

My Pearls, Not Yours

By, Kendra Leigh Bott

In debt, I was desperate, I sold all of it
To pay my usurer and get one more hit

With sobriety came remorse and shame
There was one item I had to reclaim

The necklace had been in my family for years
Selling it to Carlo had brought me to tears

Regrets turned to panic, picturing Grandma's face
Addictions made me reckless, now I was a disgrace

Trying to make amends to my ancestry
I snuck to his place at a quarter of three

Carlo walked in on me as I stole back the pearls
I paused in fear, but these meant the world

"I can't let you have them," I pleaded my case.
"They're too important. They can't be displaced."

Carlo was outraged, he refused to understand
I had to silence him with the pearls in my hand

I wrapped the strand taut around his thick neck
Then I buried his body underneath my back deck

Days passed, then months, and summer turned to fall
I had kept the pearls safe, feeling no guilt at all

That is until one day when my dog dug a hole
And I felt a shiver way deep in my soul

The ground shook, the wind raged, the moonlight shone bold
My teeth chattered as the warm air turned cold

The grave had been opened, and I knew Carlo was back
Escaped from the grave to satisfy his wrath

The heirloom I'd kept was secured in my vault
But somehow, it got out and committed assault

My dog was now dead, pearls enveloped him tight
I moved the necklace to my pocket that night

I was scared but determined. I stayed wide awake
I did not want the ghost to decide my fate

But fate is persistent with a bitter spirit involved
That night was a mystery that would never be solved

They found me, no heartbeat, so the EMT shocked it
But I'd been choked by the pearls still in my pocket