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Wood Witches

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Wood Witches

Abstract

This fir wood Burns down to a dark incense. We watch from the window—sunset

Additional Keywords

Poetry; Canterbury Adams

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A Poem by Krista Canterbury Adams

Wood Witches

This fir wood
Burns down to a dark incense.

We watch from the window—sunset
On the pale water-lights
Of the river
Where the river banks burn bright
With moss and flowers.
This gold drips,
This last of light.

In the window
Your scarves, patterned in silver,
Green and crimson red,
Drift like gauze in the evening wind,
Sifting this archaic city
Into patterned, opaque, translucent, clear.

This morning in the market
We bought an hourglass
Of painted bone—
It sits now on the sill,
Slipping sand,
Losing time—against
Soft, warm evening sky.

With the breath of the great, overhanging cypress
We let its sand run out,
Turn it over many times,
And night stretches on.

This morning in the market
We passed over many mirrors—filigreed,
embossed,
Silver and gold—
Examined thick spheres
Of jet, of amber. Touched the perfect crystal
Perched on silver—
Twisted, textured,
Like ancient pewter roots,
Or like branches.

We grimaced,
Imagined the old wood witch,
Deep in the dark fir forest,
Hammering out her rare
And various metals,
Toes curled like snails in the mud.