

The Film Buff Murder

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A body was found, its head caved in,
No screams were heard, no sound of a din.
Archibald Snow, a film fanatic,
was discovered quite dead, alone in his attic.

Memorabilia more than 30 years old
was hoarded up there, worth a lot more than gold.
The weapon used to render him dead
was a replica Oscar, made of grey lead.
The statue once stood on a shelf on the wall,
but now it lay, bloody, dropped in the hall.

Archie had crawled before he was dead
and placed his hand on a child's green sled.
His other extended along the old floor
to the far end of the attic, to the rose-coloured door.
The door led on to the mansion's flat roof
Gazing o'er the city, expansive, aloof.

Archie's millions were spent on his passions, his house
his film craze, his mistress-- he sure was a louse.
He drank and he laughed in his roofgarden den,
He talked to his wife only now and again.
She hated her life, barren and boring,
She hated her husband, his drinking and whoring.

When her husband was dead, Katie was free,
she packed up her things and made ready to flee
To a far nicer place, to a far nicer life,
to freedom itself, no rich creep's wife.

Kevin, their son, was happy as well —
Archie had made his life simply hell:
A dissolute lifestyle was Kev's, to be frank,
'Til Arch said "Enough!", and closed up the bank.

Unless Archie approved, no money Kev spent,
no racing, no betting, where Kev's cash only went.
This meant that his racehorse, Green Hornet, would go.
(Unless Archie gave in, and coughed up the dough.)

Archie's relations hated him too—
Some more than others, if that's any clue.
Brian Muldoon, a cousin quite brash,
had for some time been begging for cash:
He wanted to buy a company chain—
'Green Garden Supplies'-- but pleaded in vain.
Since Brian the lush was no businessman
Archie wouldn't fund his latest grand plan.
Brian was bitter, he wanted a score;
After seven refusals, he really felt sore.

Ava Gabor, Archie's mistress of late,
had been pressuring Archie to wipe off his slate:
to dump the old frump and to marry anew,
someone younger and better— like good old guess who.
But Archie had grinned, and maliciously said:
"Marry a slut?-- I'd be better off dead!"

A friend, Charlie Caine, with no sign of a soul,
had backed a few losers, was right in the hole.
He wanted the dough, to recoup, so he said.
"No chance!" said Archie, "Not 'til I'm dead."

Arthur the Wimp, as he was called by the clan,
was mooching as well, so the rumour mill ran.
Drug habits, they say, are expensive to feed,
so Arthur was someone really in need.
But Archie was cool, he just laughed in Art's face,
"Go sucker another!" he chuckled, sans grace.

Felicia Snow, the sister and slob,
had studiously avoided the curse of a job.
She'd wheedled and coaxed a small fortune to date,
but when Archie said: "No more!", she'd started to hate.
Her emerald eyes dripped venom by day;
by night, she vowed brother Archie would pay.

Greenspan the butler was not squeaky clean:
He'd been in some places he'd best never been.
His past was as murky as a hippo's mud pool;
he'd played poor old Archie for a right silly fool.
But Archie had twigged, and had started to pry.
(Archie just loved to make people cry.)
He'd let Greenspan know his past would he peel,
and dirt would Archie with glee then reveal.

Conchita the maid was in a bad plight.
Archie would grab her by day and by night.
She couldn't complain, as he told her quite bold,
an illegal alien does what she's told.

But women can not be mistreated for long,
Conchita's hot temper could have avenged her wrong.
These people, though some not much more than swill,
were nevertheless all in Archie's last will.
But one of them cracked, and did Archie in.
Which one was bad, a servant or kin?

Police were baffled, they quizzed everyone,
but no-one admitted the crime that was done.
They called the detective, one of the best;
he looked at the corpse then made an arrest.