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From the Next Weird Sister

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FROM THE NEXT WEIRD SISTER

It matters not that my ankles are shapely and graceful,
Or that once, and I remember it well,
They said I had a splendid head of hair—
Perhaps the loveliest in all of Scotland.

One need not be a beldam to be a witch.
It takes only a desperate malignant need
To which there can be no relinquishment.
Be saucy and over-bold.
Your charms enough will change you.

For now the sun is setting,
And our clan meets again.
Here on the heath we spread the spoils of our battle,
And offer them to vacant sable skies.
The fair men have called foul fair
And the foul men have called fair foul.
The fog is lifting,
But the filth in the air still remains.

Sometimes I wish I were a birth-strangled babe.
Then at least my finger would have a price.
And I might be understood
Or might understand the unknown powers.
But I was destined to live,
And am driven to accomplish deeds without names.

Come away, come away, come away.
When labor is too great—
Then is when a birth occurs.
I, mother of maggots,
I lay the eggs of my brain in night visions;
There to incubate, molt and corrode,
There to pardon and poison all entrails.

And what of you?
It matters not that your neck is slender;
Or you, that your breasts are warm and supple.
You, with that raging void—
You too can be a midnight hag.
It occurs to us all, at one time or another,
When a broken heart is the gift and the wound,
Sin can be a soothing salve.

The charm is wound up.
Sisters, let us take leave.
Something wicked this way comes—
We go in search of newts, and a messiah.

Laura Hamblin