

Hauntingly misshapen poem

by [Bill Stadick](#) in the [June 8, 2016](#) issue

“And she utterly denied her guilt of Witchcraft; yet justified God for bringing her to that punishment: For she had when a single woman played the harlot.”

—John Hale, *A Modest Enquiry into the Nature of Witchcraft*

this is
not easter
wings at
least not
yet this
is what is
penned
when you
find they
broke

your
mother's
father's
mother's
mother's
father's
father's
father's
father's
father's
father's
father's
mother's
neck
and all
you can

do now
is break
some
lines
to ask
how did
this fall
further
any flight
in her