

*Witches*

To whom it may concern,  
I write this correspondence in regards to the multitude of women  
Of whom we now carry on this vessel  
Who upon arrival showed little affection  
nor animus to the men of the crew.

With such came great surprise to be woken

Thump

*What's all that noise?!*

in the night to stomps and chants.

We peered through windows and some through doors

As indistinguishable hums

became indecipherable cantations

*Witches!* The man beside me exclaimed.

Also awoken by the racket.

Thump

Then we saw them

Nothing but wisps in the darkness

Figures of smoke blurred and coalesced and pulled apart again

They carried fire that twisted and spun

with melted limbs pointed and outstretched

Tracing bright calligraphy in the night

Thump

like a coven of fireflies.

Their hips rocked in sync with the boat

Their mouthed nothings drowned

in the creaking wood beneath drowned

by waves that cradled as much as they smothered

Pirouetting they dragged and splashed atop the deck

Puddles of water-wood more sea than ship.

Thump

Upon arrival one could find himself

Spectator to a different plane of being

As he discerns their indifference

For surely they have chosen to be

To whom it may concern,

Thump

More witch than woman.