

NURSERY RHYME - 2/23/05

When hoot owl calls neath bale moon glow
Then women will a witching go
Dancing round their fires at night
Brewing potions full of spite
Of loves betrayed and empty wombs
They'll curse the dead upon their tombs
Weave spells against the living still
Spit curse on curse all sure to kill
Those happy children in their beds
Who toss and turn their pretty heads
And dream vile dreams of beasts of prey
Whose glowing eyes have turned their way

Waking in terror the child discovers
Worst of witches is his mother
How awful smells the cooking pot
Bubbling with he knows not what
She turns towards him with toothy grin
While roasts on spit his little friend
She comes at him with carving knife
Up quick he jumps and runs for life
But out the door there's waiting coven
Of cackling crones at least a dozen
Who look his way and lick their lips
Slurping on their fingertips
They'll knock his brains out with a ladle
And carve him on a picnic table
Stuff him in a crusty pie
And giggle while they watch him die

Waking in terror the boy discovers
Best of witches is his mother
She comes to him with open arms
And smothers terror with her charms
Dries his eyes upon her breasts
And plants warm kisses on his chest
And ever within her arms to stay
She coos and hums his fears away
Keeps warm and safe the whole night through
Til scary sky turns happy blue
Til hoot owl hides in yonder tree
And witches sunny day must flee