

Lequinn Pettway

Age: 17, Grade: 12

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Category: Poetry

March Malady

I drifted an illness, swift, grave
Swollen and slow, tender ache
My body broken like a slave,
And thus I trembled
To the healing-witch cave.

My mouth was parched, my lips withered,
My empty caverns quaked and quivered.
Clasping empty air, I shivered.
And all the while I whined and whimpered
On my journey thither.

Thrice I struck her sturdy door,
Wide it swung, strange and warm.
Swaying sickly, I fell to the floor.
She looked into my eyes and said no more.

In I drifted, at a table I was sat
Her movements graceful like a cat
She boiled the brew, drew me to the vat
And I drank the honey-sweetness-slack.

I sipped until the bottom of the cup,
And grinned, glad to have enjoyed it much.
She whispered words, gave a touch,
And in an instant, made power erupt.
Anew, anew, I felt well enough.

Still she slowed my forward haste
And drew around me a witch-warmed cape,
Serenity-scented, edged with lace.
And off I went, charms in my pockets
And cheer on my face.