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.