

A Week in a Witch's Life

Una semana en la vida de una bruja

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Day 1: Inkmortal

I am a witch, an ancient healer
but today, a powerless creature
subjected to irrefutable laws of
nature and physics.

Many moons ago, I healed my soul,
by means of fur and four paws:
a story, indeed, of sacred love.

Your head on my lap, bed of my cry,
and still, comfort I must find
in my power of locking you on time.

Day 2: A Peculiar Art

The art of witchcraft
has become a commercial deceit
a shallow Halloween treat,
sprinkled with bitter sensuality

The ancient art of witchcraft
summons magical dragonflies

to guide my every step
even through the cloudiest day.
Mastering this art requires:
Silver hair, wisdom at display
A burned soul forged in the fire of pain
A soundless song from life itself.

Magic potions I prepare
in full moon, for me and my friends
to mend broken hearts,
but never to please any man.

Day 3: To My Favorite Witch

Witches find witches
to suture their wounds with golden
stitches
to dance ancient songs and share secrets
to taste potions of bittersweet loyalty.

Even when one witch, from time to time,
follows the moon and dates herself,
she never forgets her sisters from
the moon

who remain, not too far dancing in the
pouring rain.

Day 4: A Witch in Love

One day, I found myself
surrounded by a strange spell
lines simple but true
your words made their way through.

Many moons passed by,
I woke up in your arms,
remembering the endless dance
we didn't want to take back.

One moonless night,
darkness reclaimed my soul,
but the sound of your voice,
reminded me of my life's worth.

Our full moon shares
passion, love and care
Your hand in my hand
makes me feel more than blessed.

Day 5: A Witch Counting Blessings

One, two, three, four, five
spheres of life
to bring happiness alive

One, my grandma's mirror
shouts the truth at my face
no room to run away

Two, my necklace's warmth pressed to
my heart
my parents' longing for a female child,
a reminder of the great gift I was.

Three, my engagement ring:
three stones hold it together
family bound, unbreakable and eternal

Four, his paw
carved in my skin and in my soul
a friend I could never let go.
Five, my stretch marks,
home for a perfect gift,
a happy child, indeed.

Day 6: Awakening

Stay Awake, awake, awake,
you must leave right away,
a fading murmur in my head
reminds me that you are in my way.

A mighty witch, I saw on my mirror,
a mighty witch who has been fooled,
by people and mirrors once and
once more.

Stay awake, awake, awake
see the ghost ahead of you
kiss it goodbye without remorse
for far from it you had been gone.

A wise witch learns to study her mirror,
draws its carving even in the darkness,
her fingers gently touching every
new wrinkle.

A wise witch, when time comes,
puts on her cloak and walks to the sun
to purify her soul through sacred fire
and finally get the peace and love
she requires.

Day 7: To Those Who Witches Are Not

One day I walked to the edge of
the world
To find you or me, who knows?
I traveled through time, leaving science
behind.
The thing is I found everyone there,

relatives, and friends full of absurdity,
you can tell.

By this point, witchcraft and science
had been erased from the surface of
the Earth.

Nothing was left but stupidity and
nothingness

Who wants to be here? I cried
Maybe you, the voice inside replied.

