

1.9 Myra Hindley – ob. November 2002

She paid - o yes, she paid.
Mors Janua Vitae, they wrote
a dark play on words:
a gateway sorely needed
for a lifetime unredeemed.

Banquo took, that day,
the masks of all the children gone;
green bones stirred unseen
beneath the riddled moor
that day: a choir of silent screams.

The ashen mother lay too sick
to cast a word of love: the
diabolic master's mind was dull
behind the bars; a former female
lover was reported seen.

Massed the photo lenses, unrewarded
in the freezing rain; the lorry
drivers' horns were echoed by
a simple placard 'Burn in Hell' -
gratuitous the hatred, but
officially condoned, that day.

She even paid in death - the
cost of obsequies was charged
to her estate as, through that
charitable gate, she humped
the baggage of her life, the unremitting
column-inches all, extinguished by
the fierce unjudging fire.

And somewhere else
(a hospital committee's minute
book records), the room in
which she died would be redone;
if silk emulsion couldn't neutralise
a lifetime's obloquy, at least,
they saw, it could protect the blameless
place from rape by darkened minds.

Thameside - Nov 2002