

For Good or Ill?

At sunset we meet and the circle complete,
To fulfil a girl's desire, the fire flames higher
Warming the cauldron within.

Powders and potions, creams and lotions,
Cauldrons simmer while stars shimmer
In the heavens above.

Midnight's hour increases the power
Of herbs to heal and wishes to seal
To ignite the feeling of love.

A full moon enhancing the spells we are chanting,
Care must be taken, our belief unshaken,
Or black will white remove.

The dawn is breaking, the world is waking.
Exhausted we stand, gold casket in hand,
The strength of magic to prove.