



Jerrymanders

Jerry

Cruising the streets,
curb crawling,
girls falling by the way.

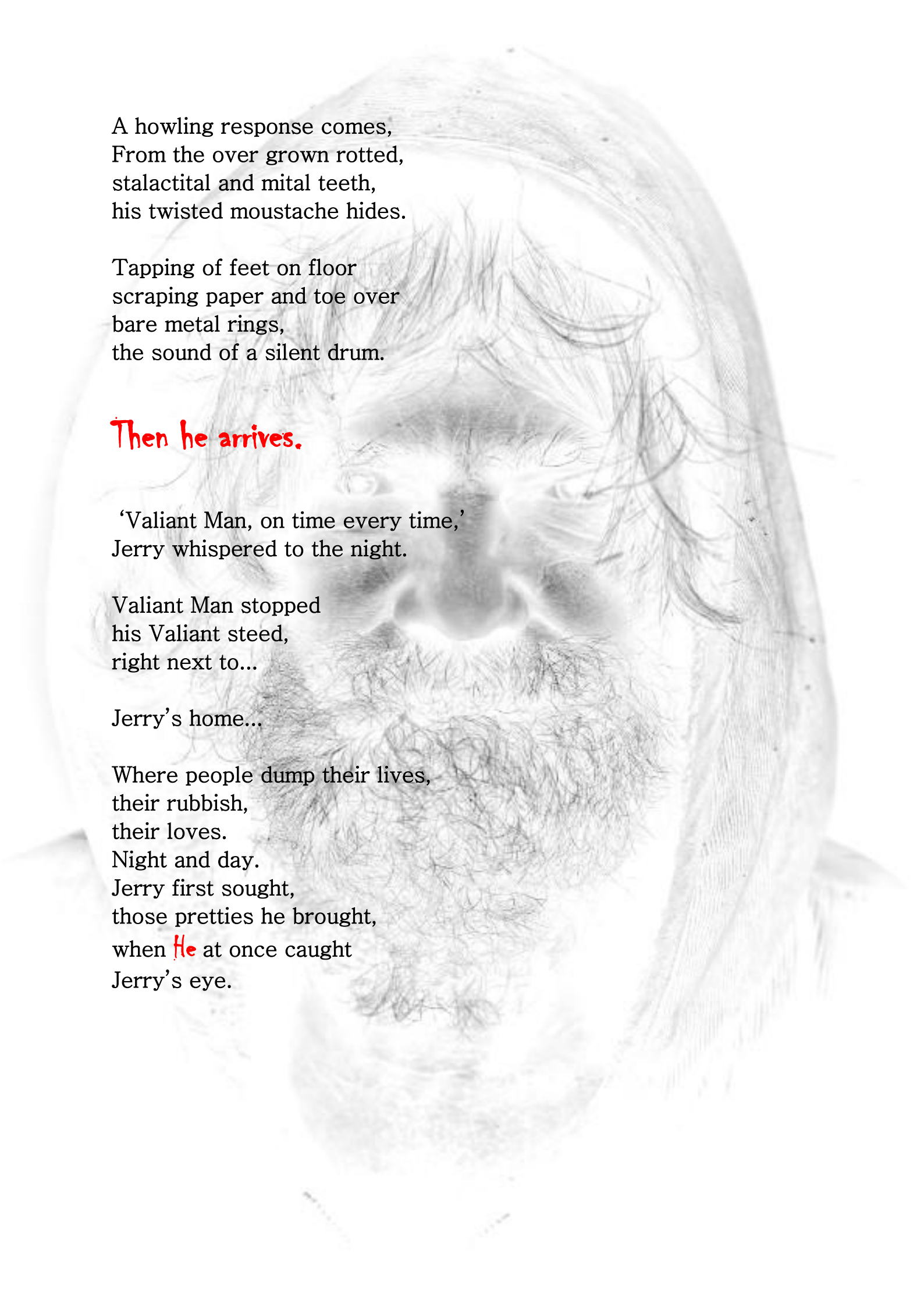
Hunting His prey.

From shadows is seen the lost man.
Semi aware he sits in his father's old Ford,
with its caved in passenger's door,
and coloured drag mark across its fender.

Jerry,
the Jazzman,
Jerrymandering the box
and out it pops.
To reveal the stench of aging
electro-acoustic transducers,
found rotting in last week's lunch.

Those old headphones,
bound by tape black red in colour,
the same as his mat hair.

Played a haunting song.



A howling response comes,
From the over grown rotted,
stalactital and mital teeth,
his twisted moustache hides.

Tapping of feet on floor
scraping paper and toe over
bare metal rings,
the sound of a silent drum.

Then he arrives.

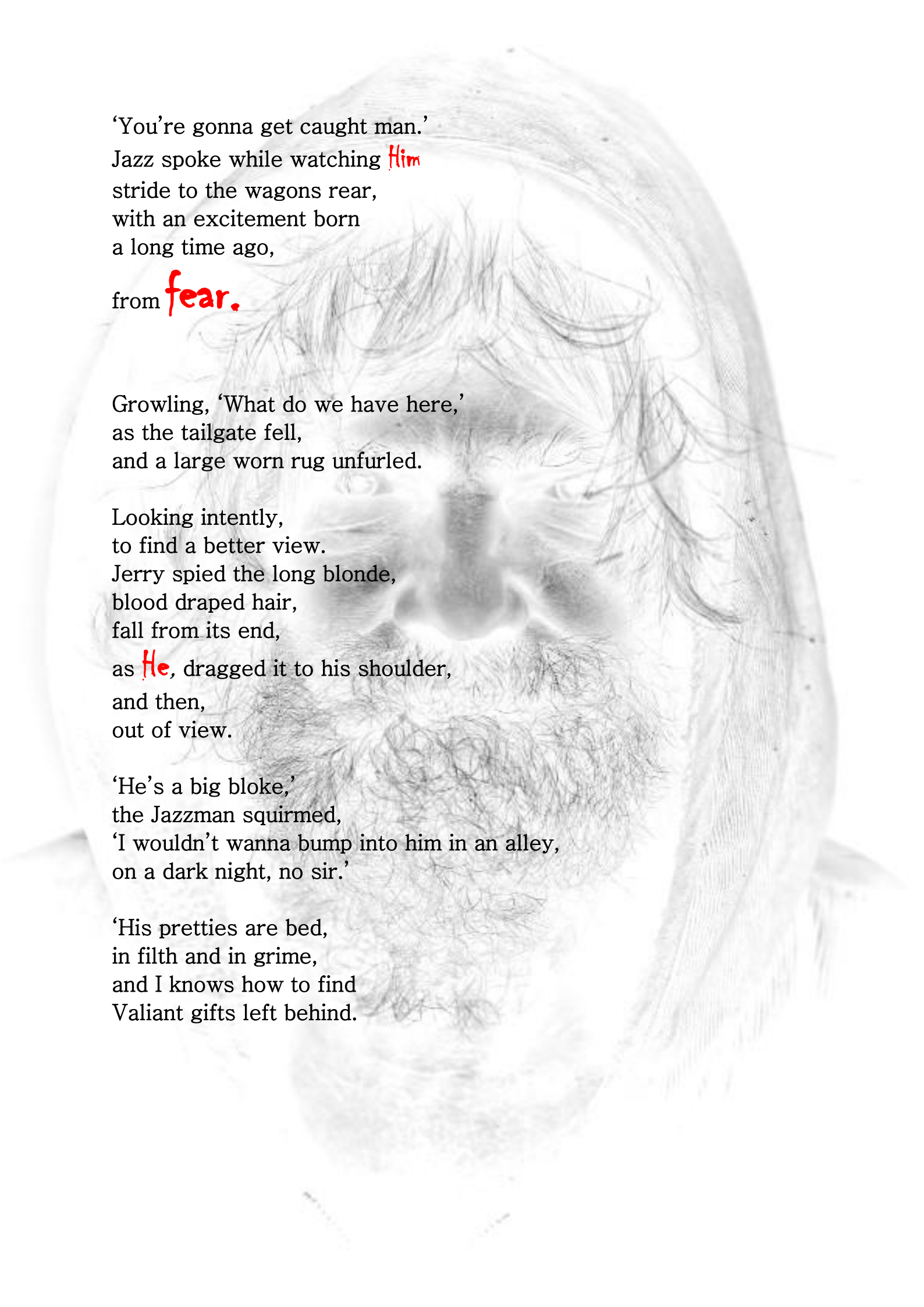
‘Valiant Man, on time every time,’
Jerry whispered to the night.

Valiant Man stopped
his Valiant steed,
right next to...

Jerry’s home...

Where people dump their lives,
their rubbish,
their loves.

Night and day.
Jerry first sought,
those pretties he brought,
when **He** at once caught
Jerry’s eye.



‘You’re gonna get caught man.’

Jazz spoke while watching **him**

stride to the wagons rear,

with an excitement born

a long time ago,

from **fear.**

Growling, ‘What do we have here,’

as the tailgate fell,

and a large worn rug unfurled.

Looking intently,

to find a better view.

Jerry spied the long blonde,

blood draped hair,

fall from its end,

as **he**, dragged it to his shoulder,

and then,

out of view.

