

THE BANK JOB

A hair fell from her old gray head,
And landed on the floor,
Her husband and her friends were gone,
The cold blew in the door,

The wood was gone, the candle too,
She had not any food,
And yet within herself she felt,
That life could still be good,

She went down to the market place,
To see what she could find,
To rob the bank and take the cash,
Was furthest from her mind,

When walking past the general store,
She saw a man ahead,
It shocked her to her very core,
Since she had thought him dead,

He stopped and turned, she caught her breath,
It was her son for sure,
He had been sick, and doomed to death,
But must have found a cure,

It was so many years ago,
It faded in her mind,
Her letters all had been returned,
Good news she could not find,

She had not traveled to his side,
It was a distant town,
With money none to make the trip,
She felt she let him down,

And now he's here, she hurried on,
Although her gait was slow,
The joy to see her face again,
She wanted him to know,

But what she got when by his side,
Was just a vacant stare,
"My son", she said and met his glance,
With tears to show her care,

His look then turned to ire and hate,
It came from deep inside,
It showed his feelings and his soul,
It showed his wounded pride,

“Goodbye old hag, I know you not”,
Was all she heard him say,
With heavy heart, and burning eyes,
She sadly turned away,

She sat down in the park and wept,
She knew not what to do,
The winter wind cut through her coat,
And snow fell on her, too,

This was too much, she lost her hope,
Of ever finding peace,
No comfort, friends or coin had she,
Would sorrow never cease?

No longer did she think life good,
No longer did she care,
But she must do all that she could,
To try to get her share,

She walked again along the street,
And came upon the bank,
She went inside to warm herself,
And by the heater sank,

They noticed not her sorry state,
Nor gave her second glance,
Who cares for one old lonely soul,
Who never had a chance?

She looked around; surveyed the scene,
Her eyes espied the cash,
The way to solve her problems all,
Came on her in a flash,

For when she saw the bills and coin,
She had today not dined,
And what she wanted most of all,
Was food of any kind,

The bank guard with his back was turned,
Ignoring her sad plight,
Relaxing at his lofty post,
Protecting law and right,

She slipped behind him and in haste,
Relieved him of his gun,
Surprised, he grabbed his holster bare,
Amazed what she had done,

Now all at once there came a hush,
Their eyes were all on her,
She calmly turned to face the clerk,
Who cowered as a cur,

“Please put some bills into a bag,
And hand it here to me”,
She kept the pistol held up high,
So none could fail to see,

The clerk then followed her command,
He hurried at the job,
She took the bag and turned to scan,
The bank she came to rob,

She waved the gun to let them know,
She had the upper hand,
“Now you stay here, and I will go,
I hope you understand”,

She nodded as she left the bank,
With her small hoard of cash,
And knew she had to hurry off,
And make a homeward dash,

Directly then she took her leave,
With bag and gun in hand,
And when she exited the door,
She ran to beat the band,

Down alleys which she knew so well,
Cross vacant lots and yards,
She hurried with her precious load,
Eluding clerks and guards,

But as she reached near to her house,
She felt an awful pain,
A problem old within her chest,
Came on her once again,

She knew now what would have to be,
She felt the pain before,
She held her hand against her heart,
And stumbled through the door,

Then in the stove, a match to light,
Her precious bag of cash,
Her last few breaths on earth were warm,
As paper turned to ash,

In death they found her sitting there,
A smile upon her face,
A palace in her dreams she had,
And not this tacky place.

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