

A MAGAZINE OF THE BIZARRE AND UNUSUAL

# Weird Tales

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WEIRD TALES ISSUED 1st OF EACH MONTH

# The Witch Walks in Her Garden

By LEA BODINE DRAKE

"I have spells to cast tomorrow," says the witch,  
Walking in her garden in the twilight gloom;  
"There's to bog the Squire's sorrel,  
Brew for Meg a lover's quarrel  
'Twixt her Ned and Gipsy Kate,  
Curse two stiles and Bailie's gate;  
And I'll mend my riding-broom," says the witch.

"I must track my foe tomorrow," says the witch,  
Bowling to the moon arise above the Druid stones;  
"Where he wanders I will follow;  
Loam that bears his footprint hollow  
I will lift with rune-carved shell,  
Toss it down a secret well;  
There he'll leap ere even-bell . . .  
He'll mock no more my old bones!" says the witch,

"I will change my skin tomorrow," says the witch,  
Peering in her pocket-glass, afrown at what it tells;  
"There's a milkmaid young and fair  
Whom I'll catch in subtle snare,  
Hurl her silly soul to space,  
Don her form and wild-rose face . . .  
While a twelve-month circles by  
I'll be young and jimp and spry!  
Though a year be swiftly done,  
When the spell must break, and One  
Come at last to claim his own,  
I shall make no plea or moan!  
What care I? For one full year  
I'll have known sweet mirth and cheer;  
Then let me burn in all his hells!" says the witch.