‘He’s a big bloke,’

the Jazzman squirmed,

‘I wouldn’t wanna bump into him in an alley,

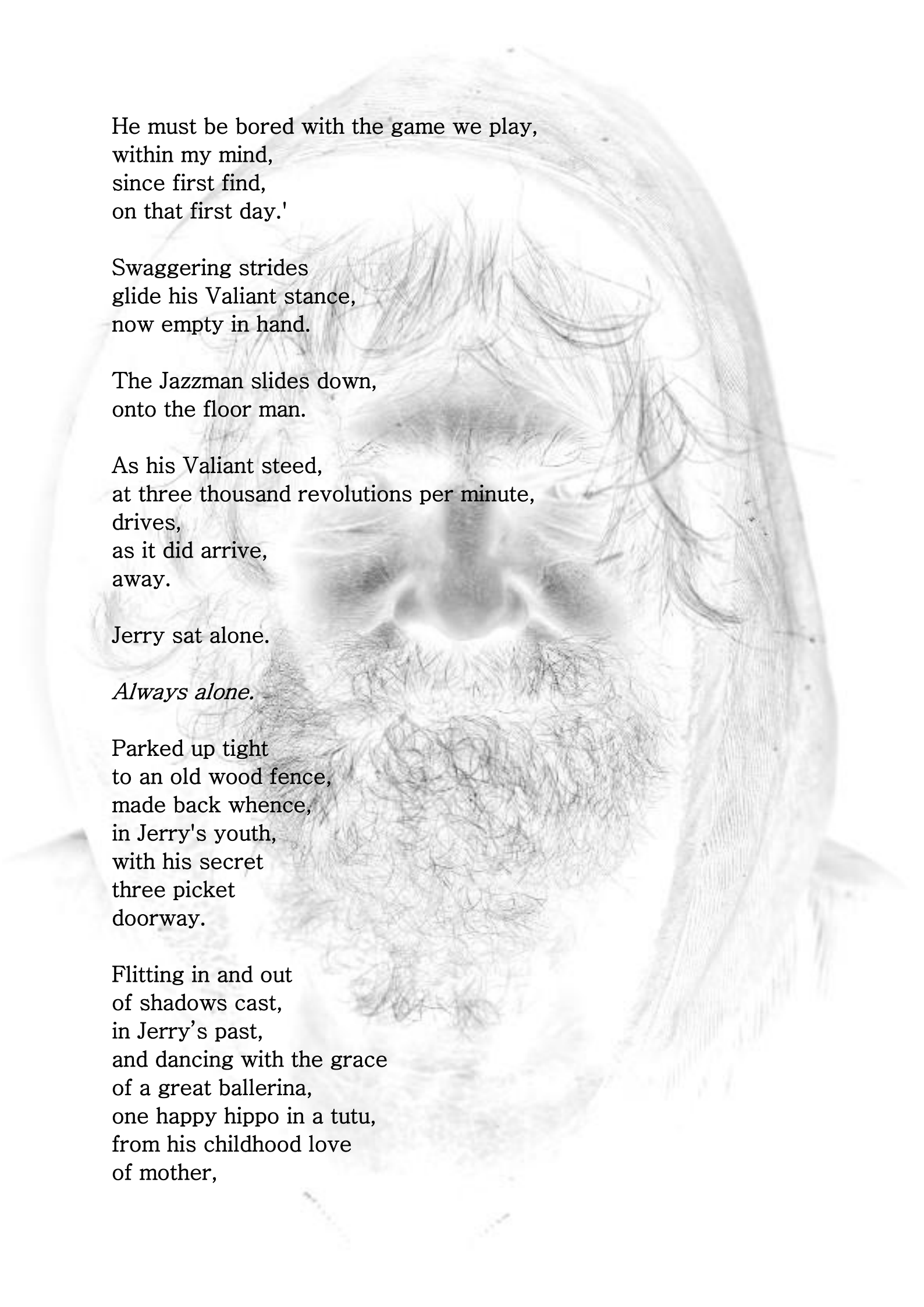
on a dark night, no sir.’

‘His pretties are bed,

in filth and in grime,

and I knows how to find

Valiant gifts left behind.



He must be bored with the game we play,
within my mind,
since first find,
on that first day.'

Swaggering strides
glide his Valiant stance,
now empty in hand.

The Jazzman slides down,
onto the floor man.

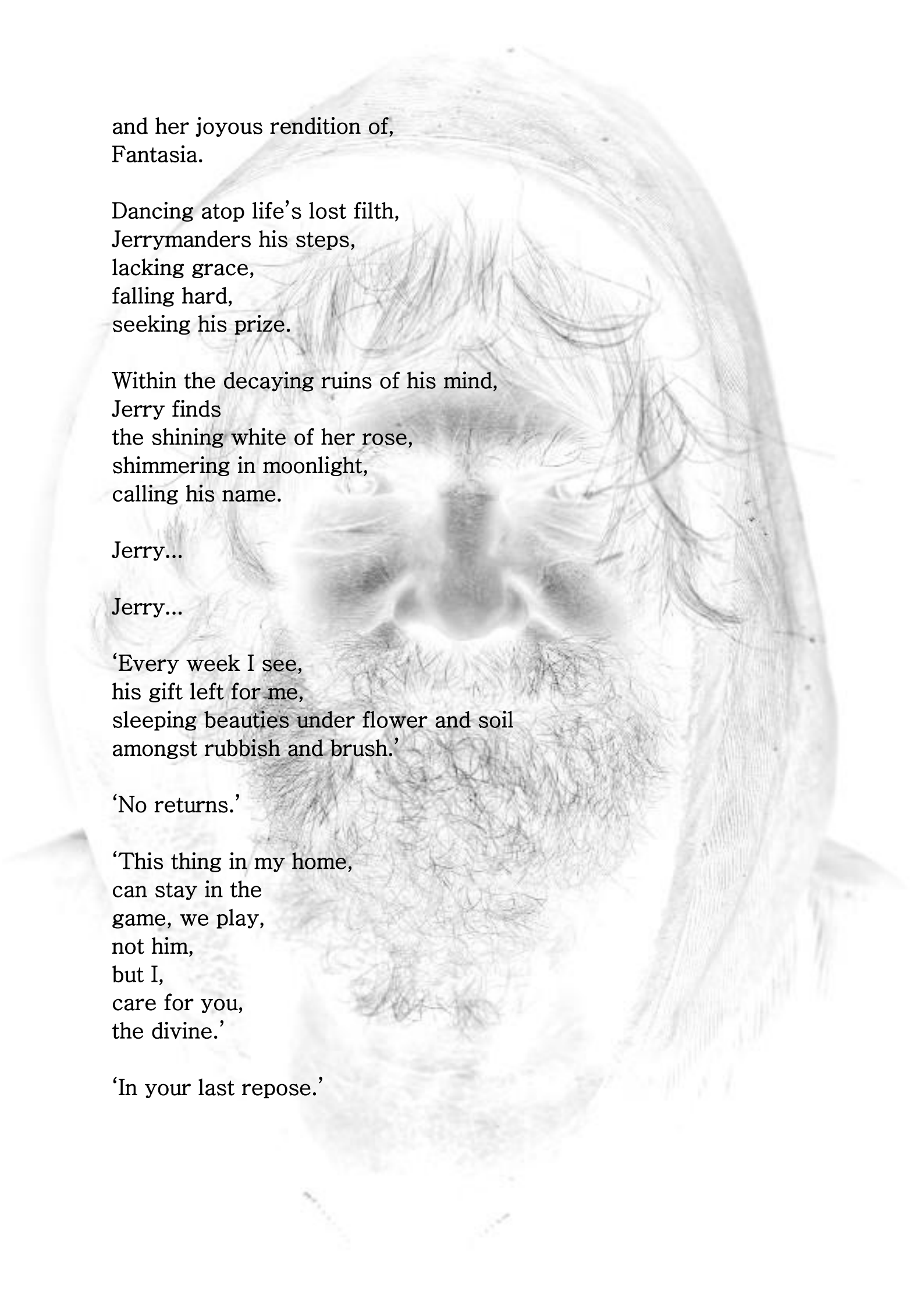
As his Valiant steed,
at three thousand revolutions per minute,
drives,
as it did arrive,
away.

Jerry sat alone.

Always alone.

Parked up tight
to an old wood fence,
made back whence,
in Jerry's youth,
with his secret
three picket
doorway.

Flitting in and out
of shadows cast,
in Jerry's past,
and dancing with the grace
of a great ballerina,
one happy hippo in a tutu,
from his childhood love
of mother,



and her joyous rendition of,
Fantasia.

Dancing atop life's lost filth,
Jerrymanders his steps,
lacking grace,
falling hard,
seeking his prize.

Within the decaying ruins of his mind,
Jerry finds
the shining white of her rose,
shimmering in moonlight,
calling his name.

Jerry...

