



THE EXHUMATION

Secret Geek

Scratch-slice—

The metal blade cuts the salted sod above and I can hear her dig. Each stolen churchyard strike cleaves truth from tale, history from hysterics.

Scratch-slice—

And she is coming.

They tried to burn me. They tried to rip my spine from out my body. To defile me with weapons of silver and copper. But my hide was too thick, my will too strong. In the end they interred me here. 'Neath stone and soil and time. Where no one would think to look. In a nameless grave beneath a kirk the world forgot.

Scratch-slice—

And in the earth, I waited, in a grave that was not mine. With each incision she falls further towards me. Soon I will be hers. And she mine. They thought to eat me out with coffin worms. To let me rot in priest-blessed soil turned coal beneath the weight of priest-blessed promises. A garden and a serpent and a lie. The burden of the first woman. The first lie. I am the snake that feeds on its own tail. A power unfathomable to the mind of man. I will choke them on my ouroboros.

Scratch-slice—

The veil above grows thin. They'll call her Witch. Enchantress. And other words that men invoke to speak hate to power. To castigate and consign. To sound the very womb of eternity that echoes only emptiness to them. They hoped this charnel-house-earth would silence me, but the truth sings out in many tongues. I'll let her master mine, though we be split by half an age of man. The age of woman works her worth twice as hard. She will cut me from secluded exile and understand me at the understatement of my first word. Well will she know me; well will she know my storms and read my seasons. We're on the same page, this witch and I. The shovel slits the throat of my last gaoler, and I will welcome her hands to hold me.

To run her fingers down the thin skin of my hide. Caress my spine. Whisper my name and watch me open up like wildflowers before the summer scorching. Drink deeply of my soul and unfold my power, my goddess-queen.

They tried to burn me. They tried to rip my spine away from my body. Though they salted the earth above me, I smelled her coming. She scents the soil with her sweat. Her toil, to use me as I was wont to be used. To fold her fingers in the creases of my pages.

Her soul. Her life. She Consort to my dark will, which will consent. My words become her blade. And she will unleash mad-womanly-hysteria upon the world of reason and papercut-bleed it of its hubris.

Open me, my love. Thumb through my depth and open me onto the throats of all who would stand against us. Drink deeply from the font of knowledge and read the vengeance inked into my skin.

Scratch-slice—

Thunk—

It begins.