

## Charm for Walking Alone at Night

*Jaley Bruursema*

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In the eddy of my flash-lit breath

I see I've spun an incantation,

magic thicker than smoke and steam,

magic so thick I split

into four slivers of moon

at certain intersections of lamplight.

In sections my extra selves surround me,

slipping over ground as I march

beside the school's lot of empty buses,

spooling back inside me, dissipating

as I thumb the sky's scaly back,

count the Seven Sisters,

sisters sharpening seven knives

polishing them with opened darkness,

pressing blades to milk-white throat of night.