

## Witch's Brew

By Patricia Hubbell

Cauldron, Cauldron,  
Bubbly hot,  
As a witch-  
Or ask her not-  
What she stirs there  
By the fire.

Dare to ask,  
She'll tell you true  
(No witch lives  
Who is a liar.)

'I stir toadstools,  
Fire ash,  
Wind of storm,  
Lightning flash,"

"Thunderclap,  
Rain and hail,  
One greeny-pinkish slippery scale  
From a dragons slashing tail,"

"Drop of monster blood,  
Hen teeth,  
Wreath  
Of goldenrod and heather,  
Ten pints of the foulest weather."

"This recipe, I swear, is true-  
And now, it needs a pinch of ....YOU!"

