The Witch

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| |  | | --- | | White and dishevelled, she looks outrageous,  Rushing about, brisk and courageous.    Dark is the  night, it is scared to death, and  Clouds, like kerchiefs, have covered the crescent.    Wind, letting out  hysterical hoots,  Whirls like a shot to the back of the woods.    Fir-trees are threatening to hit with a spear  Owls lie hidden, a-wailing from fear.    Waving her harridan’s clutches, she shouts.  Up in the sky stars are winking from clouds.    Vipers, like rings,  hanging  down her hair,  Spinning with blizzard, she whirls in the air.    Ringing, the pines make the witch dance and cry.  Clouds grow dark as they, trembling, float by. | |