

## THE OLD MAN

He sat beneath the sprawling oak,  
With long, grey beard and flowing cloak,  
Made of velvet, swathed in stars,  
With planet Venus, the Moon and Mars.  
His pointy hat perched on his head,  
The locals feared him with a dread.  
His furrowed brow and wrinkled face,  
Kept folk away from this strange place.

The woods behind were silent, still,  
Except for intermittent squeals  
From bats and rats and all such like,  
That pierced the ever-darkening night.

He sat and listened, head one side,  
What should he do? Can't quite decide.  
Catch some vermin? Cast some spells?  
Make foul potions with foul smells?  
Bubbling up some wicked brew,  
He knew what he must surely do.  
He stirred and mumbled ancient chants,  
Ingredients? Large rats and plants.  
'Hubbly bubbly, let's begin',  
He stirred in just one small gremlin.  
The bubbles rose, he mixed again,  
Then added some poor creature's brain.

At last his task was finally done,  
He dipped two fingers, then his thumb,  
Into murky broth-like sludge,  
Then added just a scrap of fudge.  
Round and round he quickly spun,  
Tapped three times on his old cauldron,  
Dancing, prancing, flailing arms,  
Shaking strange and mystic charms.  
'Begone from here,' he wailed out loud,  
'Begone far away beyond the cloud.'

His fusion oozed from his pot of pulp,  
He wailed again and gave a gulp,  
As it slowly, softly, seeped deep down,  
Beyond the Earth's most sickly crown.  
Wiping out all evil traits,  
Vile and virulent base mutates.

His job well done, the old man cried,  
'Now the evil will subside!'  
He wrapped his cloak close to his chest,  
And circled round with greater zest.  
In a moment, 'Poof! He'd gone,  
No longer feeling woebegone,  
And in the spot where he had sat,  
Was just his wizard's pointy hat.