

Saddest Landscape

"Hop Toad"

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I once saw walking on my land
A witch with garland in her hand
When laid upon some mottled stone
It made the earth to shift and groan

Up from the stone rose a magic tree
With faeries dancing happily
When purple skies began to foam
Above this tree of human bone

Though some may swear they felt no fear
My soul went cold as she came near
A toad with speech, in her left hand
A familiar from undreamed lands

Little ones you can be gods
In the black between the stars

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