Incantation Da Capo

Walnut trees are a favorite habitat of witches.

A magpie’s feather falls
from the walnut’s glistening leaves.
The green nuts sit in their shells.

However brilliant the sun
that core of dark remains,
and she, its origin.

Whom we never glimpse
(not her bird familiar)
holds us in beady glance.

conjuring who-knows what
in the waiting walnut tree
with the help of helpless fate.

The sun shines on us broadly.
The trembling unripe nuts
shape the tree’s shadow oddly

and we-spellbound in place,
our wills limp as sun-warmed-leaves-
we choose at her caprice.

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