

## WITCH

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@RebTamas



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*To my friends*

WITCH



*A woman like that is not a woman, quite.  
I have been her kind.*

ANNE SEXTON

§

*What differs from the existent will strike the  
existent as witchcraft.*

THEODOR ADORNO



## /penis hex/

the hex for a penis isn't really all about  
the penis  
the penis is not an issue all fine doing its own thing  
ink blot semen    sweet white plaster  
pale peach tartlet  
but when it goes you see    you see a lot of things

to hex a penis off means taking a laugh out for a walk  
long and blue  
cold as Russia  
laughing and laughing your mouth is open  
let your girlfriend see your tongue

to hex a penis off wrap yourself up  
in a warm bed and no one is there  
intellectual persuasion  
hand in the unowned air  
peeling strips of dull bleached sky

hex like artemisia  
holofernes' head back the fucking sucker  
head back and tirades full of blood  
he goes down way way down  
judith's painted hand is a snare  
she is catching your penis and taking it home

hex with a plate of grilled pears  
against cream  
a glass of just-pink wine  
teacups porcelain thrush egg blue  
your soft under the breath singing

hex it off with a little journey  
islands of any kind ideally somewhere cold  
green things butting out into a black/grey sea  
no one is on the island to tell you the kind of  
things you should be touching

hex at a child-wedding  
don't worry it's cool  
at the ceremony just wait until the  
drinks are being served and then set fire

to the whole place  
the drapes that are azure blue  
holiday destination blue pope innocent blue  
the child-bride comes with you  
her big gobstopper eyes and hello kitty backpack  
full of dicks

hex in a philosophy seminar  
see them start to detach and waver  
a few centimetres apart from their owners

maybe I'm not actually bothered by the logical  
summation of things  
their soft and sweet calculation and steadfast rationale  
maybe I like it out here in the dark cold wood  
with all my bits hanging down and fiery creatures  
perching on every surface shaking their claws  
maybe I like it with god holding my sweaty wavering hand

hex it by saying nothing  
this navy zip-up and scarf says that I understand comfort  
and solidarity  
don't talk to me don't tell me about your day

or ask me where the good places are  
is there a problem is this sector  
no  
off it goes

turn back and unpave the roads  
hex an epic poem some kind of discharge  
a throne that you forged from  
gold and diamonds and plastic bangles  
and crow feathers and infinity rings

hex it through glory  
total and utter glory  
your huge red/black hair reaching and touching the upper  
    echelons  
pagan understanding and all types of weird singing  
some woman in a mint silk pantsuit so happy with  
a penis between her legs and the next shucking it off  
able to do exactly as is necessary

wind batters the tall insane skyscrapers  
glowering hungry sky very unusual  
that metallic taste in your mouth  
it's changing                      you see