



from *Stop Them From Dancing*

Just through a sunlit diamond-shaped parting  
in the summer curtain, from the yellow  
grass to green leaves, in the heavy  
darkness past its lips  
is where witches live.

They worship the birds of prey  
rowing above the high meadows,  
shrieks atop the seafallen cliffs.  
They prefer small, cramped rooms  
kept at hot temperatures.  
They say "Yes" diabolically.  
They can't see the tops of trees,  
only an echo of a green mist.  
They talk to themselves.  
They listen to plants.  
The salt breath of the wind  
in the woods answers only to them.  
They are born to it,  
there is no other way.

They have a number of uses for gristle, and love  
fiddle music. The trace of a bowing arm is  
noticed in the bounce that accompanies  
the casting of certain spells.

Hereditary pressures have left them generally  
rheumatoid, seen in the hooked posture and  
hands grown startled, rusted into open claws.

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