
Brian Sneed

WE DIDN'T HAVE A PROPER WITCH

But Gran Bradie who'd tool with potatoes
for curing warts, take her pin and open the eye

of a red Norland and rub it gainst any cultivar
of blemish (dog-pip, filiform) and plant it

in her yarden wrapped in white cloth. And when
the tubers swole it slivered on the edge like

an oxidised coin filed to wrinkles. What she did
with the spuds after I don't know. There are

gardeners in it for the thinning and dead-
heading, lancing foliage the body leaves. Probably

she hashed them with the skins on and fried
with duck eggs. Like when the clergy of Antioch

drove white cattle through the street, their throats
hidden in the static of eucalyptus and doublemint

for sacrifice, everyone else lined the road lifting
amphora for leftovers. Given a chance, steal

your spot of scried meat from the worm's mouth.
Maybe she smothered them with dirt, returning

earth to earth. All I know is once I had one
then I didn't. Maybe someone ate the spud.