



A Witch's Hunt Is Born

Practically, analytically, an unfocused mess,

A secret, dirty, nasty voo doo hex.

Forced on an innocent soul, who made it privy to her knowledge.

It came from a frienemy, an evil girl from college.

Basically, unfortunately, seemingly true,

The lies people tell to try to get to you.

Walls, ceilings, trees, domes, skies, look over a restless fool.

Puzzled, baffled, confused, lost,

Astonished by the tabloid rumors, causing first rate tumors

Of animosity gone wrong.

The soul is torn.

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