

Hecate of Hope Street

We stumble down Hope Street, homeless  
and disowned, past The Devil Blue Stone,  
that cosmic shift of a glacier-borne rock.

The fishmonger's door hangs open  
like a requiem. Inside, we find Hecate.  
Blood pools into three shadow puppets.

The wind and rain rattle the fly chains.  
Hecate guts wet fish, wraps the heads in our stigma.  
She presses a crescent moon and a snake

to our dungaree pregnant hearts. The gutted trout  
weep for Persephone, banished to the underworld.  
They weep like a hundred Hail Marys.

Hecate holds a burning torch over the nunnery.  
Now do you see girls? A pack of dogs by her side.  
We listen as they howl to the moon for our loss.

Goddess Hecate, triple-formed, burning torch  
lights the dark, towards a street called Hope.  
The Devil Blue Stone. A place that once meant home.

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