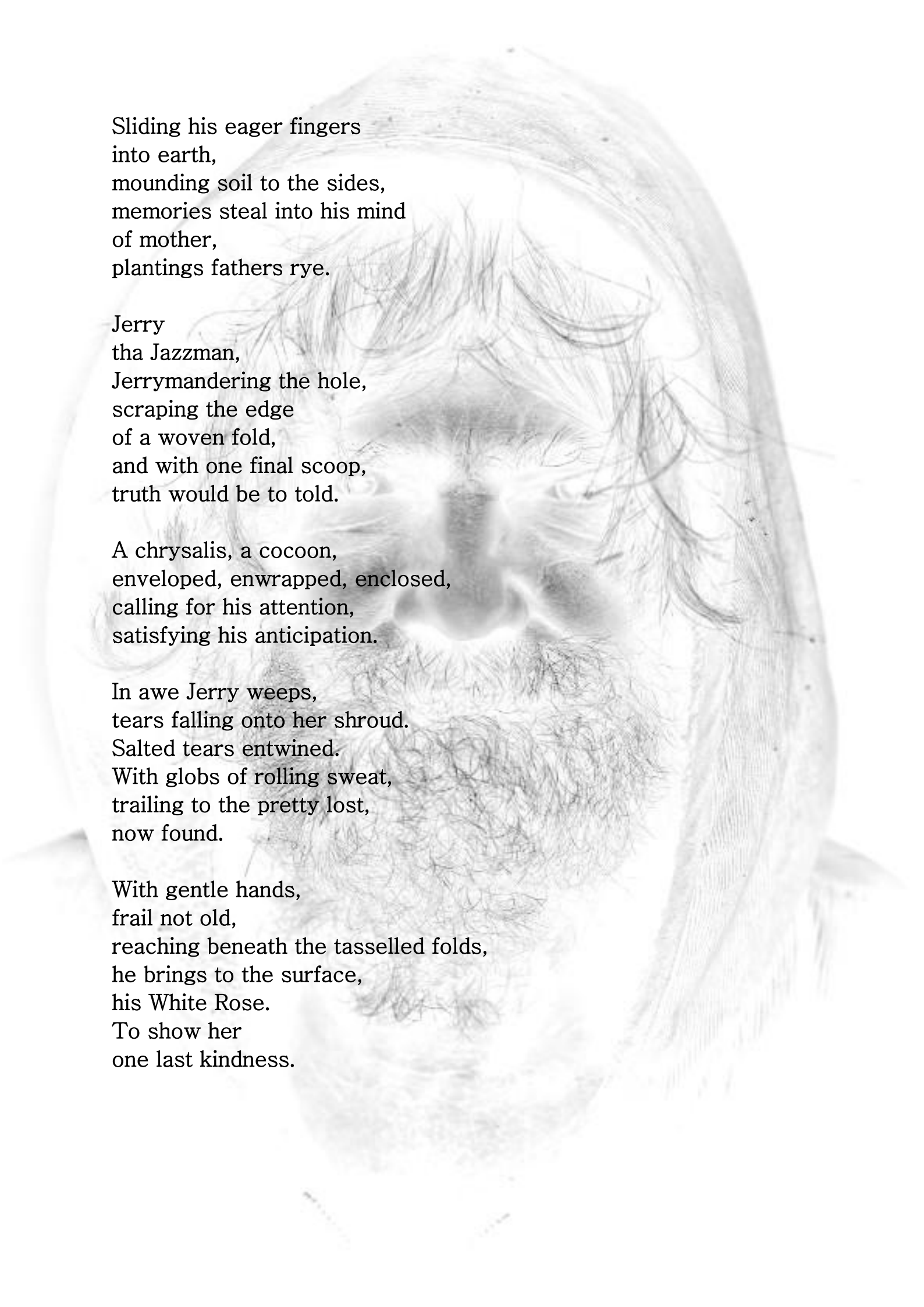
Jerry...

'Every week I see,
his gift left for me,
sleeping beauties under flower and soil
amongst rubbish and brush.'

'No returns.'

'This thing in my home,
can stay in the
game, we play,
not him,
but I,
care for you,
the divine.'

'In your last repose.'



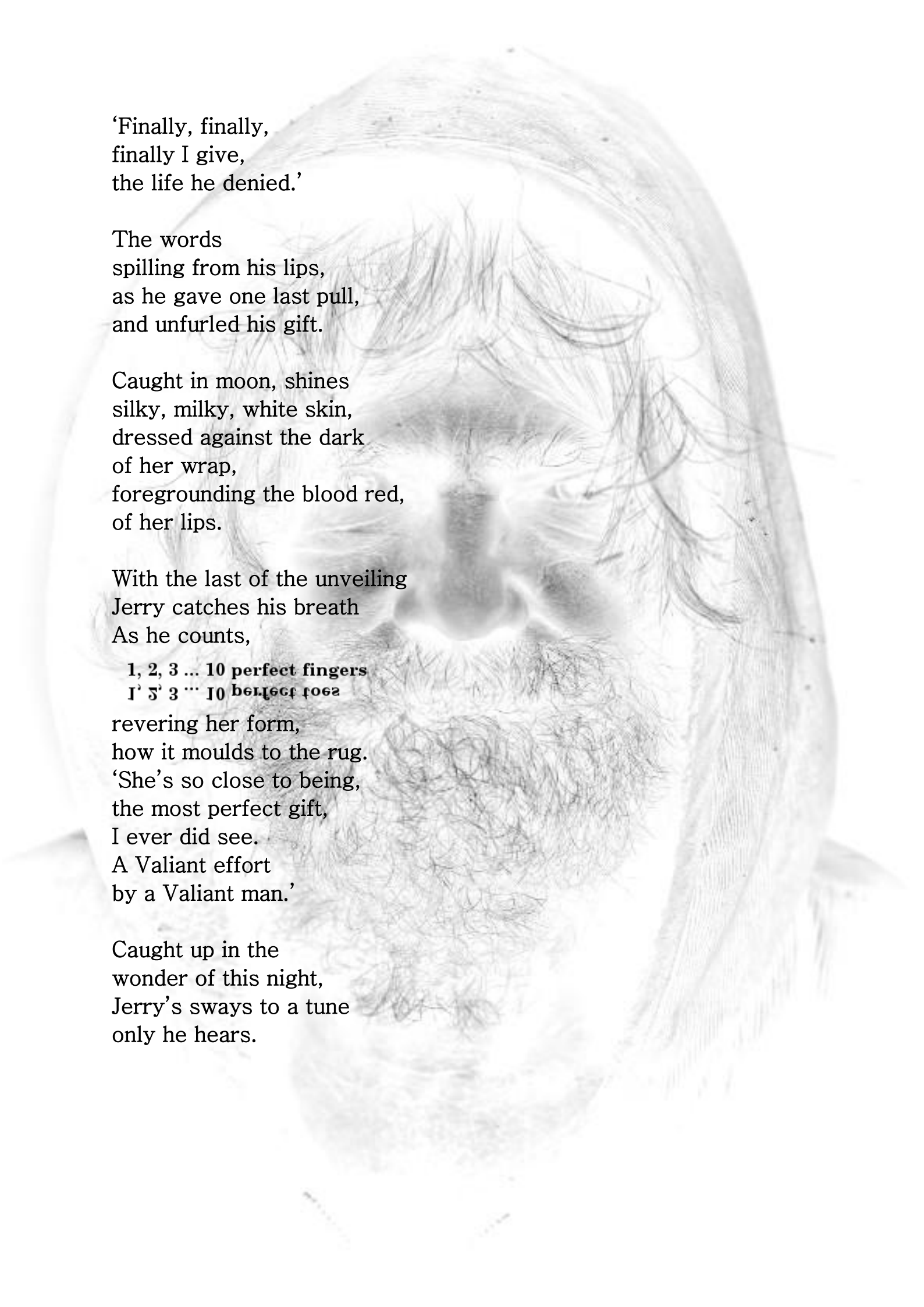
Sliding his eager fingers
into earth,
mounding soil to the sides,
memories steal into his mind
of mother,
plantings fathers rye.

Jerry
tha Jazzman,
Jerrymandering the hole,
scraping the edge
of a woven fold,
and with one final scoop,
truth would be to told.

A chrysalis, a cocoon,
enveloped, enwrapped, enclosed,
calling for his attention,
satisfying his anticipation.

In awe Jerry weeps,
tears falling onto her shroud.
Salted tears entwined.
With globs of rolling sweat,
trailing to the pretty lost,
now found.

With gentle hands,
frail not old,
reaching beneath the tasselled folds,
he brings to the surface,
his White Rose.
To show her
one last kindness.



'Finally, finally,
finally I give,
the life he denied.'

The words
spilling from his lips,
as he gave one last pull,
and unfurled his gift.

