

Dr. Mint Jelly

A Poem

By

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I am a doctor of medicine
Who's work is far renown
But people neither rise nor cheer
When I ride into town.

Although my work is quite discreet
I'm tops in the circle that knows
That my literary skill is clear to see
Under homicide photos.

*Not many people know of him
But it's plain to see his prose
He delights in writing depiction
Of his target's final throes.*

I want people to see the world as I
The complexity of death oft understated
I am a student of life's contraption
And it's product, mechanically mutilated.

So entranced by the final taboo
And it's associations of many faces
I left the world I knew so well
And traveled to far off places.

*Of those that have viewed his chosen works
Has formed a disturbing Schism
Intended for the clinical eye
It skirts the realm of voyeurism*

A carrion bird, I tread the path of death
A reaper understated
I left behind my coat of white
My cruelty unabated.

I abducted loved pets from the suburbs
And disposed of them with glee
It no longer pleased me to wring their necks
I craved artistic atrocity.

*He cut their tendons with a scalpel
And aimed the roller down the sled
It took an hour for the machine to move
Twenty feet from tail to head.*

Once I found a little girl crying
 Sitting all alone upon a log
 "Don't cry my child, look inside my van
 I've found your little dog!"

I held her down and had my way
 Boxes of photos sent to the Media
 The grim details of her butchery
 Could fill an Encyclopedia.

*They call him "Dr. Mint Jelly"
 Because he's always on the lamb.
 Everybody want's him,
 because he's a wanted man.*

Now I take pictures for myself
 My notoriety grows with each consignment
 The particulars that sprawl across each page
 Ensures correct alignment.

At first glance a gentle doctor
 A role which I despise
 But it pays the bills and feeds the men
 My bodyguard of lies.

*It's not enough to have lived as death
 Savoring each jagged Dissection
 But if you ask him nicely
 He'll show you his photo collection.*

These pictures take a clinical eye
 Even forensics find them Confusing
 But I won't let you miss a thing
 Their deaths were most amusing.

When it comes to industrial murder
 I laugh until I weep
 What genius thought a hydraulic press
 Would be a convenient place to sleep

*They found an unusual toxin
 In that man's blood screen
 But when the sample came to Jelly's lab
 It was nowhere to be seen.*

I love the excitement of the convoy
 It's potential goes unsaid
 You become a mini celebrity
 When a dump truck's parked on your head.

Now examine the humble auto wreck
 The speeds are quite insane
 Although this should slow him down a bit
 Note: the gearshift in his brain.

*A mysterious rock from an overpass
Left his body mostly shred
We'd like to see him drive eighty-six
With a chunk of stone in his head.*

I have no sense of clairvoyancy
About the 9:15 from Tumut
But I'm sure there'll be a head on smash
A coincidence I'll be there to film it.

The police came to my office once
Railroad photos they would tout
"Although this man's arms and legs are bound
We can't rule suicide out."

*Mint Jelly loves the railway
When the grisly deaths are sought
Could it be his thoughts of trains?
Or just his train of thought?*

Pigs can eat almost anything
Including human flesh
It actually aids their digestion
But it doesn't improve their breath.

I drove one dog to madness
The one I couldn't kill
For his lust for blood my equal
I called him little Bill.

*He walked with Bill through the darkness
His body twisted with unholy rage
Lifting him silently through the window
Of the local orphanage.*

Stabbings are the meat of my work
A tiny scalpel might make you snigger
But used over and over and over
The effect can be much bigger.

I find axes and swords quite exhilarating
They machete clear through the bone
And the captions are fantastic
I love the phrase "Head not shown".

*He stalks the parks and alleys
Keeping heavy blades within his coat
He certainly goes to a lot of trouble
Just to write a silly note.*

I put my back out wrestling bodies
From the river mout'
But it only stands to reason
Putting my back in throwing them out.

Carpets and walls soaking up the juices
 From bodies left on the floor
 It looked no where near as bad as that
 When I was there a month before.

*He knocks on their doors ostensibly
 before they meet their doom
 Soon filled with so many grubs and worms
 They wander around the room.*

It takes one glance at a pistol
 And most will run and flee
 But put a bullet up through their jaw
 And it's all hats off to me.

I watch the school from far away
 The lunch bell sends kids hyper
 Of all the things that parents fear
 Not one suspects a sniper.

*Complete cranial bisection
 With explosive exenteration
 Massive trauma through-and-through
 He laughs it's full duration*

Sometimes those that know leave suggestions
 Names, clipped to my door with a peg
 I'm happy to make them head of my list
 But it'll cost you an arm and a leg.

I take a lot of pride in my work
 That much goes unsaid
 I make a caption for every man woman and child
 Sometimes before they're dead.

*Armed with the best digital cameras
 His focus makes us iller
 But without that piece of plastic
 He's just an uncommon killer.*

I have some unfinished work in the laboratory
 Would you care to have a look?
 I apologize for the screaming
 Hasn't stopped since I put in the hook.

Here's one I prepared earlier
 She lasted three weeks into her evisceration
 I have no idea how she stayed alive
 I assume it's art appreciation.

*This is the police Mint Jelly
 We got you on the run
 Come out without fight or fuss
 Or you'll taste my fucking gun!*

There is no escape it's clear to see
There's no where left to go
But like the true artist that I am
I'll put on one final show.

On completion of my story
I shall have no life at all
For I will take my beloved pistol
And shoot my brains across the wall

*Above his head he wrote his own caption
In his brain that was splattered around
As a joke and final legacy
He wrote: "Mint Jelly" -Upside down.*

The police busted in to find him dead
There was horror as far as could see
For his walls and ceiling were covered in cork
There was no end to his photography.

The laboratory was a vision of hell
Some gouged out their eyes
Others adopted Jelly's psychopathy
Proof that true evil never dies.

*Pictures of his suicide became abundant
Amongst those with any feeling
But the question will remain forever
How his body got on the ceiling.*

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