

WEIRD

I

Hooded eyes and warty face,
I see you cringe, don't feign at grace.
Dark and potions, blood and curse
I'll render out in creepy verse.
The hag who lives in forest gloom,
Can peel the veil and see your doom.
Fair is foul? Think fouler still!
Mine is the power to wish you ill.
Have I a hand in battles won?
Place I curses upon the young?
One thing is sure, I'll tell you not,
For of whispers is your fear begot.

II

Their voices ring around me,
Baying, calling for my blood.
My pleas fall on deaf ears,
Who would listen? Why they should?
Any kind of trial
Will be one I cannot win.
Dunk until she drowns,
Or see if fire burns her skin.
I was trustworthy once,
They might say I was wise.
How quickly it all turns
To dust in their eyes.
They say they saw me with the devil,
They cry that in grave sin I dwell,
Is this the way to find an answer,
To claim I've made a pact with hell?

III

Witchcraft on my lips?
Yes that's just what they would say,
Then cry seduction.
Did I say black arts were mine?
Why, draw closer then,
Feel the heat of your longing.
Innocent caress
Only serves to fuel your will.
You lust, man's desire
A brutish need to conquer.
Or I'm your plaything?
Think once again; you are mine.
Women have their ways,
To my gay tune you will sing,
And then, glazy-eyed,
Wonder what has passed.
Fix those eyes in mine,
And say you do not fear me.