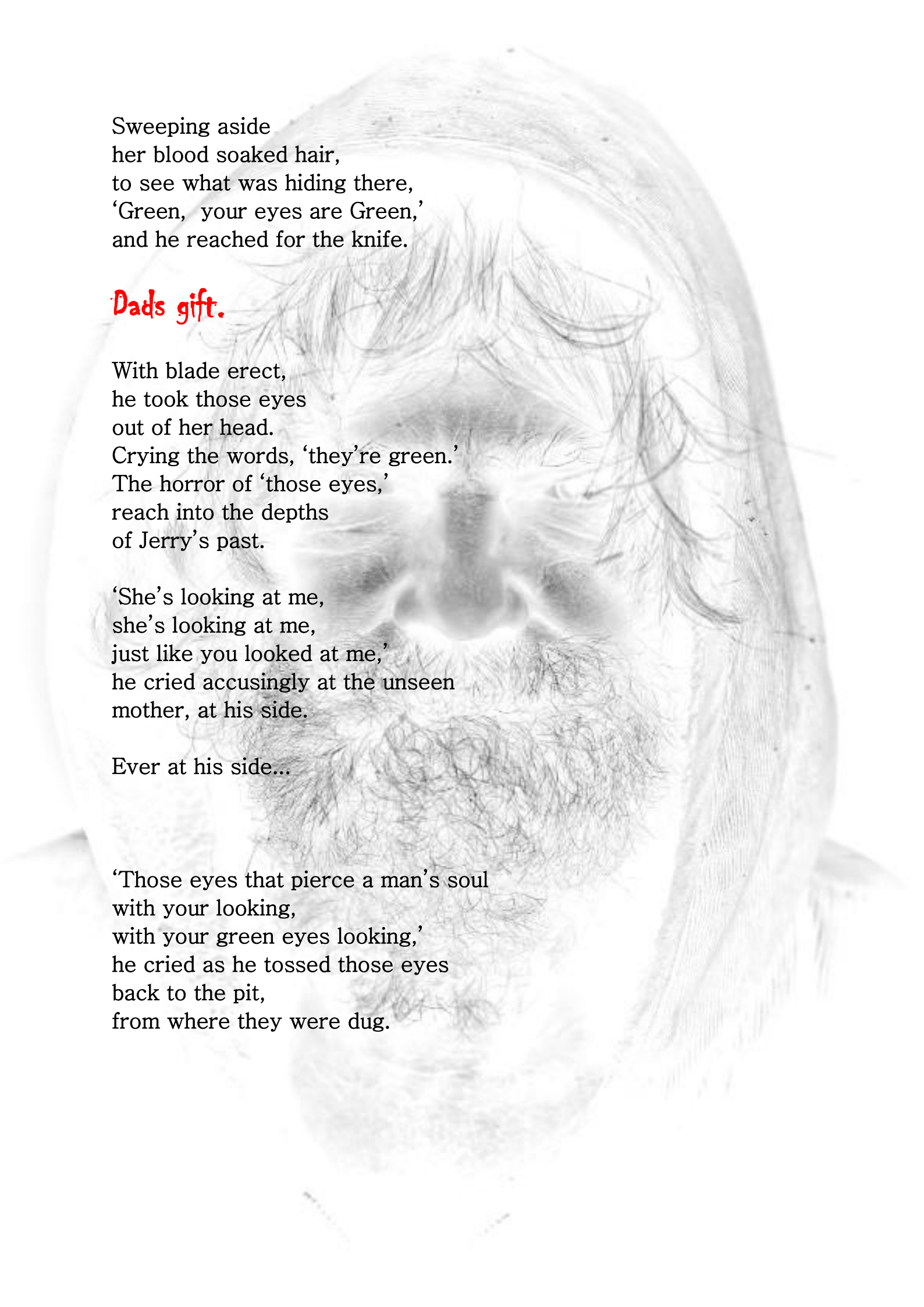
Caught in moon, shines
silky, milky, white skin,
dressed against the dark
of her wrap,
foregrounding the blood red,
of her lips.

With the last of the unveiling
Jerry catches his breath
As he counts,

1, 2, 3 ... 10 perfect fingers
1' 5' 3 ... 10 perfect toes

revering her form,
how it moulds to the rug.
'She's so close to being,
the most perfect gift,
I ever did see.
A Valiant effort
by a Valiant man.'

Caught up in the
wonder of this night,
Jerry's sways to a tune
only he hears.



Sweeping aside
her blood soaked hair,
to see what was hiding there,
'Green, your eyes are Green,'
and he reached for the knife.

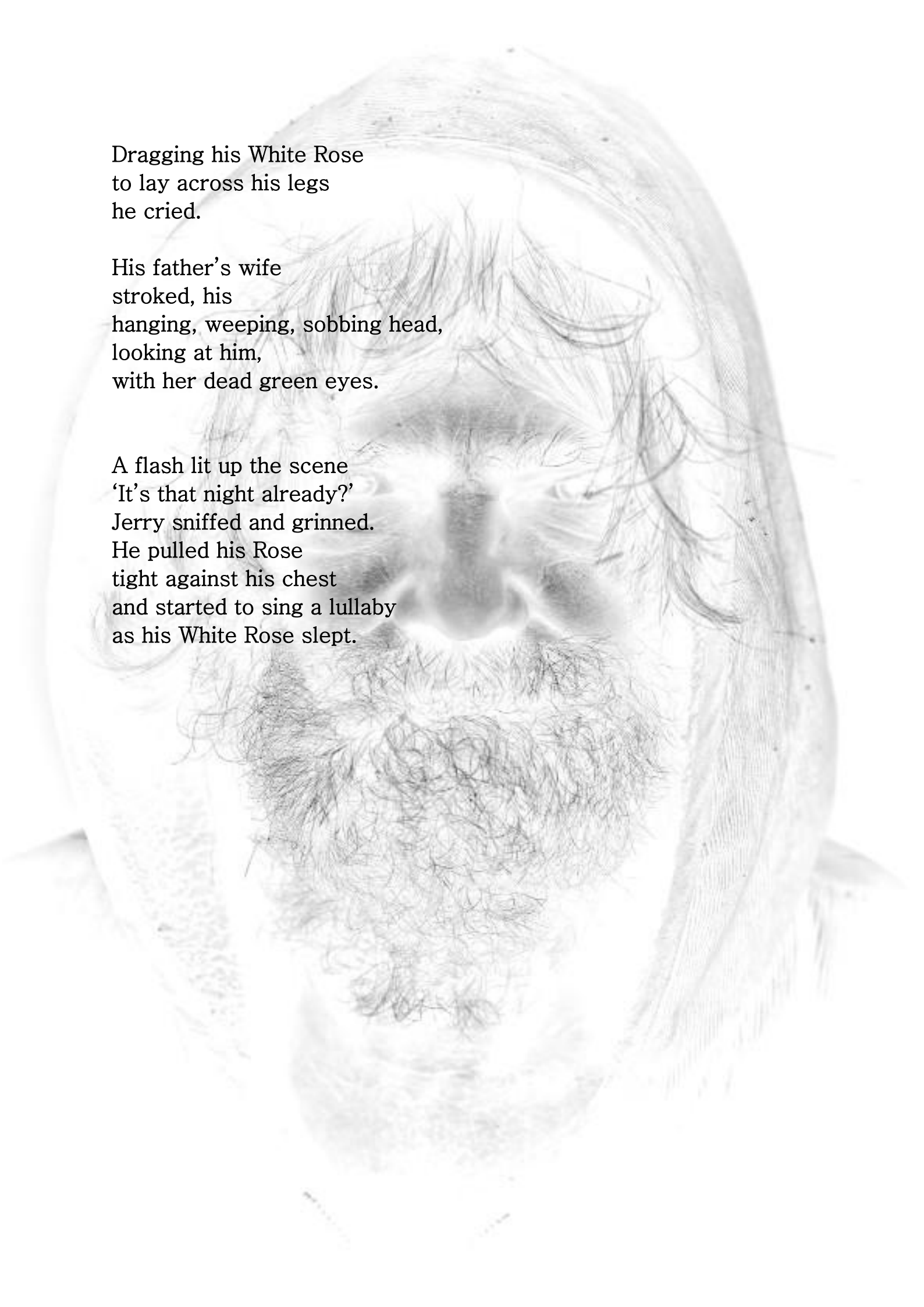
Dads gift.

With blade erect,
he took those eyes
out of her head.
Crying the words, 'they're green.'
The horror of 'those eyes,'
reach into the depths
of Jerry's past.

'She's looking at me,
she's looking at me,
just like you looked at me,'
he cried accusingly at the unseen
mother, at his side.

Ever at his side...

'Those eyes that pierce a man's soul
with your looking,
with your green eyes looking,'
he cried as he tossed those eyes
back to the pit,
from where they were dug.



Dragging his White Rose
to lay across his legs
he cried.

His father's wife
stroked, his
hanging, weeping, sobbing head,
looking at him,
with her dead green eyes.

A flash lit up the scene
'It's that night already?'
Jerry sniffed and grinned.
He pulled his Rose
tight against his chest
and started to sing a lullaby
as his White Rose slept.



Toddlystew

Todd and Stew,
the Toddlystew.
Watching the LCD on LSD.
The psychoactive trance
of their, Bro romance.
While riding a psychedelic wave,
with haschisch.

