

The Murder

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um. this is just a poem i wrote. so enjoy! or not. its kinda... well youll see! XD

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1 - The Murder

The Murder

Did you hear about the murder?
And the man who heard her?
About her screams and her mother's weeps?
At the time when the sun still sleeps?

In the grave she lay,
On that sad and hateful day.
The man that heard her, the first to know,
Was talking about her life so slow- so slow.

This man was the minister,
Though some said he looked sinister.
After all, he was the first to know.
He was the first to know&

The guilty expression that was shown in his eyes,
Proved to the villagers they were oh so wise.
They knew what happened. Yes, they knew.
They knew what happened. Now what to do?

They slowly gathered up their thoughts,
As they lay that night in their cots.
Then in the morning they met in the Great Hall,
And planned the man's dramatic fall.

They figured and sorted,
And they thought and reported.
And none of them hid their thoughts,
As they considered their shouldn'ts and oughts.

There's only one thing to do! most decided.
Some looked scared and others delighted.
A bell sounded from the steeple,
As a whisper went through the people.

They summoned the three witches,
By the names of Beth, Susan, and Mary-Lou.
They summoned the three witches,
And there in the darkness they were told what to do.

They stormed his house and knocked him out.
They bolted the door and shut off the light.
Then they picked him up with a never a pout.,
And carried him into the night.
They dragged him to a meadow,
And tied him to a rock.
There was many a moving shadow,
As he wakened with a shock.

He wriggled and writhed.
Sweat leaked out of his pores.
He was panting as if he had just done the jive,
As finally he whispered hoarsely I m yours.

He closed his eyes tightly,
As the blade whistled down.
Boy, he didn't look mighty,
When they took him back to town.

Blood was everywhere on them,
But the deed was done.
Their smiles were grim,
For there was no more fun.

Oh, he was unsightly,
Never to be mighty again.
But he had paid greatly
For his devilish sin.

His head was clean off,
The bone sticking out.
And all you could hear was one little cough,
As the announcement rang out.

The evil man has met his fate,
For killing the little girl.
His consequence has been set out on a plate,
For killing the little girl.

There was a long black river made out of her hair,
And her clothes were made out of fur.
But on the street as she was lying there,
Her head was sitting beside her.

January 8, 2009 7th Grade