

Deadly Hex

Olivia Jean

The hunted rustle in their seats
Is it with her eyes she seeks
Peering round the corner at the brittle and weak
The brittle and weak
Does a magic linger in its bones
A spell from a facetious crone
Who resided at this quiet and lonely old folks home
As the kitten purrs and kneads
The elders fear its company
When she skims the room
The question's "Who's next"
The deadly hex
For is she hops upon your knee
The last breath in your lungs released
And the women confide in gossiping whispers,
"I'll surely miss her"
For the reaper's hiding under a veil
The swing of the sickle is the swing of its tail
With intentions that shall not be mentioned
More than a bruise
So if the walking clock catches your eye
With a prediction that will never lie
She'll bid you farewell
She'll bid you farewell
She'll bid you goodbye

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