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The Vernal Pool

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

Jessica Chapman

The Logic of the Criminal Scientist

What is it about you men that drives you to commit crimes

Was it something that occurred during your childhood times

Someone didn't read you enough nursery rhymes?

Perhaps it is in your genes or the way that you hold yourself up

Maybe it was the lack of nourishing drink in your cup

The stunt of your growth without the necessary

Have pushed you into the world of stealing from the monasteries

Oh, but don't worry I will not rest

Until I find the variable that causes you to be a pest

Your kind make quite the mess for those of us with normal features

Therefore, I must find what makes you such a miserable gang of creatures

It is something I will do, not only for me but for you

Maybe then you can become something better than a wasteful piece of sinew

One that will not let my pocket money be forced to say adieu

Although, without the vile grime of criminals running the streets

Many would lose the warmth of a lover between their sheets

Perhaps the economy would continue to rise

Without gangs of hooligans like you bringing upperclassmen to their demise

No currency in their possession, they become weak

And fall into the slums with the likes of you, the meek

To one day become so hurt and turmoiled

That their lives have been lost and in turn, spoiled

Perhaps you were rotten from the start

A bad apple for me to pick apart

To find something, anything that will increase my chances

Of being published in a journal of high stances

I wish for fame, royalty, perhaps just recognition

For possessing a high quality of cognition

Some might even think of me as a magician

So please, show me all of you so I may find your dark secret

I will take down detailed notes to publish upon this leaflet

I will measure everything not a single inch missed

For if something were to arise without my knowledge, I truly would be pissed

A variable so clear and so easily accessible

That it would label all of your kind absolutely putrescible

While leaving me, the soul victor, unguessable

I'd like to thank you for being so disobedient

You have left me a boost in acknowledgement, the perfect ingredient

To my wonderful dish of beloved attention

That couldn't be achieved without those like you, I will always mention

Your kind are poor, feeble, downright repugnant

I'll allow it, you have made my wealth of research positively abundant

Even though the odor you emit is quite pungent...