of Corrections, without the possibility of parole for the crimes of first degree murder in that you actions did cause the deceased intentional death by breaking his heart while selfishly and greedily satisfying your own lusts. May God have mercy on your soul!
THE GRAPES OF ALTO PASS
You would expect one to be non-compos mentis as a result of mere observation of this tale. Some may even dismiss it as a concocted falsehood. Perhaps an unbiased intellect will ascertain it to be truth based in facts caused by outrageous but legitimate circumstances, nothing more than just plain bad luck and timing.

It all began when I met the young woman that I would wed. As I recollect, it was quite a whirlwind romance and marriage based mainly on the physical nature of the relationship. Loved I her endlessly! So much so that words alone in written decree or verbal declaration could ever suffice to adequately characterize it.

Maidenly she was on her exterior. Minxish was she in her desires and inhibitions in the intimate solitude of the bedroom.
Her hair of strawberry and eyes of deep emerald cast upon me an unhesitating spell of love. Her skin was fair and unblemished, as that of the finest alabaster. She possessed a quaint laugh and an impish grin. With a slight turn of her head, behold a cherubic glance. O' how my breath was stolen away at first sight as love blossomed its new beginnings.

Soon after our nuptials unfortunately I took note of our ill-suited personalities with a particular emphasis of her love for animals. Creatures of all sorts she loved. Creatures of all sorts that I loathed. Animals are to be left in the wild or are to be observed from a distance in the safety of zoological gardens.

It was her unyielding rants and pleas of owning animals that caused me to relent. Maybe, in some way the animals would provide a buffer to temper her ascerbic temprement. I detested the thought of having animals in my home but my patience for her beggarding annoyance ran thin. Oh, think not that I abhorred the woman. On the contrary, it was her subtle beauty, dry humor, and bold character that initially drew me to her. True, she could be a bit cold with a quick and tannic tongue. But for the animals, I found her to be warm and intoxicating. It was simply those damnable animals that I did not like.

Chose she two of the most vile appearing vagabonds one can conjure in his imagination, Neopolitan Mastiffs! Large, unsightly, and even grotesque animals. So enamored was she that she gave them the monikers of "Socrates" and "Plato". Ghastly creatures they were. The one known as Plato had one brown eye
and the other ice blue. One of his pupils took the shape of a cat's eye. The second animal, Socrates possessed a sulphorous odor that sickened me every time he came within thirty feet. Devil dogs they were, spawn of "Cerberus".

Needless to say, the animals and I did not find mutual admiration for one another. On the contrary, they seemed to sense my extreme agitation and disdain for their maddening barks, terrible slobbering, and putrid odors. Truly, I believed that in the deepest depths of my soul that these two beasts annoyed me purposefully and enjoyed it.

In the passage of time the demon dogs as I came to call them became fiercely protective of their "bitch". I could no longer enter the same room as she without those damnedable beasts snapping and growling at my very presence. They seemed to take joy in my fear and annoyance. If they chose, it is my belief that these two demons would have loved a go at my flesh.

Take for instance, in preparation for winter's chill, I was chopping a bit of firewood. In a single motion, struck I the little finger of my left hand with the recently sharpened axe, severing my finger completely. The intense pain caused a scream to rise up as the finger fell to the earth, rolling, covered in crimson blood, wood chips, and dirt.

On cue, and as if stalking prey, these two dogs of satan rushed to ingest the digit. The larger of the two, Socrates, got to it first. He snatched up the tasty morsel rapaciously and with two hideous crunches of his powerful jaws, the digit was gone.
All the while, Plato lapped greedily at the blood stained dirt. These two unsavory hounds allowed me not the opportunity to retrieve my own appendage for possible reattachment.

Now, both of these hellish hounds had a taste of human flesh and blood. My flesh and blood! No doubt they would one day stalk me as prey as I worked in the vineyard, ripping me limb from limb, devouring me and digesting my flesh. For Christ's sake, I would end up as two steaming piles of mastiff dung. No! I would not let the woman and her two devil hounds be my demise. So, I began to put into motion my plan for befriending the vagabonds.

