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The Cinnamon Incident

by Valerie A. Reimers

A kinder, gentler Martha emerged
From the cocoon of prison
A slender ponchoed butterfly
Ready to test her wings
On her 40,000 acre estate.

Her fellow inmates
Had become her friends
Guided her through five months
Of laundry and scrubbed toilets.
She won their hearts with microwaved
Crab apple pies.
She won ours when her cell block
Did not win the decorating contest
At Christmas with all the
Construction paper, glitter, and ribbon
Fifteen dollars could buy.



*Photograph (detail)
by Joel Kendall*

But it was the cinnamon incident
That brought her perfection
To a truly human level.
Unable to help herself,
True to her nature,
Insisting on tasty homemade treats,
(After all,
she can make her own
marshmallows)
She somehow, no one knows quite how,
Since she remained loyal to her supplier,
Had managed to conceal two ounces
Of cinnamon in her locker.
Possession of the forbidden substance
Led to a severe reprimand
And the threat
 of forty extra days
 at her 40,000 acre estate.