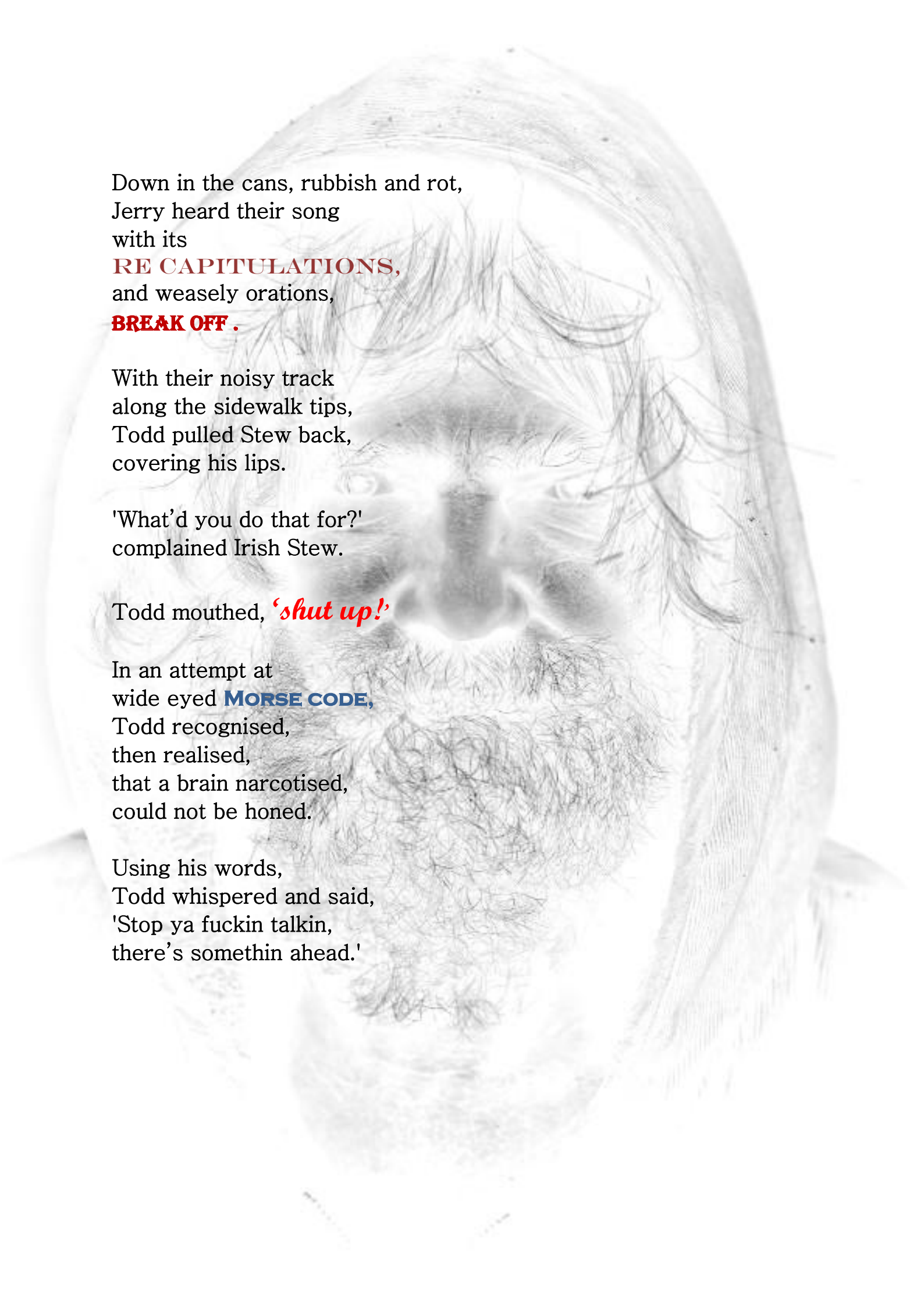
Chillin their daze.

looking in windows,
stealing secrets,
quiet as mice
and not very nice.

Wearing Friday's shorts,
on a Wednesday.

'Eeny meeny miny moe,
which house to toss
only I know,'
Stew crooned.

Todd, a bloke with half a brain,
responded lyrically the same,
'Eeny meeny miny moe,
move it along
let's fucking go.'



Down in the cans, rubbish and rot,
Jerry heard their song
with its
RE CAPITULATIONS,
and weasely orations,
BREAK OFF.

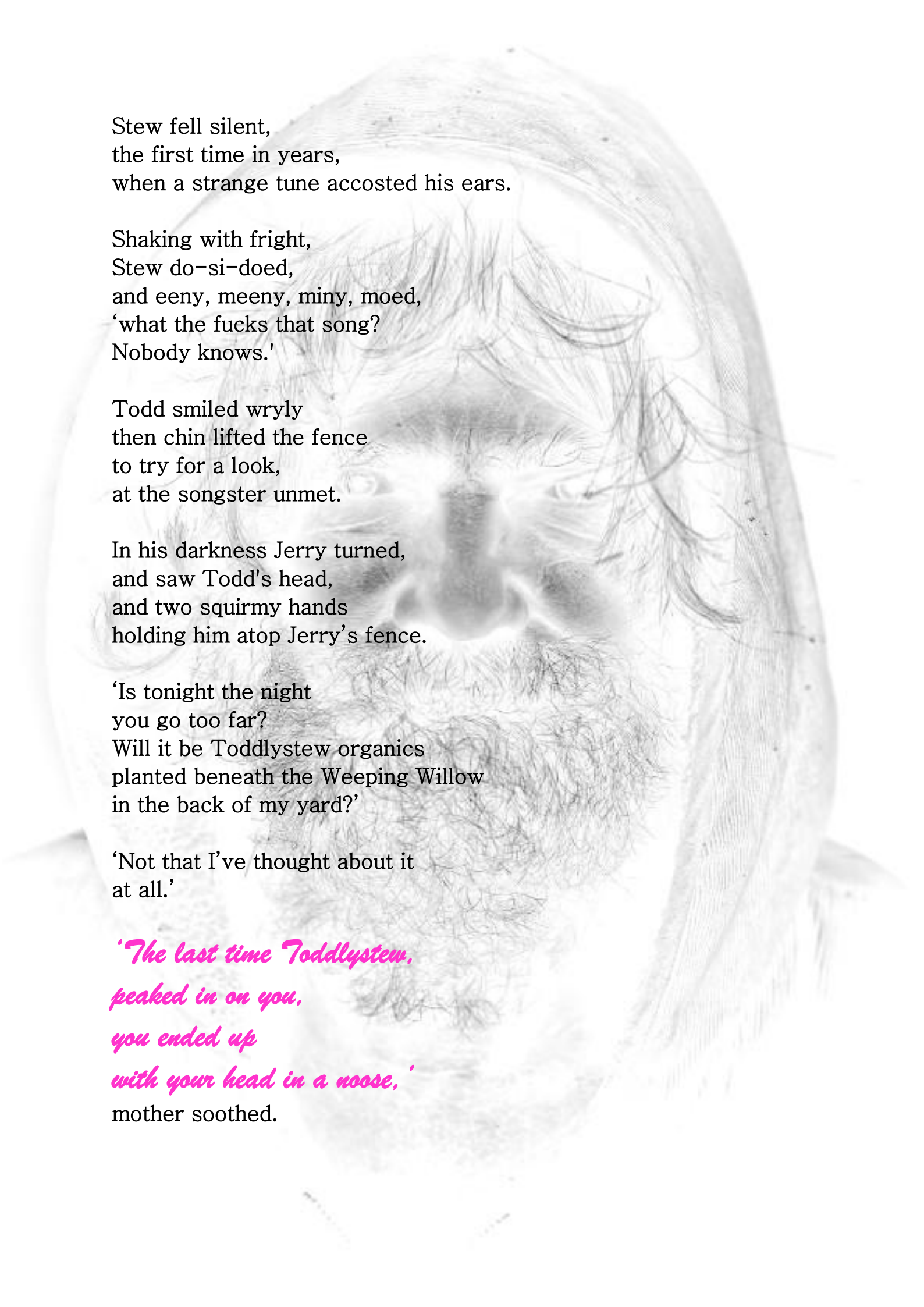
With their noisy track
along the sidewalk tips,
Todd pulled Stew back,
covering his lips.

'What'd you do that for?'
complained Irish Stew.

Todd mouthed, *'shut up!'*

In an attempt at
wide eyed **MORSE CODE,**
Todd recognised,
then realised,
that a brain narcotised,
could not be honed.

Using his words,
Todd whispered and said,
'Stop ya fuckin talkin,
there's somethin ahead.'



Stew fell silent,
the first time in years,
when a strange tune accosted his ears.

Shaking with fright,
Stew do-si-doed,
and eeny, meeny, miny, moed,
'what the fucks that song?
Nobody knows.'

