



UNIVERSITY OF
GLOUCESTERSHIRE

This is a peer-reviewed, post-print (final draft post-refereeing) version of the following published document and is licensed under Creative Commons: Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 license:

**Beyer, Charlotte ORCID: 0000-0002-2701-5443 (2017) True Crime.
American, British and Canadian Studies, 28 (1). pp. 131-132. ISSN 1841-
1487**

Official URL: <https://doi.org/10.1515/abcsj-2017-0009>

DOI: <http://dx.doi.org/10.1515/abcsj-2017-0009>

EPrint URI: <http://eprints.glos.ac.uk/id/eprint/4633>

Disclaimer

The University of Gloucestershire has obtained warranties from all depositors as to their title in the material deposited and as to their right to deposit such material.

The University of Gloucestershire makes no representation or warranties of commercial utility, title, or fitness for a particular purpose or any other warranty, express or implied in respect of any material deposited.

The University of Gloucestershire makes no representation that the use of the materials will not infringe any patent, copyright, trademark or other property or proprietary rights.

The University of Gloucestershire accepts no liability for any infringement of intellectual property rights in any material deposited but will remove such material from public view pending investigation in the event of an allegation of any such infringement.

PLEASE SCROLL DOWN FOR TEXT.

True Crime

CHARLOTTE BEYER

Abstract

This poem is a creative response to contemporary true crime narratives about baby farming in Victorian times, namely Alison Rattle and Allison Vale's *The Woman Who Murdered Babies for Money: The Story of Amelia Dyer* (London: André Deutsch, 2011); and the TV documentary, "Amelia Dyer: Martina Cole's Lady Killers."

Key words: True crime, baby farming, infanticide, motherhood, documentary.

Making a living from death
the baby farmer was at last
arrested, her crimes revealed,
the commentator explained,
the odd smell from a cupboard
concealing dead babies' bodies.
Opium had stilled their cries.
Money given in exchange
For the fragile lives discarded.

Sunken eyes, shrivelled skin
Hunger never stilled, thirst
Unquenched and ignored.
Emaciated limbs don't scream,
they speak a silent language.
To hear it, you have to listen,
imagining the bones inside
your own thriving children,
choices you have they didn't.

Those mothers who left their
babies, mark of their shame.
Those women who took the
babies, leaving them to die.
The everyday Victorian horrors
haunting our sleepless nights
have become today's true crime,
baby farming murder mystery,
a documentary shown on TV.