

Witch goes Tiny

Witch, cast-speller divine? Found
This tiny¹ witch hiding up in the corner of the attic
Thought she was a spider—maybe
(Though it could've of been a warlock He!)
Such was the distance, the angle², and the darkness
Or some tiny bird with tinny-weenie-tiny feathers covering her face
Redundantly swinging to & fro, you dust your tiny dress
& laugh at me just so precisely

"This is peculiar," I thought I heard you say,
"You coming up like that-custom-less tonight
Un-afraid of the witch?"

Or the darkness—there was darkens and I felt much like that child again
So I stopped just a step beyond the banister
Squinting at the light
Coming blind through the windowpane

So that I heard words (petite gesture, tiny laughter)—are those your lips, your
tongue
& a puff of yellow as your hair

—Nectar honeycomb—

So much so & under such surprise, I thought
Of capture—take—jail—restrain
& you as mine, little toy

Singing like a finch—grabbing tiny on my finger—
Or proof me wrong crushing furious hawk

Laughing in your corner—swinging little
I could swear you are smaller than before
Or is it time closing this show?³

The wood up here creeks—It always did, right down to the fascias
Like wind sighing, tired
—your voice that I've not kept—
Slipped right through the bars
Outlaw running remembrance

&

It's late & I'm tired & there're boxes & a can & jelly jars & water-color brushes
& an empty cage for your keeping

¹ It was Tiny—nothing else—not minute or miniscule or plain small & certainly not insignificant!

² Or an angel from that angle un-precise as such was the fear & fear it was.

³ A hand gripping heart—caesura.