

When Witches Get Itches

By Julie Mundell

Witches get itches
This time of year
Deep in their bones
When the air's crisp and clear
 When the wind starts to swirl
 And their hair starts to whirl
*It's the season when
Witches get it itches!*

Witches get itches
When autumn takes hold
With spectacular colors
Scarlet, Amber and Gold
 Leaves rustle above
 As the fairies swarm high
 Leaves crunch underfoot
 When the humans tromp by
*It's the season when
Witches get itches!*

Witches get itches
On this very of night
When the raven-dark sky
Makes the stars diamond-bright
 They yearn for their kin
 And they pine for their kind
 For the caldrons that bubble
 And wands that make trouble
 For spells and cats
 And potions and bats
 All the creatures and critters
 That give us the jitters
*It's the season when
Witches get itches!*

They can't help themselves!
Their hearts hear the call
The moon it demands,
"Come one, and come all!"
 All you young sorcerers
 All you wise crones
 You nimble gob-goblins
 Dark wearers of bones

"Dust off your brooms!"
They whisper and mutter.

“Make way! Make room!”
They shout and they sputter.
And they spin and they twirl
Till they rise and take flight.
Whizzing past You, and You ...
 and You!
And fly into the night.

*“It’s the season when
Witches get itches!”*