

The Night Before Halloween

By Doug Harkin

'Twas the night before Halloween and all through the lair,
not a creature was breathing, nor would they dare.

The children were hung on the walls all around,
except for blood dripping, there wasn't a sound.

I in my death cloak and she with her broom,
had heated the cauldron in the midst of the room.

The night air was thick, as death loomed everywhere,
and I laughed to myself at a child's blank stare.

When all of sudden I heard such a scream,
I ran from the lair to see what it did mean.

When what to my bloodshot eyes did I see,
but a coven of witches coming towards me.

I welcomed them all and invited them in,
for the children were ready to be part of this sin.

These innocent lambs, into the cauldron did go,
we mustn't be hasty but cook them real slow.

The vapors of youth began filling the air,
we breathed them all in so our looks remained fair.

We paid our respect to these children so dear,
for strengthening our powers year after year.

Witches danced all night long, then each mounted her broom,
the doors swung wide open as they flew out of the room.

Waving goodbye, they hacketed a loud jeer...
"Better lock up your children, we'll need more for next year!"