

# Mages and Witches Spell

*(NOTE: This poem, to help train-up our ears in poetic rhythms, is dominated by a poetic foot called a “trochee,” and is loosely modeled and inspired by the witches in Macbeth.—Spring 2021, English 4566, Advanced Poetry Writing.)*

Skinny boy left all alone  
Turgid blood from his salty bones  
Bleakness of the eye behold  
Weariness in crumbled home  
Broken wing of an Archon take,  
This curdled soul of an elder snake  
Hunted by the wrinkled crones  
His vengeance that he works and hones

Babe’s blood to this wicked tome  
Waking up his murdered bones

Mystic in a diving leaf  
Bleeds like summer underneath  
Eat the skin of a scaly bore  
Filet the fish and beg for more  
Off the bone the flesh is tore  
As his screams drop through the floor  
Ripping, parting, cell by cell  
Reverberations of the bell

Screaming chants of future lore  
Reverberating blood and gore?  
Tongue of fae upon their sword  
Blood of children long un-mourned  
Scintillates around his skin  
Desperate hate glitters within  
Selfish righteousness of pain  
Unsteady universe of gain

Stars of you and your offspring  
Awakened six feet under wing

Flesh and bone of an elder god  
Weakened veil, faltered façade  
Stab the hearts upon our kin  
Summoning rites of ancient sin  
Bind these words until time’s done  
Wringing curses one by one

Thus our spell has sizzled bright  
Writhing in the brooding night

—Amber Alexander, Andrew Allen, Adam Coutts, Alex Harris, Elias  
Kirker-Napiorkowski, Ashton Platt, Jessica Rushing, and Stuart Lishan