

## 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, ten twisted toes  
and folds of shriveled skin,  
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.

by JACK PRELUTSKY



A star-white sky  
Trees rustling as the wind lulls them to sleep  
Shadowy creatures slinking through the grass  
Clouds sailing,  
Tattered and torn  
Ragged and ripped.                      Witches  
Suddenly  
In the sky  
Soaring  
    Zooming  
        Diving about  
            Flittering  
Swooping into the air  
Come witches  
Cloaks ragged and torn  
Streaming behind.  
Cackling, laughing  
Fading into darkness.

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