

Sisters of the Coven  
By: Jerome Brooke

Gathered there the wise women, on the rocks,  
Gathered close, along the shore.  
Eldest of the Wicca born, the future could see,  
Seer and soothsayer, learned in lore.

Last born of the pack, potions of love, did provide,  
Sought by those of love forlorn.  
Most evil of the sisters, poison did provide, and demons,  
Most evil, did call, upon the morn.

Fairest of them all, was the good witch, white of hair,  
Simple, dull, and pure of heart.  
Charms she gave, to women barren, spells did she make for farmers,  
Harvests rich to procure, mistress of the art.

Bio: Jerome Brooke was born in Evansville, Indiana. He now lives in the Kingdom of Siam. He has written the *City of the Mirage* (Amazon) and many other books. His work has been published or accepted by *Welcome to Wherever*, *Candidum*, *Blood Lullabies*, *Danse Macabre*, *Kalkion*, *Blood moon Rising*, and the *First Literary Review*.