

9-14-2021

## *Wood Witches*

Krista Canterbury Adams

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle>

---

### Recommended Citation

Adams, Krista Canterbury (2021) "*Wood Witches*," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2021: Iss. 43, Article 25.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2021/iss43/25>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Mythopoeic Society at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Mythic Circle by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

To join the Mythopoeic Society go to: <http://www.mythsoc.org/join.htm>



---

## Online Summer Seminar 2023

August 5-6, 2023: Fantasy Goes to Hell: Depictions of Hell in Modern Fantasy Texts

<https://mythsoc.org/oms/oms-2023.htm>



### *Wood Witches*

#### **Abstract**

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

#### **Additional Keywords**

Poetry; Canterbury Adams

# 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.