

THE WITCH OF THE WASTE'S WARNING

Strapping young men will be the death of me is what a charlatan in a straw hat told me when I stuffed a snake into his bindle swinging from an eight bit creation story carved upon a rood straight off the reservation / So I watch out for glamorous men who ride in fast lanes & tip their fancy hats to nothing known or unknown / I keep my cards close I can't help it but look honey: If you want your fortune told it doesn't take a pinch of magic to know if you want them to stop breaking your heart you have to forge it out of something more durable than a Shakespearian sonnet about how the world is out to get you / That's something we both have in common which is why I can read it on your face before seeing it in your palms / They call their children away from us but they can't turn around themselves we are the kind of lovely artists make toasts over while enchanting the masses by reproducing even our slightest smiles / I am here to tell you even when you outgrow the children's table you'll still be sitting among the same cohort so you better not piss off any more of your sisters / It's a small town & even smaller still when the wives at large begin to catch onto who has been the one pedaling love potions to husbands who have returned from the sea of a seemingly endless war / Who doesn't want a nameable blight lurking on the other side of the tracks waiting to be rallied against once the most of us feel even slightly threatened? / Am I not the one who wanted to be pretty & went through painful trials to summon the courage to walk around this town cane in hand proudly announcing to those I cross exactly who I am to this community / They call me a witch & worse for the ways I enchant them like it's my fault they are so easily entertained by sex & magic tricks / Who am I but not the perfect warning to your sons & daughters about what happens when they're allowed too many indulgences / Watch out for the Witch of the Waste she's on the hunt for another heart another disappointment manufactured by our collective refusal to admit guilt out collecting guilt like a verdict sung by a chorus of closet cases / But do remember that I was the kind one who tried to warn you that when they come at you carrying pitchforks & buckets of kerosene / We burn the brightest if we light the straw ourselves & *that's* a promise.