

WITCHES

The moon was lost behind a cloud,
When something weird went by,
I tried to see it going,
It flew so fast and high,
I don't believe in witches,
But that is what I saw,
Sailing high up in the sky
On a broom stick made of straw.

The stars were gone,
The night was dark,
When something strange took place,
I could not quite believe it,
There was a gruesome face.

I don't believe in zombies,
But that is what I saw,
A skeleton with corpselike face,
I viewed it with awe.

