

Halloween Witch

I'm a witch without a broom,
A witch without a hat;
I haven't any cauldron;
I do not own a cat.
Don't ask about a spell book—
I don't have one of those.
As you can see, I haven't any
Warts upon my nose.
Yet I can conjure magic—
Make no mistake of that.
I made this candy disappear
In fifteen seconds flat!



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Polka-Dot Witches

Polka-dot witches
Ride wizzy-wig brooms
And streak 'cross the moon
Trailing candy corn plumes.

Their hats glow with stars
They plucked from the sky
And their spider web capes
Gather smiles as they fly.

They're the sparkliest,
Happiest witches in sight;
But they only come out
When it's Halloween Night!



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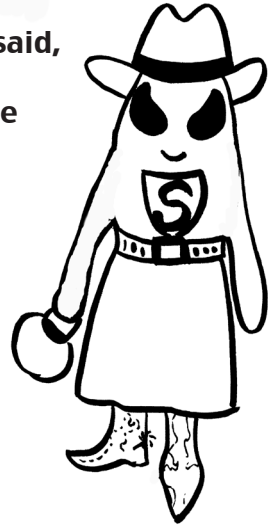
Halloween Decisions

I didn't know just what to be
For Halloween this year.
I thought about an alien,
But chose a buccaneer.

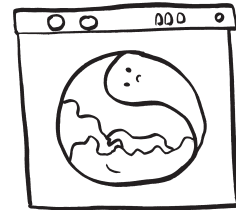
I shifted to a skeleton
And then to Frankenstein,
But thought it would be most unique
To be a porcupine.

"Enough's enough!" my mother said,
"Your list goes on and on!
You need to make a choice before
My sanity is gone!"

And so I came up with
A very clever compromise:
I'm a super-hero-cowboy-ghost
With glowing spider eyes.



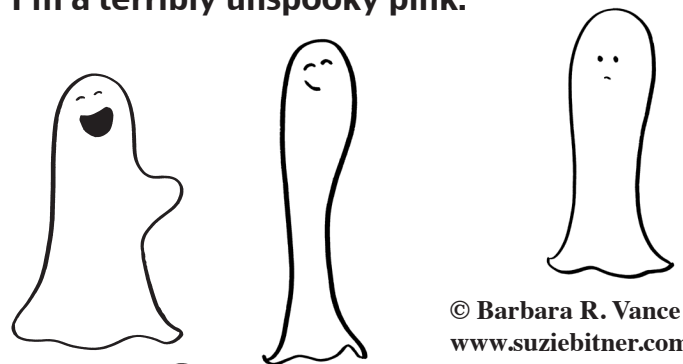
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Ghostly Problem

I'm a ghost who got stuck in the laundry,
A ghost who they thought was a sheet.
I sloshed through a "delicates" cycle,
And dried at a medium heat.

I bathed with a fluffy red sweater—
A color that ran like thin ink.
And now that the turmoil is over,
I'm a terribly unspooky pink.



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