

## WIZARD

Alone in his tower the wizard he sits;  
Wizened and wizzing with all of his wits.  
Wishing he knew who had addled his pate;  
Made him subject to whims, more fickle than Fate.  
Calling on demons, great, large and tall;  
And even on demonettes, shapely and small.  
Some had sharp claws, some only slime;  
All of them quirky, none were on time.  
But the circle he cast, the triangle placed;  
All of it careful, naught was in haste.  
The moon was quite new, the sun gone away;  
The candles were placed in frightful array.  
The stars had progressed to suit his desire;  
And fuming and fetid stuff fed his dark fire.  
When answer he got, he stood quite appalled;  
The switch of a letter, indeed that was all.  
For once he'd conjured, to make his brain smart;  
And instead, he'd replaced it all -- with a fart!

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