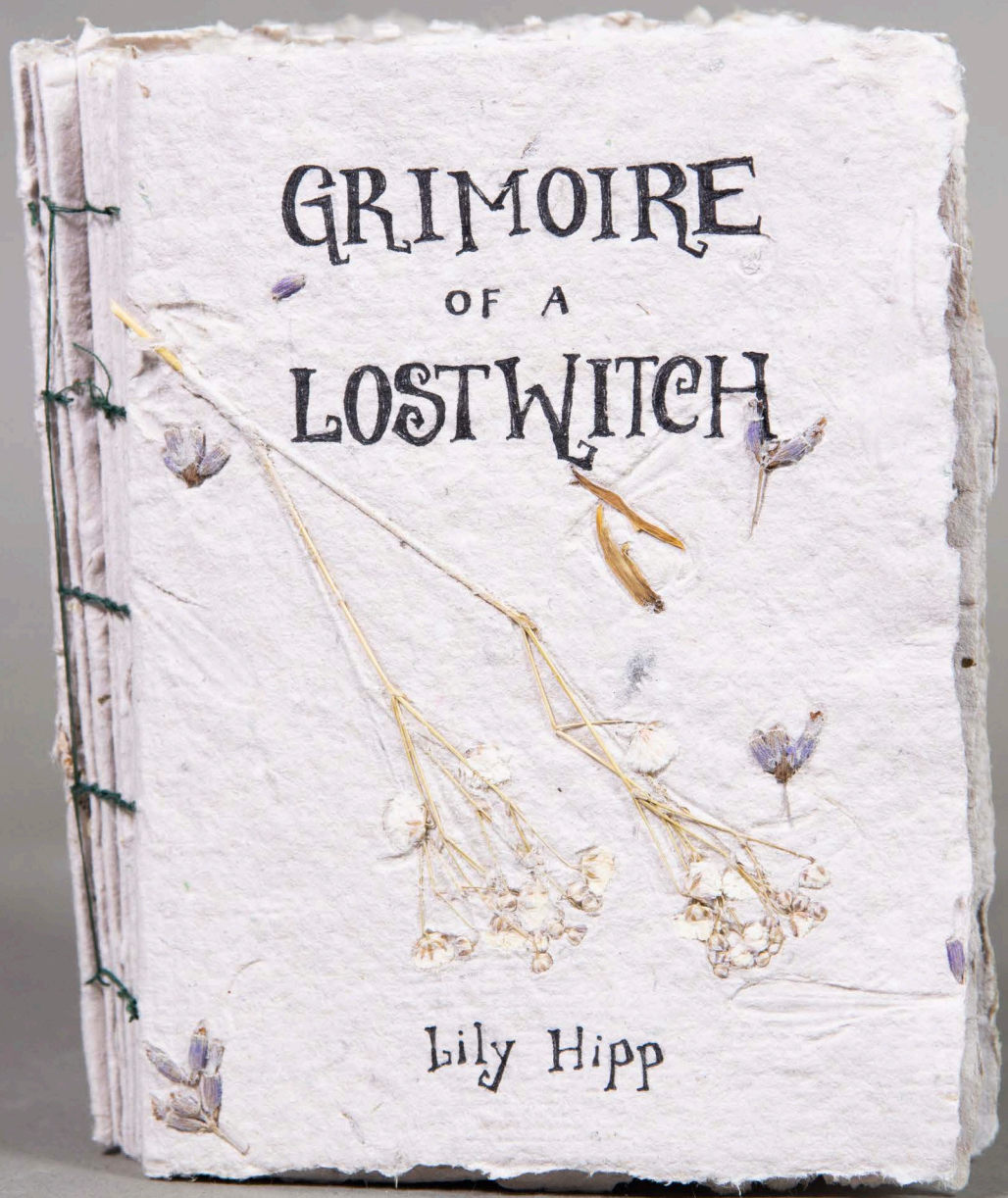

GRIMOIRE
OF A
LOST WITCH
Lily Hipp

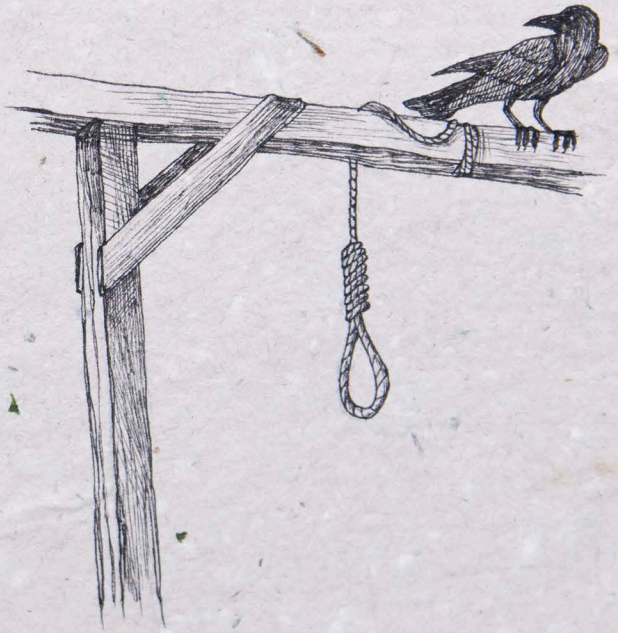
GRIMOIRE
OF A
LOST WITCH
origin of the craze,
creation of the character
by Lily Hipp

Greece, 300 BC[1]

There once was a philosopher who thought a brand new thing.
He proclaimed to all the land and from the mountains he did sing:
"Man shall rule the animals and a new world we shall build!
And those monstrous women must comply or else they must be killed!"
Time will tell that persnickety fool that animals need no king.

