

Magic Me Whole

by notsosaintly

As submitted for Doomspark's Wenesday poetry challenge on the topic of magic.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Magic Me Whole

My hands, like fire, brighten the sky,
Harbingers of woe.
Flame and smoke drift idly by,
Disguise apropos.
Emerge, oh heart's sole desire,
Thus I command.
Find new life, new hope, wrought mystically
By my own hand.
Sweet Hecate, whisper in my ear,
Soothe my weary soul.
Borne upon your breath, your healing song,
Magic me whole.