

## **Incrave**

### **"Witches Hat"**

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Certainly the children have seen them  
In quiet places where the moss grows green

Coloured shells jangle together  
The wind is cold the year is old the trees whisper  
together  
And bend in the wind they lean

Next week a monkey is coming to stay

If I was a witches hat  
Sitting on her head like a paraffin stove  
I'd fly away and be a bat  
Across the air I would rove

Stepping like a tightrope walker  
Putting one foot after another  
Wearing black cherries for rings

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