I would coax and woo the blood lusts hounds by means of a game that utilized live animals for them to stalk and enjoy as fresh kills. Every few days I would lure the dogs down to the vineyard and turn out a goat, a pig, or some other small creature. I would then entice these two obstinate beasts to attack. The only problem was, they must see this as a game. All dogs seek approval. It took several weeks before I had gained their trust sufficiently but human intellect and the fact that I was consigned to earn their respect by means of enlisting their most primitive of canine instincts, killing!

The training was not as arduous as I had first thought it would be but it could be frustrating at times. Their unamenable obstinace towards me tried my patience but certain was I to rise and meet their challenge. I would keep the dogs chained and let their prey loose. Hearing the rabid barking sparked the fight or flight response in the pitiful victim, for he never had a chance.
It would not be that easy though. The dogs must be in a calm submissive state before being let loose to destroy and enjoy their quarry. I effected this by means of a single spoken word. No, not just any word. It had to be a word that only I spoke and it could not be generally spoken in the English language.

There could be no chance that these creatures of destruction could be turned on the general public by happenstance of a misspoken word. I settled on the word "FARVEFEGNGUEN", a nonsensical word used for the name of the Volkswagen Beetle automobile. Surely this precaution would prevent any erroneous and unwanted attacks.

Mentioned I the vineyard? Yes indeed! It was my ambition to plant a vineyard, cultivate the finest grapes for wine making, and live a quiet comfortable existence off the fruits of my labor and that of mother nature.

Loved I the wines of the varying regions of the world, of which I had the opportunity to experience during my travels abroad. There were the "Noble Vines" of the French Bordeaux, Germany's "Riesling", Spain's "Sherry", Portugal's "Ports", and Italy's "Chianti" from the Tuscan region.

The vineyard was awash in colors so brilliant as the odor of the dirt intermingled with that of the grapevines. It was terribly refreshing. The gentle rolling hills and ideal climate allowed me to lose myself in the practice, no artistry, of vine maintenance and wine production.

It always amazed me to taste the various species of grapes and savour their differing complexities and flavors that were drawn
from the soil and the environment each new season. The grapes themselves could communicate to the most discerning of palates just how the end product, wine, may taste.

One gloriously sunny day my wife lounged on the wrap around redwood deck that was built and attached to the main winery building. This area was added in hindsight for the patrons to relax and enjoy the social aspects of wine tasting as well as for any special occasions and events that were held during the peak of wine season.

The deck included handmade tables and chairs with large decorative umbrellas to shield the patrons from the sun. With the addition of the oversized deck, business began to flourish. The deck paid for itself in one season. Patrons wanted to linger in a social atmosphere and sample more than one or two of the wines offered. It was at this point that the winery began to offer glasses of wine for sale, not just the bottle for a nominal price.

For the more discriminating patrons, a choice of palate cleansers were offered to truly cleanse the palate before sampling the next wine. It simply would not be proper etiquette to sample a dry red wine without first cleansing the palate before say, tasting a port or white wine. Some patrons preferred crackers, lemons, limes, or even fig newtons.

One particular afternoon the woman sat in the heat of the midday sun imbibing to excess while stroking her beloved Socrates and Plato. Every so often she would cleanse her palate in preparation for her next glass of wine. In her inebriated state
she reached for the fig newtons and with obvious labored speech she separated two of the fig newtons at arms length and asked "What do you call this?" I jokingly replied "Far Fig Newtons." Madness and mayhem ensued as the two devilish, blood thirsty beasts attacked their own "mommy". There was nothing I could do except scream but this only incited the animals into a more rabid frenzy.

