

First Violin Chair

By Eric L. Marsh

It's just not fair;
That young upstart now has my chair.
I worked over half my life,
a lot of hard toil and strife.

Her good looks
is all it took.
The Director was fooled by her charm
At each performance end he takes her arm.

They bow together towards the audience
While I fume and my anger becomes enhanced
Her end is near I vow,
She'll not get to take another bow.

It will take some time I know,
But by god, she'll not be in next year's show.
Her taste for sweets will become her downfall.
She'll not be there for the final curtain call.

So at each rehearsal when treats
—wine and cheese is laid about,
I'll cater to her sweet tooth for special dark chocolate
,and in time lay her straight out.

A bit of D-Con in the mix
I swear that'll do the trick.
There'll be no smile will cross her face
as she quickly departs from the human race.

Sweet coconut milk, and rodenticide too.
A deadly mix of my own special brew.
Then the Director will have to call upon my own talent and skill,
To take the first chair as I so deserve, after I've made my kill.

It was sadness the news was broken, of the first chairs demise
Though it took place in front of many eyes
I was ready to assume what I believe to be my rightful place.
It was impossible to hide the displeasure upon my face.

Not Me?—Not me; you say!
Damn you all to hell, that chair is mine today!

Not to be, the Director explained with a smirk on his stupid face,
The new first chair violinist will belong to Mary Grace.

In memory of our dearly departed former first chair,
I proclaim Mary -Grace to be the rightful heir.
You can't, you won't do this to me! I screamed as they took me away.
I'll get you too if it takes me to my dying day.
I languish now in my padded cell,
And upon my own demise I'll be banished down to hell.
There is no moral in this tale,
You do the crime, you rot away in jail

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