

Hecate's Disciple

Now I'm beginning to see
why I came—
why I stood so long at these crossroads,
a three-road split
since returning is always an option.
This is the place where
the straight walls touch
in one perfect, awful corner.

I left her an offering
carved from my thigh,
rendering me lame. And she took it.
The healing has been slow.
It's become
a way to watch her savoring,
to learn not to flinch
as I'm consumed,
to see that I'm enjoyed.
I want to call it love.
I don't want to call it loss.

This sorceress lives between
each route
as if arguing with destination.
She's unwilling to decide.
She plays
with a salamander
tickling its reptilian tail. I
take myself
apart,
leave pieces on each lane,
stray, loiter, stalk, and cross to where
I thought I'd never go.

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Second Prize