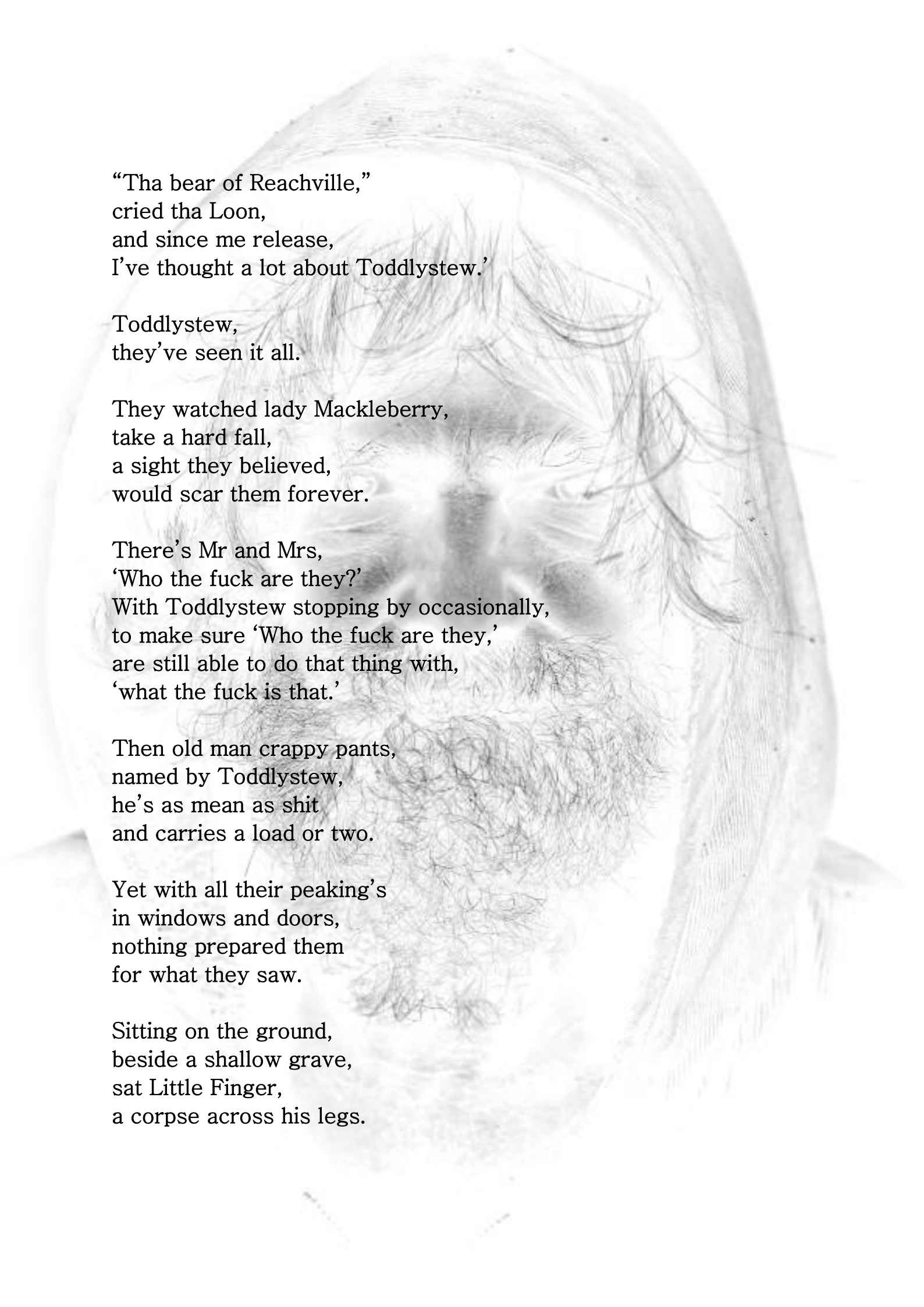
Todd smiled wryly
then chin lifted the fence
to try for a look,
at the songster unmet.

In his darkness Jerry turned,
and saw Todd's head,
and two squirmy hands
holding him atop Jerry's fence.

'Is tonight the night
you go too far?
Will it be Toddlystew organics
planted beneath the Weeping Willow
in the back of my yard?'

'Not that I've thought about it
at all.'

*'The last time Toddlystew,
peaked in on you,
you ended up
with your head in a noose,'*
mother soothed.



“Tha bear of Reachville,”
cried tha Loon,
and since me release,
I’ve thought a lot about Toddlystew.’

Toddlystew,
they’ve seen it all.

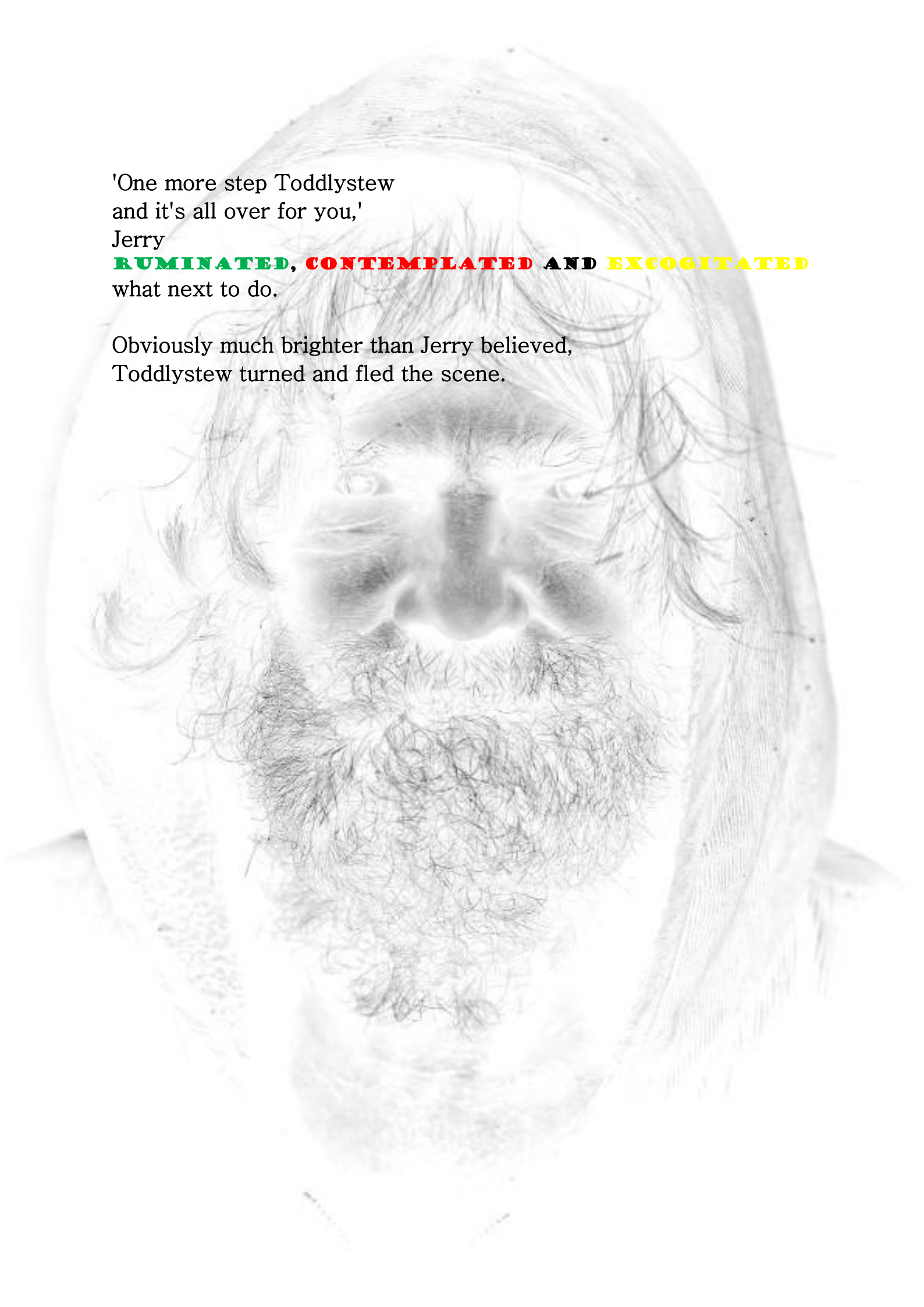
They watched lady Mackleberry,
take a hard fall,
a sight they believed,
would scar them forever.

There’s Mr and Mrs,
‘Who the fuck are they?’
With Toddlystew stopping by occasionally,
to make sure ‘Who the fuck are they,’
are still able to do that thing with,
‘what the fuck is that.’

Then old man crappy pants,
named by Toddlystew,
he’s as mean as shit
and carries a load or two.

Yet with all their peaking’s
in windows and doors,
nothing prepared them
for what they saw.

Sitting on the ground,
beside a shallow grave,
sat Little Finger,
a corpse across his legs.



'One more step Toddlystew
and it's all over for you,'

Jerry

RUMINATED, CONTEMPLATED AND EXCOGITATED
what next to do.

Obviously much brighter than Jerry believed,
Toddlystew turned and fled the scene.

Where the depraved all meet

Calling tha cops,
cause that's what ya do,
Toddlystew waited
where **Craven Looney**
was selecting journalistic food.

SERGEANT GROVES

first on scene, interviewed

two chemically psychoactive stoners
riding the psychedelic wave
of hash cookies, brownies
and pot!

