

# 'Twas the Night before Halloween

By Molly Templar

*Inspired by Clement Clark Moore's "poem,  
'Twas the Night Before Christmas*

'Twas the night before Halloween, when all through the crypt  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a witch.  
Their broomsticks were hung on the headstones with care,  
In hopes that the full moon soon would rise there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of trick or treating danced in their heads.  
And mama in her witch hat and I dressed as a spider,  
Hand just settled down for a cup of hot mulled cider.

When out in the shrubs there arouse such a clatter,  
I sprang from my Lazy-Boy to see what was the matter.  
Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon cast its light on the graveyard below  
The broomsticks were gone, Where did they go?  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,  
But witches on broomsticks flying high and clear.

Followed by ghosts and goblins so spooky and slick,  
I knew in a moment it must be a Halloween trick.  
More rapid than eagles in batches they came,  
And whistled, and shouted, and called out their name!

Now Wanda, now Harriet, now Buffy and Glenda,  
On Sabrina, on Helen, on Elvia and Lynda.  
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!  
Now fly away! Fly away! Fly away all!"

Out for a practice run before their big night,  
The witches were flying in the bright orange moonlight.  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew  
With a cauldron of brew, and Witch Wanda too.

And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,  
The sweeping of brooms and the clawing of cats.  
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,  
Past the window they flew with a bound.

They were dressed all in black, from their head to their feet,  
And their clothes were all tarnished with spiders and meat.  
A bundle of treats they had flung on their back,  
And they looked like peddlers, with very full packs.

They spoke not a word, but went straight to their work  
And filled all their cauldrons then turned with a jerk.  
And laying their fingers aside the warts on their nose  
And giving a nod, up to the rooftops they rose.

With cats mounted on brooms, the witches gave a shrill whistle,  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard them exclaim 'ere they flew out of sight  
"Happy Halloween to all, and to all a good night."

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