

ESTHER THE WITCH – SUSAN BURKE, PAULINE KEMBER, LYNTON YORK

A witch was drowned in Adisham Pond in Kent during the 16th century. The story goes that her name was Esther and that she was dragged by her hair from nearby Nonington.

A hush has just fallen,
The children are still,
The door creaks half open,
All's of a chill,
And who should be there
Clad in old ragged robes
And blood filled eyes,
And ghostly white face,
And torn scratched limbs,
Nails pointed and sharp?
Old Esther, the witch!

I can see she's tormented,
Hands all of a quiver,
She looks quite exhausted,
And shaking with fear.
Limply, lifeless hangs her grey hair,
Upon her lean shoulders bony and bare.
The green slime of the pond
On her body still clings.
I gaze, unwillingly, at the figure who seems
So frightened, so ugly,
And I wonder, I wonder,
Was old Esther a witch?