

Дождись да погляди, бродяга,  
как прокипит весь день и ночь  
вся эта колдовская влага.  
И людям без неё невмочь,  
и боги пить её не прочь.



## Clear and Colder

Wind, the season-climate mixer,  
In my Witches' Weather Primer  
Says, to make this Fall Elixir  
First you let the summer simmer,  
Using neither spoon nor skimmer

Till about the right consistence.  
(This like fate by stars is reckoned,  
None remaining in existence  
Under magnitude the second.)

Then take some leftover winter  
Far to the north of the St. Lawrence.  
Leave to strip and branches splinter,  
Bring on wind. Bring rain in torrents —  
Colder than the season warrants.

Dash it with some snow for powder.  
If this seems like witchcraft rather,  
If this seems a witches' chowder  
(All my eye and Cotton Mather\*!),