

Burning A Black Candle

by Southern_Witch_69

I was feeling wicked one night. This is the result.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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I have a little candle in the lovely shade of black,
that shall aid me in my mission of attack.
A single little match shall begin discord's flame.
Of this be certain; you'll ne'er feel the same.
Downward the melting wax begins to glide.
From Wicked Southern's chants, you cannot hide.
To you, I shall send a cloud to invoke negative feelings.
No doctor can determine what you'll need for a healing.
Eerily, my candle's thin smoke rises into the air.
Fear not, it shall find you, no matter where.
It pays not to run for, from it, you cannot flee.
Dark tidings are now what I bid unto thee.
Whilst I slowly send you tremors of complete disarray,
you'll learn that you should have seen things Southern's way.
I'll offer only an evil little cackle as confusion sets in,
and I'll smirk knowing that, against me, you cannot win.
I need not heed the warnings of the powers of the three,

for I am simply doing unto one as she has done unto me.
A single scrap of paper, on it nothing written but your name,
waits for the wax to seal the fate of she who it shall claim.
The first new moon will see it encased in freshly salted soil.
It will not take long for the beginnings of your inner turmoil.
All I shall do is sit back with a smile and patiently wait.
Someone will soon tell a tale of your unfortunate state.
It's both a pity and a pleasure that you never truly knew,
that for your treachery Southern would come for you.
You'll learn first hand of the magic that I am able to weave.
I bid thee farewell now for soon it shall be time to leave.