

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