

SINGING SISTERS

Pale skin shining in the moonlight,
Reflecting the beauty of night,
The sisters sang through the darkness
A song of mystery and fright.

Combing their hair with their fingers,
Whistling a ghostly tune,
Picking flowers with hands of pale whiteness,
Under the light of the moon.

Bodies entwining and bending,
Hair of silken thread
Spreading like a halo
Around each delicate head.

The trees cast gathering shadows,
Upon each strange figure,
They faded away with the shadows,
As the blackness grew darker and bigger.

And if you come down to the forest,
Upon a moonlit night,
You can hear the sisters singing
Their melody of mystery and fright.



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The poem is based on the drawing **Garden** (1932).