Witch Goes Shopping

Witch rides off
Upon her broom
Finds a space
To park it.
Takes a shiny shopping cart
Into the supermarket.
Smacks her lips and reads
The list of thing she needs:

'Six bats' wings
Worms in brine
Ears of toads
Eight or nine.
Slugs and bugs
Snake skins dried
Buzzard innards
Pickled, fried.'

Witch takes herself
From shelf to shelf
Cackling all the while.
Up and down and up and down and
In and out each aisle.
Out come cans and cartons
Tumbling to the floor.
'This, ' says Witch, now all a-twitch,
'Is a crazy store.
I can't find a single thing
I am looking for! '

By: [Kryzl Deanne Pascual](http://www.poemhunter.com/kryzl-deanne-pascual/poems/)

**Whose Boo Is Whose?**

**Two ghosts I know once traded heads**

**And shrieked and shook their sheets to shreds-**

**“You’re me!” yelled one, “and me, I’m you!**

**Now who can boo the loudest boo?”**

**“Me!” cried the other, and for proof**

**He booed a boo that scared the roof**

**Right off our house. Our TV set**

**Jumped higher than a jumbo jet.**

**The first ghost snickered, Why, you creep,**

**Call that a boo/ that feeble bee?**

**Hear this!” – and sucking in a black**

**Of wind, he puffed his sheet so vast**

**And booed so hard, a passing goose**

**Lost all its down. The moon shook loose**

**And fell and smashed to smithereens –**

**Stars scattered like spilled jellybeans.**

**“How’s that for booking, boy? I win,”**

**said one. The other scratched a chin**

**Where only bone was – “Win or lose”**

**How can we tell whose boo is whose?**

**By: X.J. Kennedy**