

# Hansel

Witches here? Oh, Sis, not in these woods  
guarded by hemlocks, letting in a noon sun  
we scamper through, a pair of sly shadows.  
For sport we'll bait the corky bear, chase  
the wry weasel, skylarking under hot stars  
all night. Let's shake a leg! Why wait?

But first we must lie low, listen, and wait  
for Pop to grab his axe and go chop some wood.  
From our loft's port, I lace shooting stars  
to my heels itching to split, the fresh sun  
dropping a bright beam to caves once chaste,  
where we can tease and tame dragon shadows.

Now I'm a tough guy not scared of my shadow:  
I say flirting with danger lends bold weight  
to boasts. Sis, it'll be a gas, the chase,  
then spinning fabulous yarns. And the woods  
make me crazy. Can you picture the geeky son  
of the bumluck rail-splitter becoming a star?

But we wasted the day dulling to first star.  
Gretel made a wish to flee the grim shadows,  
tiring of our play. Sis, I yawned, the sun  
will rise again you know. Let's just wait  
here until it comes up. You'll meet the wood  
hag before then, Gretel cried. She'll chase

us down. But I dreamt of nude nymphs to chase.  
Up crept the witch, broom sweeping swart stars  
into Gretel's heart. I awoke not in the woods  
but bound in a gingerbread hut. Cloven shadows,  
both women turned and cooed they couldn't wait  
until a gong sounded to eat as soon as the sun

sank low. The coals by then would roast sonny  
boy wrapped in tinfoil, buried in the chase.  
Don't you agree ribs are sumptuous? Now wait  
a second! I yelled. My jaunts when the stars  
glittered were all in fun. Beyond the shadow  
of doubt, I never meant any harm in the woods.

As the sun quits the woods, a new chase begins:  
I wait in starstruck shadows now the hunted one.

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