

Warts On My Toes

by C. T. Martin



It was the witch's nose, I suppose,
that froze me in my tracks and grew warts on my toes.
I should have never went to her ugly old house,
even lost my shoe, when I stepped on a green mouse,
covered with the sticky, sticky webs from a spider,
who meant to make a meal out of it, before it retired
to bed, after a long day of following all the witch's orders,
what could it do?, it was powerless before her.
And it was just one of many, creepy crawlies that was sent after me,
when I came up to the old house and leaned on her tree.

“Hello,” she said, “what business have you here?”

“I heard you give a scare to anyone who comes near,
but I don’t believe it, no one can be that mean.”

“That’s right little boy, not all is as it seems.”

She beckoned me to come and see the house inside,
it was at that moment I knew this would be the fright of my life.

But it was too late for regrets, the heavy door swung shut,
There was creaking and moaning, and something crawled on my foot.

It was dark as night until she lit an old lamp,
the smell everywhere was musty and damp.

I bumped into something that was stiff and cold,
and the old witch said, “My aren’t you bold?”

“Why?” I asked, “that’s just a moldy old post.”

“No,” she replied, “that was in fact, a ghost!”

“What, that can’t be true, ghosts are things that can’t be touched.”

“That’s just a lie told to children who don’t get out much,

But now you know different, and if I were you,

I’d stop believing tales that simply aren’t true.

I will show you what to believe about this haunted old house,”

and it was then that I first stepped on that little green mouse,

which made her very mad, that cranky old witch,

so she raised up her broom and licked her wrinkled lips.

She cast a spell to send creeping insects on me to crawl,

I jumped up so fast, and started climbing the wall.

But there were too many spiders, roaches, and beetles,

the pain from their bites felt like a thousand needles.

So I ran for the door, where I had first entered,

this nightmare of a house where evil is centered.

Behind me I could hear the sound of the old witch laugh,

and a vase flew past my ear, into the wall it then crashed.

To my relief the door flung open wide,

I no longer had to be a prisoner inside.

I guess the old hag had enough of torturing me for one day,

maybe she'd look for someone else who might want to stay.

"But," I thought to myself, "who would want to do that?"

Then I heard the old woman yell out my name, "Matt!"

"Here's a little something to remember me by,"

she twitched her green nose and I thought I would die!

I was scared stiff, frozen in my tracks,

I realized then that she wanted me to come back.

But I shook my feet hard and ran from my foe,

and that's how I got those warts on my toes.

