Poetry Series

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I hardly thought of him today

I hardly thought of him today
Well, when I woke I have to say
I might have thought of him just then.
I must admit it's so that when
Through rain, or sun or winter snow,
From North or South the winds that blow
Bring fleeting memories, now long past,
But given time they will not last.
When Autumn leaves from dead trees fall
I hardly think of him at all.
Just when the nights grow dark and cold,
I miss his warmth, if truth be told
Forgive me for I have to say
I hardly thought of him today!

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Pyewackety

With hair the colour of Lancashire coal And eyes as black as the Devils soul Pyewackety roamed the |Pendle hills Dispensing herbs to cure all ills

She was strange and free and wild She used her skills to help a child The potions failed, the baby died Pyewackety held him close and cried

The villagers branded her a witch They found her hiding in a ditch. Men lashed her tightly to a pole Burned her alive to save her soul!

Just at the time Pyewackety died Every cat in the village cried The villagers fled into the night For they had seen a fearsome sight.

Amid the hot and hungry flame
Out of Pyewacketys ashes came
A feline form with hate filled eyes
Leapt from the fire that lit the skies

Then with fiery, fetid breath
She avenged her fearful death
Every house burned to the ground
No living soul was ever found

With fur the colour of Lancashire coal and a heart as black as the Devils soul Pyewackety roams the Pendle hills Try not to meet for now she kills!!!

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