

Love, the Witch
Jangar Tokpa

Mama was the Witch of the West
Told me to fix something nice. Something spicy
and enticing enough for a lifetime. A lifetime
of love.

When it came to brewing,
Mama used red wine straight from
those grapevines in your, mine,
 and our backyard.

My wine
 was the finest of all.

Brewed from the apple that cracked open
when it hit my head. And when it hit my head
I laid in the grass.

Lavender scent lavished me.
Roots rose from the earth and dressed my locs.
Rose thorns shot at the crown of
my head.

Mama,
She hated to see the earth embracing me.
She hated the smell of my wine and how it lingered on my tongue.
She hated how the pollen in the air made
my eyes twitch.
She hated how I only smiled when I was drunk.
She hated that my brews' secret ingredient is
Poison ivy
but I'll be a witch,

Mama.

I'll be burned.