

Crime Rhymes
A Collection of Mystery Verse
by
Guy Belleranti

CRIME RHYMES: A COLLECTION OF MYSTERY VERSE

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Cleaned Out

*The crime boss's face turned a deep purple,
And his son's voice started to shake.
"I laundered the money, Dad," the boy said,
"But I made a little mistake."*

*"I'm truly sorry, Dad. I really am."
Dad didn't reply. He'd lost his speech.
His son frowned at the whitened bills and said,
"I guess I added too much bleach."*

The Last Supper

*"You call this slop a home-cooked meal?"
Snarled the man to his overworked wife.
She balled her fists, sucked in a breath,
As his words cut in deep like a knife.*

*"As for the coffee," he went on,
"It is the worst I have ever had.
Make it over, stronger this time."
So strong poison to it she did add.*

The Almost Perfect Murder Weapon

*He knew the perfect weapon
For doing in his wife.
He'd steal a car off the street
And with it end her life.*

*A hit and run they'd call it,
And he'd be in the clear,
For since it wasn't his car
He'd have nothing to fear.*

*He ran the car right at her.
It sputtered then broke down.
A husky witness grabbed him,
And cops hauled him downtown.*

Mystery Writer's Prerogative

*The character
Wouldn't come alive.
She had no oomph.
She had no drive.*

*I changed her role
In Chapter Five
And made it so
She didn't survive.*

Up in Smoke

*An arsonist about to retire
Wished to satisfy one last desire.
But his bubble was burst
When the cops caught him first
So he never set the world on fire.*

Another Sleepless Night

*There was an insomniac named Jake
Who was up and about 'til daybreak.
The reason, I found,
Was not too profound-
Reading mysteries kept him awake.*

A Matched Pair

*He climbed out of his grave, did Ben Miller
Determined to become his wife's killer.
When he found her she wept.
He didn't care - he still leapt
She'd killed him - now he felt he must kill her.*

Sound Off

*She cranked up her boom-box
And sang loudly off key.
Who cared if her neighbors
Were becoming angry.*

*Let them grouse and complain-
They would not silence her.
She was soon proved dead wrong
By a gun silencer.*

A Killer Caught Red Handed

*Someone threw Grandpa Joe
Down the basement stairs.
Detectives Cox and Murphy
Questioned Joe's two heirs.*

*"I didn't touch my Granddad,"
Big red-haired Harvey said.
"I didn't kill him either,"
Growled his bald brother Fred.*

*"You're a liar, Harvey,"
Said Murphy with a glare.
"See what Joe had in his hands?
Some strands of your red hair."*

Comeuppance

*Mack stuck up the teller
Then ran out the bank's door,
But his getaway car
Wasn't there anymore.*

*His wheels had been stolen!
The thief crashed in his flight.
Mack heard all about it
In his jail cell that night.*

Happy Landings

*He wanted his wife's money.
He wanted his wife dead.
Ah, here she came, finally...
Climbing the stairs to bed.*

*He grabbed her on the landing.
Said, "Time for you to die."
He thought of his young lover,
Chuckled and said, "Goodbye."*

*But she was quick -- she kneed him,
Then gave him a hard shove.
"Adios, cheating husband,"
Came her voice from above.*

Sincere Regrets

*Maury the hen-pecked apologetic man
Put into action his wife-murdering plan.
His eyes all a-glitter,
His nerves all a-twitter
He shoved the wrong woman
'Neath the wheels of a van.
Said mortified Maury, as they led him away,
"Darn, I messed up again." And that's all he would say*

Mind Game

*He had followed her
To the small café--
Of this she was sure.
She must get away!*

*She gulped her coffee,
Ran into the night,
Heard steps behind her
And gasped out in fright.*

*She reached in her purse
And whirled around fast.
The gun in her hand
Spat out a loud blast.*

*She fired again,
But shot no one dead.
For all of her fears
Had been in her head.*

Who Done It?

"Who committed the murder?"
I'm not certain," said Captain Lowe.
"Who committed the murder?"
"Please quit asking. I still don't know.

"But who is the murderer."
"Quiet!" Lowe left with a huge groan.
Sergeant Reeves was left no choice-
He arrested Mr. Who, alone.

A Punishable Offense

Loan me a mystery
Give your thoughts on it, too.
Read from the dust jacket
As a sort of preview.

But heed my stern caution
When I tell you, my friend:
Not a worse crime exists
Than revealing the end.

Oops!

There was a killer in waiting named Fred
Who got so nervous that he lost his head.
He made poisoned tea
For his enemy,
Then tried it out on himself first instead.

The Perfect Crime

There was a wife by the name of Macbeth
Who killed her man without taking a breath.
She talked all the day long
And was still going strong
When, at long last, he dropped off bored to death.

Sinking sensation

There was a bumbling bank robber named Bland
Whose greatest robbery didn't go as planned.
He buried the dough
Where the cops wouldn't go,
But then buried himself with it -- in quicksand.

Overeager Edgar

Ed Edgar the cop
Was a man quite obsessed.
He had his sights set
On another arrest.

He found a waiter
With a bad attitude,
And locked the man up.
The charge? Serving "hot" food.

Follower

*He followed her from the bus stop,
His mouth twisted into a smirk.
He would do in his wife tonight,
Make it look like The Mugger's work.*

*Up ahead by that empty house-
Yes! No better place would he find.
He heard a sound, spun around and-
The real Mugger struck from behind.*

Tables Turned

*He pulls the wire
From beneath his coat
Raises it high
And forms a garrote.*

*Slowly, surely
He moves in to kill.
His target turns,
And he feels a chill.*

*For in her hands
Are a badge and gun.
"That's right," she says,
"Your killing is done."*

Snatch Snafu

*He planned the kidnapping
With meticulous care,
Crept into the bedroom
Of the rich man's young heir.*

*Then he froze in surprise,
His confidence snapping
The bedroom was empty-
There was no kid napping.*

Burglary!

