

NECROMANCY

By Alysia Townsley

I have the devil in my pen
demons in my eyes
I stand upon coffins made of stone
and I whisper my thoughts
into the ears of corpses
and try to raise the dead

it takes maybe a touch
lock of hair, bit of blood
a voice ringing in the dark
blue white sparks
and the question remains
can I raise the dead?

they call me a sorceress
because I can do the things they can't
I can breathe life into stone hearts
carve redemption into sinners
I can make revenge feel like the greatest gift
but there are things even I cannot do

that's the question, isn't it
if we can bring back
that which has passed
and we relinquish morality
to some other place, some other time

something beyond fate

the world becomes stone coffins
and I leave behind whispers
black magic, madness
but the question remains
can I raise the dead
if I am one of them?