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Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

Witches

By DONNA KELLY

Witches in the candlelight,
Drumming with a broom;
Witches in the firelight,
Humming a weird tune;
Witches breathing in my face,
When I was little more
Than a day within this world,
And aged me by a score.

Witches then within my head,
Peering out my eyes;
Witches pouring in my ears
Mystic words and sighs;
Witches breathing on my face
At my day of birth,
Knowing then that I should be
A child of little worth.

Witches tracking me to school,
Writing in my books;
Witches plucking at my coat,
Giving leering looks.
'T was my Granny who caught on,
Put my play to stop.
Granny called an idle brain
The devil's work-shop.

Witches getting in my work,
Tangling up my thread;
Witches taking out my pins,
Bringing books instead,
Taunting me with mystic signs
Since my day of birth:
They foresaw that I should be
A child of little worth.