

THE WITCH RUMINATES IN HER WOODLAND GRAVE

Cut white birch above me scatters like bones down the road, sleeved in bark that ribbons around rot. But my dead mind lights like swamp gas, my dead belly brims. Gretel, grown into a hausfrau, by now would be dressing drumsticks in paper frills and marching trussed fowl to the table. Unhungry, she would like that food consumes the day, would see no faces at the window, as I did, the two little ones, eyeing peelings. With my knife I liked to curl ribbon around gifts, the better to bind you, the better to tear you open, my little sacrificial lambs. I sliced and saved my Hansel's ringlets to show the neighbor raptors how blond he was once, how fine he would no longer be, inside of me. Ingestion was the only way to keep the small dears near. Oh, that grosgrain life, tied tight around nothing. I am not yet digested by the earth that hems me in. Pungent onion, I push hellward.