

The Spell

the spell she cast upon herself settled over her
she was young and then old and then young again
she kept a child's smile in a small box lined with red velvet
hidden from the world even though the world struggled to spy
the round and crazy world trying to get a square glimpse
her ageless, dusted bones wore her skin like a new coat
on a dizzying merry-go-round suspending time
at once she was renewed
sewing stars with supernatural stitches like her mother did
her daughters too
forgetting and remembering
to be kind to themselves
time will not do it, the world will not do it
what we conjure for ourselves
in time will have to be enough