

~Dark Willow poem~

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*A poem describing evil veiny Willow from Buffy Season 6.
Please have a look at my drawings!!!! Not this!!!!*

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1. Willow

~Willow~

Cold stone eyes and blackened hair,
Life suddenly filled with depression, despair,
Uncontrollable magicks that flow all around,
A powerful witch they lift from the ground.

Ancient words flowed through each vein.
Words all of which were awoken by pain,
Her powers ran and flowed through the sky,
Whoever in her way would most certainly die.

Her powers so strong no-one could compete,
And those of great evil worshipped at her feet,
But unstable, the magicks would fall,
And back to her friends she would soon crawl.

Unless anyone had something to say...
Maybe someone could return Willow someday...
A bullet begun this, but how would it end?
And when would her life be ready to mend?

Warren running past trees, what have I done...

Willow was coming; she would soon have her fun...

Swinging between branches, under the crystal moon,

Death will be coming, and it would come soon.

All this pain from one event;

From this, a soul from Earth was sent,

A bullet, the window, a blood stained shirt,

And through everything he had not been hurt.

Now Willow had changed with the loss,

The loss of the soul that departed today;

And no matter what happened -

He was going to pay.