

Gathering

By

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The squelching of limbs soak through onto leaves,
Family members count their losses and grieve.

The parts are revealed; crones licking cracked lips,
Brewing the focus, cackling dipped.

The stench spreads, the concoction working,
The hags look on, anticipating.

For extra kick: puss, spit and devilish added,
Intoxicating fluid created.

Boiling uncontrollably, infecting the trees,
They glare at each other, destruction gives them ease.

Snorting the grog through crooked snouts,
Sends them giddy with evil intentions.

Eyes turn purple, they begin to shake,
Lying in leaves, morph back into snakes.

A last look around, the moon at its fullest,
The village unaware of evil at its darkest.

The blood and cauldron slowly fade into the black,
The myth of the three witches forever intact.