

JUDITH RODRIGUEZ

WITCH HEART

(going to Robyn Archer's *A Star is Torn*)

Driving tonight in freezing air  
to cram the Comedy's windy foyer

we go to see a red bitch raise  
eleven dead nobles from the grave

eleven ladies they had a ball  
and a century to their funeral

oh they sang good and they lived hard  
it was one-night stands on a dead-end road

and it's cold the gusts and black in the street  
and hail comes across and peppers it white

and through the Comedy's blue and dark  
we'll be those nobles screwed and starved

and raped and hurt and drunk and broke  
and jailed and dead and young that ache

those ladies high in the wind and the rain  
that lights them up and batters them down

one red-haired bitch talks down the years  
eleven dead whores dress up their blues

the witch heart sings from a bloodless face  
and lives in the triumph of that distress

and the living and loving are women the more  
all that festivity and power