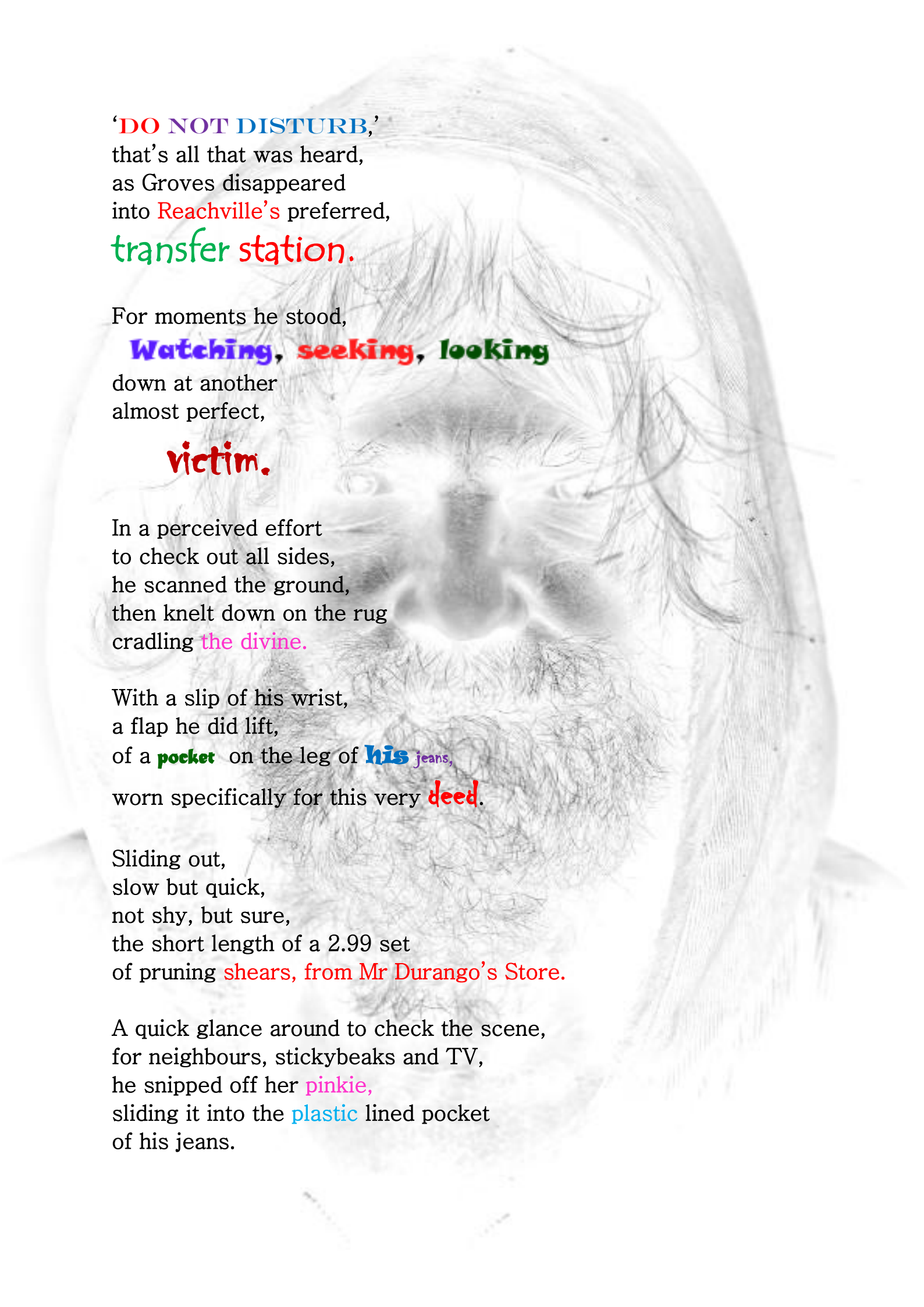
Groves sent cops
to the block,
with orders to, 'tape, not gape,'
at the site said to hide

Reachville's secrets.

Crowds had assembled,
the Loon in the lead,
with **Seamus Macbeth**
leaning against a certain old Ford...

With his eyes so green...

'Take witness statements,'
Groves commanded,
then trundled down to the soil mounded,
that Jerry did toil with his hands,
to uncover Valiant's gift.



‘DO NOT DISTURB,’
that’s all that was heard,
as Groves disappeared
into Reachville’s preferred,
transfer station.

For moments he stood,
Watching, seeking, looking
down at another
almost perfect,
victim.

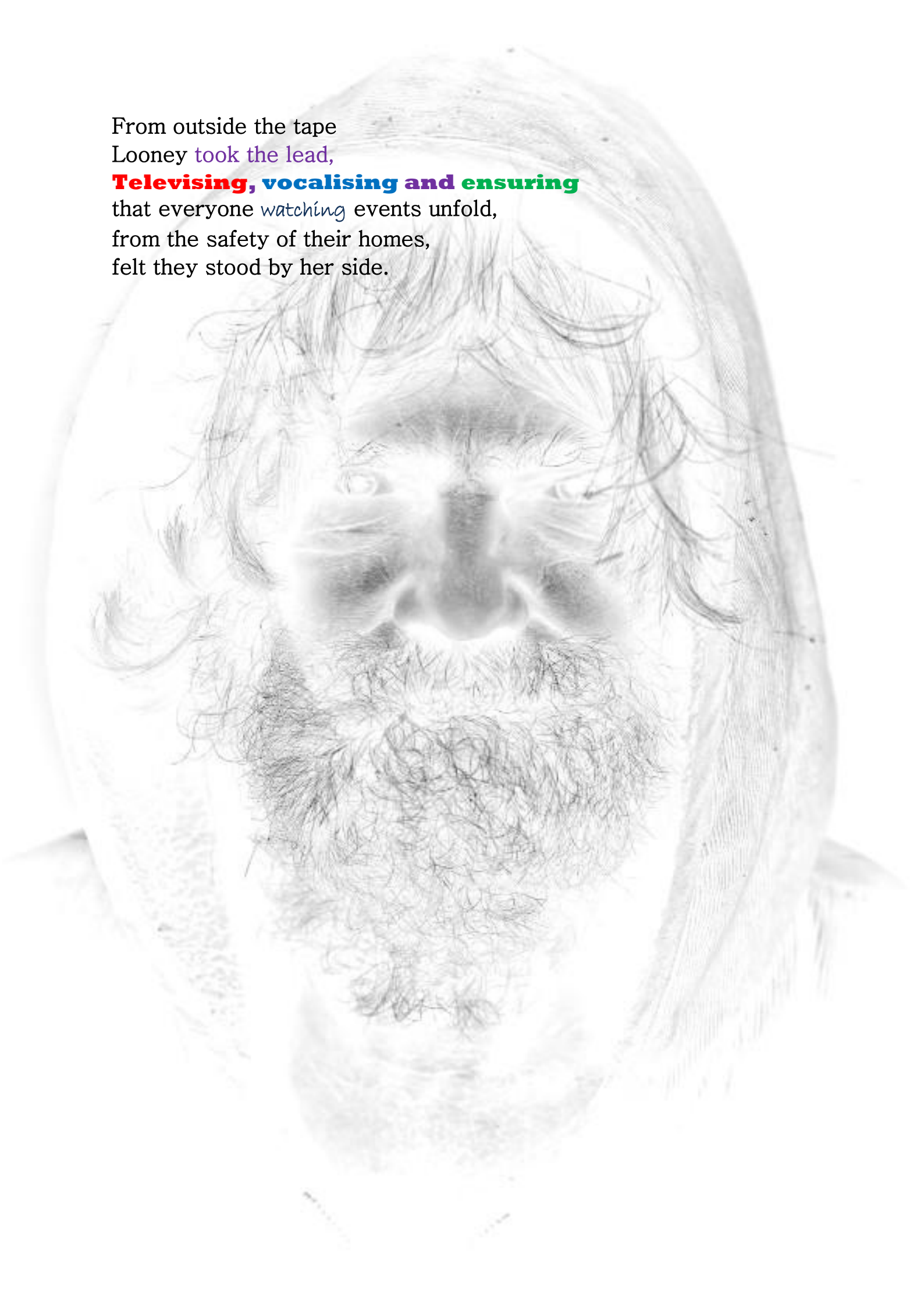
In a perceived effort
to check out all sides,
he scanned the ground,
then knelt down on the rug
cradling the divine.

With a slip of his wrist,
a flap he did lift,
of a pocket on the leg of his jeans,
worn specifically for this very deed.

Sliding out,
slow but quick,
not shy, but sure,
the short length of a 2.99 set
of pruning shears, from Mr Durango’s Store.

A quick glance around to check the scene,
for neighbours, stickybeaks and TV,
he snipped off her pinkie,
sliding it into the plastic lined pocket
of his jeans.

From outside the tape
Looney took the lead,
Televising, vocalising and ensuring
that everyone *watching* events unfold,
from the safety of their homes,
felt they stood by her side.



Valiant Man

Valiant man with his **Valiant stance**
sat himself down,
watching the **gruesome** discovery on TV.

Feeling **victorious** cheer,
cracking a cold **beer**,
cringing at the **Looney's** voice
as it drilled into his thinking,
suddenly peaking,
as **Looney's** speaking,
revealed an inconsistency,
causing exaltation and trepidation
surrounding the location of his girls,
EYES.

Victory fled and instead
he strode to his **Valiant steed**
speaking, 'Not my girl, no, not mine.'

And in no time, he glided to a **stop**,
not far from his **night time ACTIVITIES.**

Making his way to a televised scene,
confusion, confliction confounding reports,

**'Not my girl,
no distinguishes are keyed back
to me.'**

Jerry

Jerry,
the Jazzman.
Jerrymandering the box
and, off he pops.
Fleet of foot,
and quick as a wit,
he lay down his Rose,
with careful intent

leaping cross walkways, laneways and fence

Taking men's clothing,
from lines as he went.

Oh... he reached the safety of

Mrs Sumac's House

She's at her sisters **AGAIN!**

Washed up,
cleaned up.
Jerry stood with the crowds
when a familiar sound
caught his attention.

His eyes popped wide,
thoughts danced through his head,
as that black silhouette
filled him with dread.



Restrained, constrained, encumbered to suppress

a growing tremor,
rising in his chest.

Jerry's silent laughter
at proximity alert,

standing right next to Him

The scene was set.

