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The Witch

She comes by night, in fearsome flight

In garments black as pitch,

The queen of doom, upon her broom,

The wild and wicked witch.

A cackling crone with brittle bones ,

And desiccated limbs,

Two evil eyes with warts and sties,

And bags about the rims.

A dangling nose, 10 twisted toes,

And folds of shrivelled skin,

With cracked and chipped and crackled lips

That frame a toothless grin.

She hurtles by, she sweeps the sky,

And hurls a piercing screech.

As she swoops past, a spell is cast

On all her curses reach.

Take care to hide, when the wild witch rides

To shriek her evil spell.

What she may do with a word or two

Is much too grim to tell.