

# MANDRAGORA

Red King to Gold is a mild  
trespass allowed to elementals  
and to me. The moon's magnetic tears at dawn  
I cup with my leaves:—elixirs for you.

Stitch doeskin masks for my  
ridged face, name me 'Josephus'  
to make the strange familiar. I lip  
my ocarina and my three fingers flutter  
over the scream no man can tolerate, but look you

Hide me in a maiden's slipper  
and she'll dream of coffins filled with pretty birds  
before she wakes with a bubble of blood  
grown big between her legs. She'll seek you out

Hands filled with dust  
ripe for the transfiguring  
gesture. Then feed me with her cries and she  
will grant me flesh when the 12th House darkens.