Valiant man stood between,
Jerry and Toddlystew.

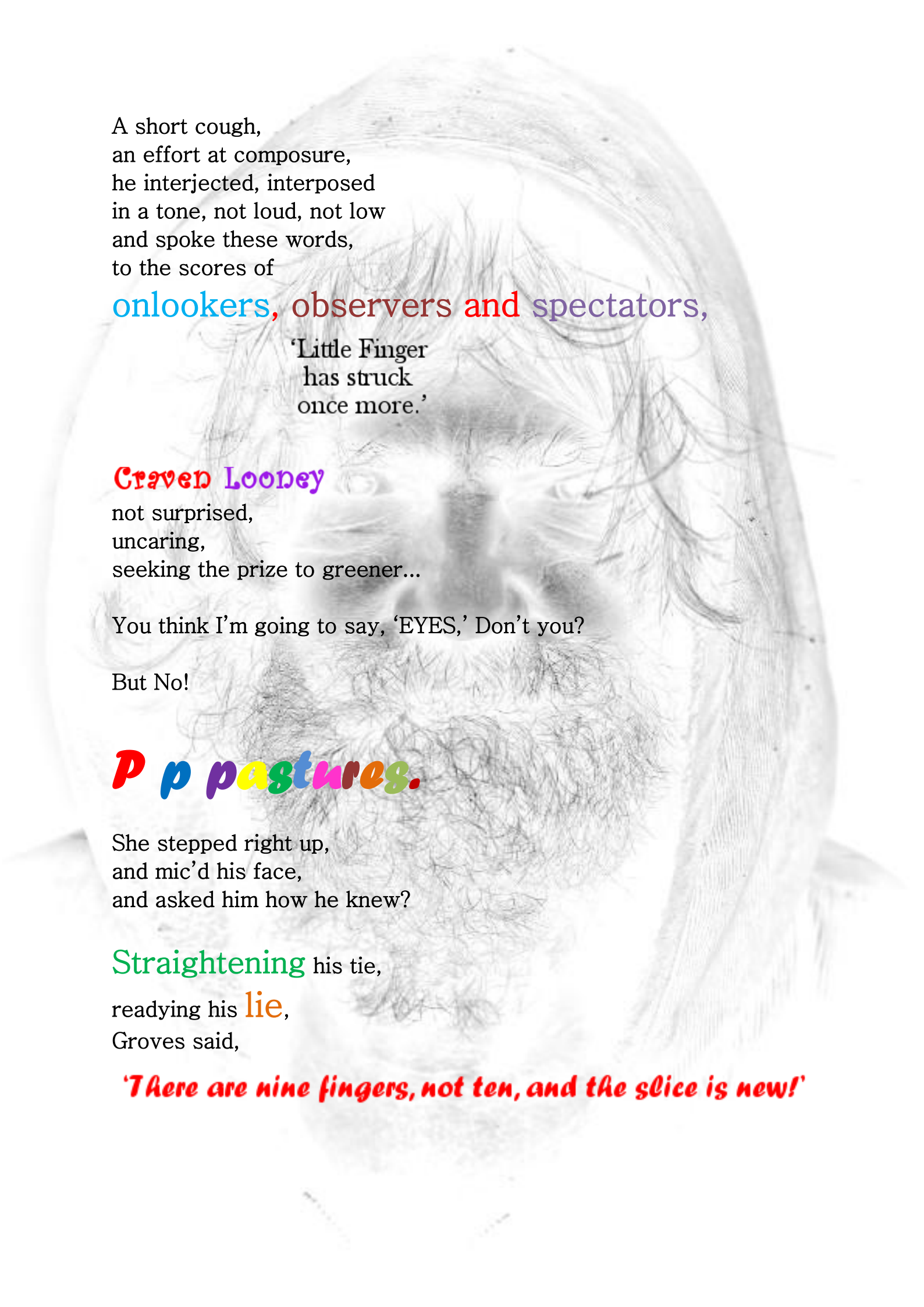
Jerry could feel the heat of his form,
brush along the edges of his new jacket,
found last week,
steaming amongst a discarded bag of,

egested, excreted defaecations,

of week old sweating kitty litter,
and peat.

Although not wanting to know
Valiant man's identity,
'He's standing right next to me.
How can I not look?'

And just as the Jazzman decided to see,
from out of nowhere SERGEANT GROVES
commanded all eyes on him,
as he came into scene.



A short cough,
an effort at composure,
he interjected, interposed
in a tone, not loud, not low
and spoke these words,
to the scores of

onlookers, observers and spectators,

‘Little Finger
has struck
once more.’

Craven Looney

not surprised,
uncaring,
seeking the prize to greener...

You think I’m going to say, ‘EYES,’ Don’t you?

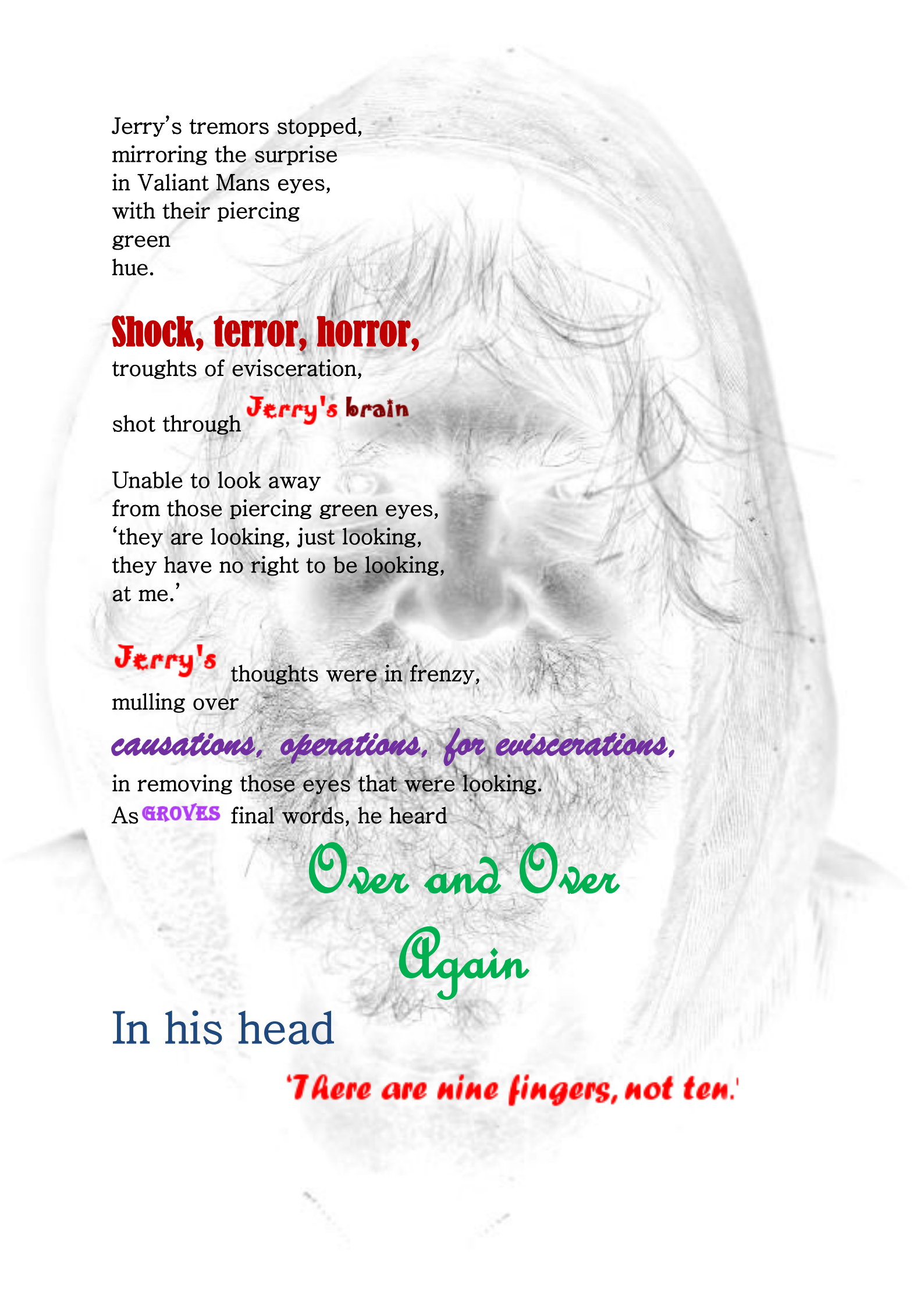
But No!

P p pastures.

She stepped right up,
and mic’d his face,
and asked him how he knew?

Straightening his tie,
readying his **lie**,
Groves said,

‘There are nine fingers, not ten, and the slice is new!’



Jerry's tremors stopped,
mirroring the surprise
in Valiant Mans eyes,
with their piercing
green
hue.

Shock, terror, horror,

thoughts of evisceration,

shot through **Jerry's brain**

Unable to look away
from those piercing green eyes,
'they are looking, just looking,
they have no right to be looking,
at me.'

Jerry's thoughts were in frenzy,
mulling over

causations, operations, for eviscerations,

in removing those eyes that were looking.

As **GROVES** final words, he heard

*Over and Over
Again*

In his head

'There are nine fingers, not ten.'



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