

Farmhouse on a Hill

by Joan Mazza

You look at these scattered houses, and you are impressed by their beauty. I look at them and the only thought which comes to me is a feeling of their isolation and of the impunity with which crime may be committed there.

—*Sherlock Holmes* (Sir Arthur Conan Doyle)

Missing person, kidnapped child? Which one died?
Town folks read the skimpy facts and worry.
What secrets do these lovely, green hills hide?

Beyond the shapely trees, a county's pride,
this place holds stories. Easy to bury
a missing person, kidnapped child. Who died?

Cold-eyed man who takes his latest young bride
to live and die in this old house. Don't query
what dark secrets these rolling, green hills hide.

Wide porch, red barn, a charming paradise. Surprise!
when a question spills an outraged fury
caused by one missing person. Kidnapped? Died

here? From what you guess, there's infanticide,
abuse, neglect, incest. This land's eerie
with foul secrets that rolling hills can hide.

Far from town and laws, no one hears your cries.
You slipped. They claim you drowned to any jury.
Missing person, kidnapped child? Which one died?
Oh, what secrets these lovely, green hills hide.