Mona Rene Riel()
A Cause Without Direction

A cause without direction,
Is an effort titled "waste;"

This titled effort of momentum
Is, A Timeless Cause Without Haste.

Onward, forward and upward to go,
A timeless momentum of hearts shall grow.

Make no mistake, for those of you who fall
Back to the mainstream, stand mighty and tall.

Mona Rene Riel
The Witch's Dark Fight.

The night was bright, and, not so long ago
With shoes too tight, that made the going slow
A potion in her pocket, three crystals in her hand
She had prayed all would go as initially planned.

For a voice was stirring, and a buzz near and far
And a flame was falling from a lightly lit distant star
The druids could be heard, to the gathering that is right
For called by the sister witch, to turn dark into light.

Druids and sister witches, and myself most definitely claim
Will swear by oath, to strike only the dark, and no other to blame
We now walk with calm, before the impending demon storm
There to mark the chalice, before hatred can form.

Mothers, fathers and children alike, walk in increasing fear
Holding their babes, from demon chants, becoming ever so near
No man, woman or beast shall be branded by a demon way
The strength of good, warns all who fight, of a better day.

The meeting of dark and light, locked in battle so fierce
The howls of ancient demon lords, their screams did pierce
The potion it fell, to be caught by a flying druid
Oh the demon howls do tell when casting the flying fluid.

The crystals they lit the dark and lasting so bright
Blinding the demons, sucking hatred into the piercing light
Finding a born witch, is not a simple task to do
You never know maybe the demon fight could be conquered by you.

Druids, sister witches, mother, fathers and babes drank from the cup
Drinking from the silver chalice, and holding the bottom up
A wine of everlasting, for all who did witness here today
An arc, of enchantment, and the witch of the land is here to stay.

Mona Rene Riel