

POETRY

# Witchcraft

by Lady Key



"Dreams" by Julia Barczewska

Look at you, maiden  
on each fingertip, a fly!  
Un animal de calle, Bordstein-  
schwalbe. Look up,  
how the electricity trapped in  
clouds, shining on  
the faces of our giants, shy  
— yellow air above four lanes.

Remove the glue from your sole!  
I've got a recipe for you to dive  
in the public sphere, my maiden  
— for identity, one  
coating of dust, while  
another of mask.

For the body, one of sweat  
and one of perfume, the one  
that wants to get at you will  
have to crawl under fingers' layers.

I tell you to internalize  
the map traced on the  
bloom skin, peeled green  
— que no es infinito  
because we die a cada rato, one  
bit at a time, maiden.