

Here is an unpublished poem from collection of monologues in progress.

Axe Murderer

They cut off my long hair, but I don't care. I don't need it any more.
See, being in this cell has made me smarter. I'm better off here;
it's a damn, crazy world out there. Anyhow, I've learned
how to play their games---just act insane. "It's easy to fool fools,"
my grandmother always said. But I don't mean you, Reverend.
Did you know you can actually change your brain patterns?
Easier than changing your name.

Now back to how I got here. It's hard to believe, but I swear it's true.
I got nothing to hide. Besides, behind bars, that's hard to do. A man can't even
take a crap alone. Talk about prison abuse---that's the height of it.
Anyhow, I wouldn't lie to you because we're both preachers.
Nobody can fool men of the cloth like us. Right? I was called about five
years ago and didn't even need divinity school. Like the apostle Paul,
the Holy Spirit spoke out right to me one day I was walking down Main Street,
"Regazzi, my servant, Go feed my sheep!" It was clear as thunder.

Speaking of fools, my old mother-in-law thought I was a fool long before
I started preaching to my little fold. She told all over town I was evil, possessed
by the devil. Well, I'm sure she knew about the devil, being one of his own,
which I didn't find out until it too late. But I didn't let her words get to me.

See, I fooled her. I turned the other cheek at least for a while until I realized
she was a real witch, the devil's child, who could get inside my dreams or nightmares
I mean. Lean over here closer and listen to me. Every night she'd be there, laughing
and screeching in that Yankee voice, "No wonder she left you, Ragazzi. You're crazy,
a loser." Then her black hair would come untwisted and fall around her shoulders,
and she'd cackle like a hyena. I'd wake up ringing wet and screaming.
Night after night, always the same thing. I went so long with no sleep, I was afraid
I really might be insane. But no. No. Indeed. You know the good Lord won't put more
on us than we can stand. There's a good reason for my suffering.

One night this big angel came, said he was a messenger, and God had been testing me.
Now I was ready. God Almighty uses us to do His will. That's why we're here. Of
course, He knew she was Lucifer's child, but He wanted me to intervene. You see? I was
afraid but so excited because at last I understood my true calling. I'd always wondered
what life was for. Like Abraham with Isaac, I had passed the test of faith. So I fasted and
prayed and waited.

When I raised the axe, the bitch screamed like a banshee. Wasn't it Shakespeare who wrote, "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?"? But I'm sure not like Macbeth; I have no regrets, not even if it means my death. It's the least I can do. Look what Jesus did for us.

Right after that I drove to my ex-wife house to explain about her mother. I knew she'd believe me, and then she'd take me back. After all, she'd been brainwashed all her life by a demon-mother, poor thing. I wanted to hold her and say she had nothing left to fear. But something went wrong. I got confused.

When I walked through the back door into her kitchen, she turned around, and it wasn't her. I mean, it was her damn mother, the witch, alive again! She was laughing like in those nightmares, pointing at me. Don't you see, Reverend? The witch had possessed her own child to get back at me. I couldn't believe it at first. Was it a trick, an optical illusion? "God, help me!" I prayed, and my big angel appeared. That was the last thing I remember.

I must have passed out, and when I awoke, my precious wife, love of my life, lay dead on the floor—blood everywhere, everywhere—a Red Sea that didn't part for me, Reverend. The damn witch had disappeared, and I knew the law would think it was me. So I ran. Yes. I admit I was scared, confused. I got in my car and drove fast as I could. It was like My body moved on automatic trying to save me. I was in shock, I know you understand. I prayed, "I'm sorry, God, if I'd failed You. I'm only human. Give me another chance."

Now after all this time alone in the wilderness I know I did right. There's nothing to forgive. It all makes perfect sense. The Holy spirit revealed it to me. You see, the Almighty has a plan far beyond man's comprehension. Like Jesus, some of us are called to make big sacrifice for the good of all.