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**DOROTHY LIVESAY**

**Sorcery**

My breasts are withered gourds
my skin all over  stiffens
shrinks—the pubic hair
bristles to an itch

Not to be touched and swept
by your arm’s force

gives me the ague

turns me into a witch

O engineer of spring!
magic magic me

out of insanity

from scarecrow into girl again

then dance me toss me

catch!

**Weather Forecast**

O what a horn
blowing defeat
through the bare limbs

of trees

Tenderly
I gather a few delicate

leaf shells
to carry into the house

for safety

It’s the sixtieth year

of my life

and I discern

that spring is still

a verifiable

possibility!