



The Witch's House

By LAURA BENÉT

ITS wicked little windows leer
Beneath a moldy thatch,
And village children come and peer
Before they lift the latch.

A one-eyed crow hops to the door,
Fat spiders crowd the pane,
And dark herbs scattered on the floor
Waft fragrance down the lane.

It sits so low, the little hutch,
So secret, shy, and squat,
As if in its mysterious clutch
It nursed one knew not what,

That beggars passing by the ditch
Are haunted with desire
To force the door, and see the witch
Vanish in flames of fire!

