The daughters you breed

The musty winds sighed all over the scene

Here must be where sins die

Where the slate is wiped clean

Roughly he struck a match

And spread the red to a limb of a tree

And with his throwing arm gripped it firmly

His smile wide with glee

“If you call me a witch and burn me for so

Hear this final curse that I stitch

One you should know:

Your bloodlines shall be rich in these witches

No matter how many you condemn to the flame

Each of the daughters you breed will be witches

If the word witch is what you proclaim

You name them, raise them

And train them into monstrosities

Then blame them, ablaze them

And create truth in falsities

Cast me aside like you do all things else

Mask both the pride and the shame

That you fear in yourself

Sentence my body to burn until my ember’s glow

For I am only a witch because you made me so!”

Said torch was thrown like a hurling sphere

The sun moving to Earth

When doomsday is here

Surely enough, the stake took the light in its arms

And the town’s people roared

As they witnessed its charms

A bright orange glove

Waving recklessly in the wind

The fire spun and engulfed all the timber

That had been skinned

Curiously though

The flame did curl back in haste

“This one is not evil. She has not the right taste”

Nonetheless the fire had not

The free will to stop

What was done was done and to the ground

Rain started to drop