I had never considered a cease command to end their carnage with their animal prey and thus I had no cease command to rely upon to stop the carnage that was now taking place. Her piercing screams of pain and fear succumbed to the sound of gurgling blood and pitiful wheezes. Silence! O' what had I done? What monsters had I created that would turn on their own bitch? Their voracious nature and incredible strength were far too much for me to intervene. The woman was dead and the frenzied animals would not let me near to approach their fresh kill. Within minutes, her entire torso was unrecognizable.

Maddening thoughts began to pulse through my head faster than I could process them. Slow down! I could not let panic grip me. What was I to do? Who was I to call? Would anyone, especially the authorities believe a far fetched story such as this? Surely I would be imprisoned, incarcerated with common criminals, the unseemly elements of society for the murder of my wife who I loved.

No! This could not and would not happen to me. I began to formulate a plan. I would dispose of the body or what was left of the cadaver. The remaining parts would be hid in wine barrels that were filled with the season's new wine. As for any other
biological trace, well, the dogs would take care of that nasty little chore by simply depositing her amongst the acres of grapevines in the vineyard. The woman would simply become fertilizer, never to be seen or heard from again. I struggled to stifle a chuckle as this was how I envisioned my own fate due to these two demon dogs.

Some months had passed with various inquiries as to the whereabouts of the woman. I explained in great detail that she had decided to travel to the various regions of Europe that produced the finest of all wines. More time had passed and I could no longer keep up the facade of lies nor could I properly explain why I had not had any contact with her. Someone became suspicious and reported her as a missing person. Thus began the investigation that lead to my eventual downfall.

One afternoon two detectives arrived to inquire of the woman. I welcomed them into the confines of the winery and escorted them both to the deck area, the same area where the woman was so brutally mobbed by her "philosophers two". I offered them both a glass of wine from the last years harvest of fruit. Eager to impress, I chose my most prized blend that I took directly from the charred oak barrel in which it rested and aged. We sat comfortably, drinking, and enjoying the red wine as I attempted to calmly answer their probing questions.

Straightway, I felt a twinge of panic in the soles of my feet and could not control its migration as it spread to the rest of my body. The fact was, I could not explain the absence of any flight records or that the woman's passport had not been
registered electronically as leaving the United States or entering any other country. In between their questions I tried desperately to steer the conversation back to the wine and the evolution of the winery. Surely, the gumshoes could sense my rising panic? O' skilfull interrogators they were.

Finally they ended their questioning and turned their attention to the wine. How odd it seemed for these two skilled investigators to abruptly change topics in the middle of questioning a suspect. Make no mistake, that is exactly what I was or was I? Am I a suspect I thought. My god, I am a suspect! Was my panic unfounded? Control the panic! Wipe your brow, breathe easily and normal. They do not know. They could not know. They do know! The investigators then began what struck me as a curious dialogue amongst themselves. Their easy banter frightened me and surely they took notice of my reaction.

"This is an extraordinarily deep red wine."
"Yes it is and its aroma is pungent and the flavor is quite bold. It possesses a wealth of tannic acid and is terribly, and I mean that in a good way, piquant and dry to the palate."

Truly they knew that I had caused the death of the woman and had disposed of her in this very batch of wine that they were currently enjoying. What was even more disturbing was that they were describing the wine as if they knew of every characteristic, nuance, and personality of the woman. Could her temprement and traits somehow have become incorporated into the alcoholic nectar?

I could no longer hide my shame as the anxiety and panic exploded from deep within. In a rush of adrenalin and madness
I shouted aloud "The woman is dead! I hid her body in the
wine barrels full of wine. Shame me no longer with your ironic
banter and oratory. I can no longer live with this anguish for
the death of the woman."

So, arrested was I as feared. The imaginative tale of truth
was not believed. Jurisprudence showed no mercy to me for my
so called malingering and fanciful tale. Those damnable dogs
were my demise afterall. Those filthy beasts that I had worked
so hard to ensure that it was not me that would lose life and
limb. Raise your glasses my friends as I offer a toast to
Socrates and Plato, the philosophers two.