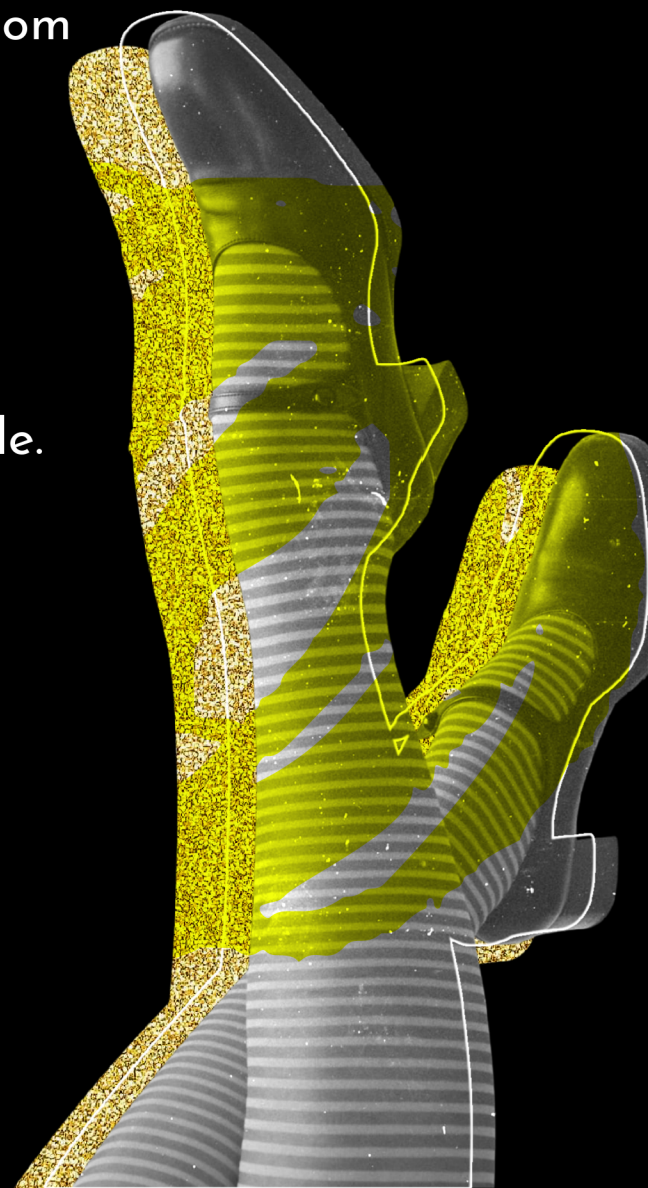


THOU SHALT NOT STALK THE LITTLE SALT WITCH

by: Kristin Garth

Behind our yellow Mary Janes, a trail
of salt mimics rude rain which threatens
little witches overhead if we fail
to plan ahead. Demise at age seven,
when rain would pelt our towheads, bobbed,
until our childish skulls might melt into
a puddle where the salt ends, undissolved,
like verdant friends. Umbrella over broom
is the essential accessory for
avoiding doom atop a blousy frock
in daffodil. What sneaks up outdoors,
if evil, will abhor the purifying shock –
sodium chloride we casually provide
when we must first venture alone outside.



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