

Rowena

The soil is warm and sinks under gentle steps and gliding gossamer
and the sounds are subdued by moss and peat
and ferns bend and tremble below ephemeral touch
and the world is here in the woods, and it knows her.

The worts and weeds and seeds and brushes and bristles know her
and they beckon her and belong to her
like the waves belong to the darkest heavens
and this is the world, and it knows her.

The woods know her
while beyond in fields and farms and pastures and houses and hovels and meadows and
markets and paved glades too wide that whisper and shun and shape and make and measure
the wayward witch leers and lurks and yearns for the reverent rustling of distant willows.