

PRIESTESS

James B. Nicola

A priestess never needed a black cat,
nor, necessarily, a broom to fly,
nor sported warty nose and conic hat;
we have the Modern World to thank for that.

Nor did she ever tout as her ally
the guy with hooves and horns in bright red dress.

It was the Patriarch that made the switch
and changed the awe-some into an abscess,
and what was sacred, into ugliness
herself, the holistic into a witch,
a crone, or at the very least, a crank.

I was not nine yet saw something amiss
in those harsh demonizing ways, and thank
Elizabeth Montgomery for this.

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