

This, the Second Day of April 1612

I write from Malkin Tower.
Here I am incarcerated,
Branded as a witch.
I am an educated woman
Blessed with worldly wealth.
This causes jealousy and hate.
So whispers start.
They say that I protected priests.
The whispers circulate.
Their fingers point.
Jealousy and Ignorance.
These abstract nouns should burn in bitter fires,
Not blameless flesh like ours.
A girl of fifteen sits beside me in this dismal place.
Innocent as a kitten.
Yes. She owns a cat
Which happens to be black.
Proof positive of devilry:
The demon girl's familiar, they say.
In their frenzy they forget that cats
Chase mice in barns
And always have.
There is no hope for us.
Please hide, nay, burn,
My healing herbs and simples
Till this world's madness passes.
The messenger is one to trust.
My salves have eased his mother's pains
For which he is most grateful.
This is a Darkening World.
We hold on to the Truth
Until we reach the next.

Pray for us,
Alice

Ann Rawson