

When A Witch Becomes A Pale Bride

Bishop Of Hexen

Muster scarce trails to pursue the final tales
I might appeal once quizzed, tested & feeled
Oh, these cuts-cut-open and observed
Though barely alive-cautiously preserved
Molested are my cries
Dispersed like transparent rime
Yet strangely I see trees
Which assail with stabbing scenes
Thus maladies & their remedies mix
So violently they create loathsome tricks
Labyrinth of angles-so twisted
Shape & form the inevitable-
Through the hexen's mind
Through the sharpness of her nails
Into her grim thoughts he now sails
Lame and sterile pain
Becomes now the most desirable pain
Washed to a pond of tears
Emptied to a valley of the gifted fears
Goblets of wisdom dried
When a witch becomes a pale bride
To the raving beauty of a doubt
A garland-old & worn-out
"Here lies he who never lyed
Whose skill so often hath been tried
Their prophecies shall still survive
And ever keep their name alive"