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**