

The Familiar

After choosing a feline form,
Gray tabby.
I seep into sinew,
Commandeering warm flesh.

Now, I may move among you...

Sucking the creamy breath,
From the infant's fresh-formed lungs,
Grinning as the baby boy gasps his last.

Marking the maiden, the virgin, the bride,
Powerful piss shriveling her womb,
Rendering her infertile.

Scratching cryptic symbols,
On the door of a cozy cottage,
Thus welcoming the pox.

Hissing Sulphur secrets,
Into the husband's sleeping ear,
Your wifey has a lover. Your brother.

Purring round the ankles of a little lass,
Luring her into the dense wood,
Leaving her lost in the gloom.

Sinking fangs into the fat, feathered throat,
Of the family's lone hen,
Father must steal or children will starve.

Yowling to the Cheshire Moon,
While my mistress writhes naked,
I sing. She dances. With our Devil.

All in a night's work,
For a familiar.

By: Donna Ison