WITCH

Goodie Grauer's come to town
In her shroud of spider-down,
And her shoes of felon leather
Leave no track upon the heath.

Goodie Grauer, born a witch,
Nursed at the throat of a brindle bitch,
Made a dress from a mattress cover
And a snakeskin belt out of her first lover.

Goodie Grauer's skin is fair,
Colored like her fishworm hair.
Cheek roughed with mold and lip with blood,
Scented with the smell of death.

Goodie's rheumy eye
Could call down lightning from a cloudless sky,
Shrivel crops or stew a hen,
Smother a child on its playpen.
Sometimes people get an itch
To hang a nigger, burn a witch,
Bomb a bound’ry, gas a name. . . .
Always the result’s the same.

How it was in Salem-town,
Crazy talk kept going round,
Like: “Well, I heard Dame Stanford said
That when Old Goodie climbs in bed—”

Those true Godfearing women & men
Dragged her, screaming, from her cab’n,
(A wretched crone whom no one liked)
Impaled her on an oaken spike.

She flopped about, but soon was still.
They buried her in Miller’s Hill;
On back to town, they whooped, they crowed,
. . . She met them coming up the road.

Now there is a witch
in Salem-Town.