

beaked bird moth wings flies over into waxen image of night  
jaws yawning claws...scream  
two black cats scream hissing black angels blare trumpets harps  
strum spiderwebs spin faery queen fancy and moon erupts shimmer  
showers room with snail hail hitting floor in rainstorm of rock  
as white deacons now awakened descend from clouds ane Hopkins  
comes over plucking the empty shell of mune from it's heights

"Lacy, pick up that mess! Agnes, how is he?" asks Hopkins,  
probing with the light.

"Predominantly Theta... 'ere's the chart," offers Agnes.

"Sany anything?"

"Nothing 'cept..."

"What?"

"E just murmured 'bout Behemoth snakes ane egges...and  
then 'ee screamed."

"Squire Murphy and I have had coven; we'll go alle the way  
quhith this one. Forty cc's more."

"But sire," protests Lacy.

"Yes?" His eyes glowed fierece and the hag shuddered.

"Agnes, the full wig! Alice and Maggie will be awaiting."

hex hex ane blak catt flew into the roome an all the starres.  
spake amongst themselves and the coven came together an thay  
annointed their foreheads an handdis an wrists quhith an oyl  
an water from the founteien shouting tout tout a tout! then  
they rode on broome staves to a field by full mune light...blue  
glowed the flames from their torches and blak candles  
appeared by magicke for the hallowed occasion...ane with a  
cackle Goody Lacy appeared with her Auld Serpent in a bottle  
and alle were joined by the Impes Ilmauzer, Pyewackett, Peck  
in the Crowe, and Venegar Tom...and the coven crowded about  
me saying he is truly Janus Apollo and formed a circle gayeley  
dancing holding handdis and singing for I shall go in the Devil's  
name an quhill I come home againe...for it were the Hour of the  
Esbat ane Lacy was possessed by tongues and loosed her Serpent  
in a devilish fit wherevpon the matron watching from trees well