

A Pretty Petty Pantomime

By Jim Ody

“There's no use in crying,” he said, with sadness and defeat,
“My self-esteem was transplanted; because your needs I could not meet!”
She gazed, unfazed, glared but without reply,
He cowered, felt less powered, and sunk a little lower with a sigh,
And with one swift swipe cut off her ring finger, a desperate but stunning act.
Sometimes you have to poke the beast in order to make it react.
She did not flinch, twitch, moan or move an inch,
The pain seemingly did not register, and here in this act was seen this glitch.
“What do I have to do!” he screamed, and in defeat then moaned:
“I feel my feelings have felt this fear, and I can see that I've already seen this
scene, you see?”
But of course she did not, and naturally neither did he,
Both inconsequential salty drops in the great big raging sea.
That's the reason they were here right now, one left stunned, but both left weak:
A pretty petty pantomime on the last day of the week...

Jim Ody bio: I have had 10 years experience of writing over 1000 music reviews for a popular music website. Currently, I am a writer of Crime/Thrillers as well as poetry of the obscure. My first novel called 'Lost Connections' is part of a Kindle Scout campaign until late November, and I am in the middle of writing my next Thriller. My style is observational, with a touch of adventure and bound up in lashings of humor. I consider myself a literary maverick, but most consider me odd.