

Ghost Court
by
Al Arcand

Prologue

"Beyond our own world is another.
It's immigrants are many. It's emigrants, few.
It's the land of the dead where just one rule governs the afterlife:
the dead must never visit the living save for one day of the year.
Those who disobey are tried at Ghost Court where they risk great punishment."

January 1st

She sprinkled just a touch of poison in her husband's favorite dish.
Just enough to kill. Not enough to leave a trace.
She had grown tired of her spouse.
His life insurance would heavy her purse.

January 2nd

His fork inches before his open mouth.
His impending demise would be
short and sweet.
And sour.

January 3rd

The poison had taken effect.
He couldn't decide what was more painful.
The burning in chest.
Or the cold eyes of his wife.

January 4th

Just as the “recipe” had said
it took a minute and six seconds
for her husband of six years
to be eligible of being
six feet deep.

January 5th

She dialed the number all persons should know.

She was mindful of her utterance to 911.

“My husband has collapsed.”

excluding the truth.

January 6th

The ambulance arrived as quick as can be.
Greeting them at the door with crocodile tears
was the black widow and her deceit.

January 7th

Checking the husband's pulse or lack thereof,
the ambulance crew tried CPR.
Too bad it doesn't work on the dead.

January 8th

Hearing the news of her husband's conclusion
She made sure to cry right on cue.
The audition was tough but she nailed the part
for she had rehearsed this many times ago.

January 9th

More irritable than her silenced spouse
was the suspicions of the nosy cop.
But she knew her rights
forwards and backwards.
Not a clue was left.

January 10th

Her husband's autopsy
was just as she had thought.
Died from a heart attack.
Poisoned? I think naught.

January 11th

There was no evidence
There was no proof
but the nosy cop still had suspicions
the widowed wife was too aloof

January 12th

At the funeral
she shed a many a tear.
Her supposed misery to others
was hidden tears of joy for herself.

January 13th

To the others at the funeral
she was given her request
to speak alone to her husband passed away.
Everyone left her to be out of respect.
But the nosy cop stayed put without notice.
The nosy cop wasn't very polite.

January 14th

Eavesdropping on the eulogy
this is what the nosy cop heard her say
“It was so nice for you to die
with the money from your will.
I wonder what I shall buy?”

January 15

The nosy cop had her confession on tape.
The widow woman had been caught.
The case would be solved
with her behind bars.
So he thought.

January 16th

The nosy cop had her cornered
but she had expected this.
You can arrest me she said to the nosy cop.
But we'll just see what happens in court.

January 17th

Rumors went abound
that the husband's murder was found.
Who else but the widowed wife
who ended the man's life.

January 18th

Her friend asked
Is it true that you killed your hubby?
That's a silly question
she had told her pal who was quite tubby.

January 19th

She got the best attorney
that money could buy
then she got a better one
that more money can buy.

January 20th

Tomorrow was the court day
and to her lawyer she spoke.

I didn't do it.

I'm innocent folk.

January 21st

The judge listened to her defense
“I didn't kill my husband.”
The Judge took that as fact.

January 22nd

The prosecutor was just as suspected
the nosy cop would prove her
to have killed her husband.
But where did the evidence go?

January 23rd

The tape recorder of confession
was nowhere to be found.
Don't waste my time said the judge with a frown.
The nosy cop didn't know what to say.

Jan 24th

The Nosy Cop had lost.
To puts thing simply.
The question remains.
Did he lose the battle or the war?

Jan 25th

The Nosy Cop was quite confused
and the black widow of a wife quite amused.
Court was over, and she passed him by.
With a mischievous smile that said
“You lose.”

Jan 26th

She tampered with the evidence
was what the nosy cop concluded.
But how did she do it
without my notice?

Jan 27

To his car the nosy cop walked
and he noticed that the widow
and her lawyer were acting
a bit too friendly as they talked.

Jan 28

The nosy cop then noticed
the widow and the lawyer bonk noses.

They both giggled with glee
and the lawyer, a handsome man
asked her "Do you love me?"

Jan 29

The widow replied to the lawyer
“I love thee only if there is no fee”
The lawyer chuckled “Haha. I see.”
The nosy cop thought “An affair?
Could this really be?”

Jan 30

“At last your husband is out of our way.”
The lawyer told the widow and she replied
“True but he provided us lots of pay.”
The nosy cop heard all they had to say.

Jan 31

The nosy cop said
“I figured it out.” The case is solved.
But then he heard a .44 magnum click
and that was last thing he heard.
He didn't hear the lawyer thank Fred.
The henchman who had shot him dead.