

THE TRUTH OF IT IS

we do not wait until moonlight bathes us
to steal your child with sharp claws or. sharp teeth.

THE TRUTH OF IT IS, it be more like us
witches havin' things to do. herbs to be crushed.
spirits who ask of food with yawning
mouths. spells that need some Walmart oranges some
right timin' from the stars some blood and a lil'
dancin' of our hips after that nine-to-
five - *listen*. it's a difficult thing, this
communal with nature but we get to
speakin' with twilight and coastline so if
you want truth come find us at midnight in
a forest's grove where we dance around and
around the bonfire's light singin', singin'
over the cauldron's steam with sharp claws.
and sharp teeth. movin' to the rhythm
of the thinnest leaves and swaying rivers.

*{or, just listen to what your mama said
'bout us and keep 'ya pretty look of fear.}*