*He entered his front door
And did a double take.
His priceless art was gone!
He swore, began to shake.*

*An overwhelming rage
Burned deep within his soul.
How dare someone rob him
Of everything he'd stole!*

Getaway Goof

*He stuck up the market,
Stole a customer's car,
Ran a couple red lights,
But he did not get far.*

*For just three blocks away
When he swung out to pass
A huge tractor trailer
He ran smack out of gas.*

Case Solved

*The suspect turned white as a sheet,
Sobbed loudly, then confessed.
In the long battle of wits
She'd come out second best.*

*"Dear me, Holmes! Tell me how you knew,"
Said Watson, quite impressed.
The great sleuth smiled, then whispered,
"I didn't know. I just guessed."*

Bad Habit

*The greedy thief eluded the cops,
Then disappeared without a trace.
He had paid a plastic surgeon
To make changes to his face.*

*But just because he changed his looks
Did not mean he altered his ways.
He committed another theft,
And this time was caught within days.*

An Unfit Counterfeiter

*With the right colored ink
And perfect set of plates
He sets up the presses--
Fake money he creates.*

*But the cops soon close in,
He made one big mistake:
While the print job is tops,
All the paper looks fake.*

Meeting His Match

*Freddy "the fingers" Franklin
Worked as quickly as can be.
He lifted people's wallets
Faster than most eyes could see.*

*Then one day his luck ran out-
He met great opposition
When he picked the pocket of
A world renowned magician.*

The Search is Over

*We met in the store's shadows
And I stifled a gasp.
My fingers snaked out, grabbing
Her stiff spine in my grasp.*

*"I've had an eye out for you,"
I said softly in glee.
"You're one of my favorites-
A classic mystery!"*

Sorry, Wrong Address

*He forced a small window
And crept over the sill.
He was ready to try
His great burglary skill.*

*But what met his eyes then
Seemed totally unreal.
The mansion was empty-
There was nothing to steal.*

Key Mistake

*The nervous bank robber
Raced out the building's door,
Reached his getaway car,
Searched his pockets and swore.*

*The fuzz bore down on him.
He saw no place to hide!
And his car was no help-
He'd locked the keys inside.*

Uninvited Guest

*You arrive home in the dead of night
And find your front door ajar.
You go inside; the lights won't come on...
You should have stayed in the car.*

*You turn to leave, the front door slams shut,
You hear a creak on the stair.
You open your mouth, stammer in fear,
"Hello? Is anyone there?"*

Investigation at Sea

*Sift the evidence,
Consider each clue,
Mutter to yourself,
Pace slowly and stew.*

*When solving a crime
One thing is glaring -
No clue's more fishy
Than a red herring.*

So Long, Darling

*She added strychnine
To her husband's coffee
And watched him drink it
With a feeling of glee.*

*He died very quick.
At long last she was free!
She chuckled, then choked
He had poisoned her tea.*

Ingredients of Mystery

*English cozy,
Psychological suspense,
Locked room puzzle,
Add a dash of violence.*

*There you have it-
A most satisfying blend.
But don't forget...
Please have a twist at the end.*

Final Chapter

*He made the explosive by the book
During one week in July.
He read through each chapter one more time
Then hit the sack with a sigh.*

*Morning came-time to test his device!
He didn't realize 'till too late
The book had been missing Chapter Ten-
The one saying, "Run, don't wait!"*

Group Project

*Five engineers with sensitive hearing
Had a boss who was quite domineering.
He scolded all day long
When they did something wrong-
Engineering his death was quite cheering.*

Stick-up Slip-up

*There was a green bank robber named Gray
Who donned a Halloween mask and toupee.
But when he stuck up the bank
His stick-up line really stank-
"Trick or treat" was all he could say.*

Ouch!

*An unlucky cat burglar named Pat
Once slipped on the waxed floor and fell flat.
He broke his right arm,
Set off the alarm,
And was bit by the resident cat.*

Unplanned Ride

*He decided to murder his lover
Before she confessed all to his wife.
He secretly tampered with her car's brakes
So an "accident" would take her life.*

*But before he could leave her cliff-side home
He fell ill and couldn't drive anywhere.
"You must see a doctor quickly," she said.
"Get in my car and I'll drive you there."*

The Professional

*Harry the hitman
Never failed on a kill.
Every assignment
He completed with skill.*

*Then Harry got word
The boss wanted him dead.
True to his talent
He shot himself in the head.*

Burglary Gone Bad

*The cat burglar came in through the window.
Stealing jewelry was first on his mind.
His flashlight flickered and then it went out.
The dark building made him feel quite blind.*

*He considered the risk of a light switch.
A low growl made his hair stand on end.
The growl came again and he turned and ran,
But couldn't escape the burglar's worst friend.*

Mismatched Matrimony

*When his daughter introduced him
To his future son-in-law
The crime boss felt a great concern
About problems he foresaw.*

*Oh, the young man had spunk and means,
But he had one major flaw:
He worked for city government
As a cop enforcing law.*

The Case of the Clued-in Cop

*Inspector Few
Spotted a clue
That she just knew
Was fake not true.*

*So what did Few
Proceed to do?*

She thought things through.

*Few gave each clue
A slow review
Until she knew
The why and who.*

Life Sentence

*I planned the crime with utmost care
And perfected each alibi.
The motive was inheritance,
And the murder method quite sly.*

*But all my plotting unraveled
With an unexpected twist,
The characters I'd invented
Took over - now they exist!*