Alicia Wood Period 5

The Passionate Witch to Her Love

Come live with me and be my Love, Climb up to my castle above And see the view of all the land For tis not all I offer grand.

You shall rest upon pure bone throne And blood-red satin, polished stone, Overlooking acres of wood In which no living man has stood.

There we find shade and solitude, Hidd'n by weeping willow branch nude, Cloaked in iv'ry skeletal remains With steps drowned out by ghoulish chains.

A robe of finest hair I'll weave To warm thy bod' on Hallow's Eve, And from my cauldron shall I stew A charming feast of beast taboo.

Boots of human skin and bat's blood With finger clasps and eyeball studs: And if these pleasures my thee move, Come live with me and be my Love.

The dead shall walk and dance as slaves For thy delight o'er each their graves. If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me and be my Love.

The Mortal's Reply to the Witch

If the dark arts to light were swung,
And tact in every witch's tongue,
These twisted pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy Love.

But bones belong in dirt below Lest thy satin stain tearful woe; No men walk thy cemetery But their corpses cry bewitch'ry.

Thy trees do weep leaf-less and limp, Wand'ring spirits haunt there like imps. A shudd'ring scream, a knashing wail, Taints thy gentle solitude's veil.

On Hallow's Eve we honor dead.
To frolic festive in man's thread
Is wicked, wrong, and moral vile,
But thou canst take back thy rude smile.

Thy boots of human brothers lost,
Thy digit-less hands, eyes gone frost,—
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and by thy Love.

But could the sacred dead find peace, And thy dark magic's terror cease, Then these queer joys my mind might move To live with thee and by thy Love.

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