Germany, 1474[3]

"She is a witch!"
I scream as my fear starts to grow
When she confronts me for defacing her crops,
Glaring at me with beady eyes aglow.
Before she can curse me for revenge, I must reveal her devilish plans!
But as she is dragged to the gallows I know
She didn't do anything wrong.



Feminist Writings, 1975

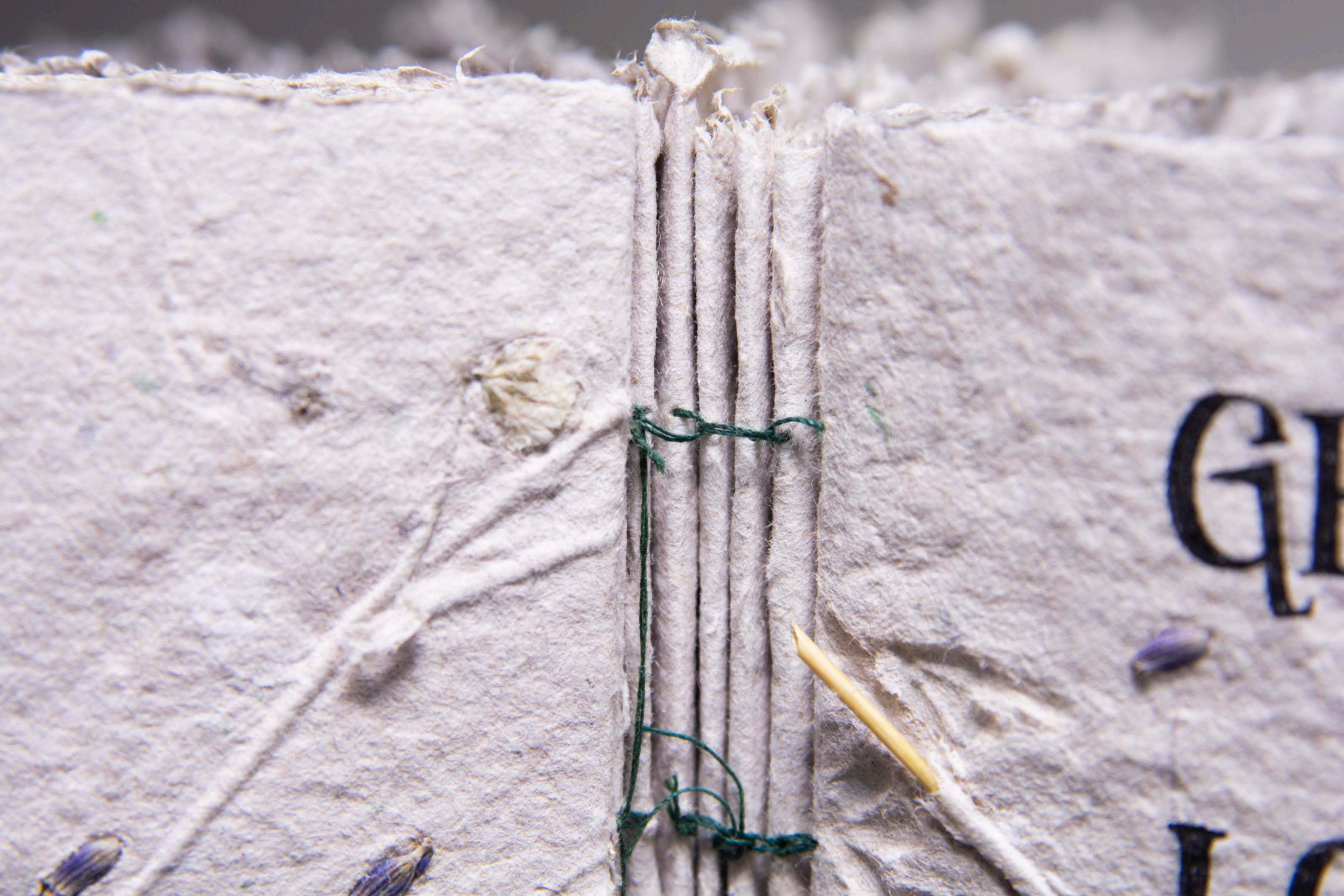
An unconscious memory, dormant, frozen,
The site where misogyny arose in,
I may have forgotten but my body remembers:
The flame of hysterics, the crises' embers.

But what if your image of me is imaginary,
What you have sought to control throughout history
Is simply a fantasy? A dream that cannot be claimed,
She only exists to be blamed.

Salem, 2021

12

Black boots clunk on cobblestones where the ghosts of the unjustly murdered roam
I step out of a gift shop and stare at orange lights twinkling in misty fate
Through every single store I combo, meandering the streets I am not alone,
For the ghosts wander in search of their home, but they cannot find it there.

Stampedes of tourists flood these streets as visiting has become a treat
On autumn days when trick-or-treaters are looking for a scare
Where anyone can buy some history wrapped up in tote bags Crimson sweet
Every year tour groups repeat this migration to the past they crave.

The devil plays puppet master in the reenactments taking over the street
Just as he did all those years ago, but now they've taken to pave
over the truth of the matter in favor of a story more digestible
Capitalism rotting the flowers on my ancestor's grave.