

## Because You Asked for IT

Everybody talks.  
Everybody has their own side of the story,  
and still everybody has the nerve to ask:  
*"What happened to the Wicked Witch of the East?"*

One of the Stories, an old story  
is passed down from Mother to Daughter  
in a closeted sect of Holy Munchkin Women--

those that practice the Old Religion,  
justifying their stature on a belief  
that at some depressing point of their race  
the young women, tiring of the size  
fetishism  
of their son consorts, mated with faeries--  
Faeries which have long since withdrawn,  
forming their own business associations  
and land co-operatives. Perferring, as they  
do,  
to play with each other... But then,  
short people often over-compensate.

In this Story, it is said the Wicked Witch  
of the East, was simply, the witch  
in the East, before she called the house  
down.

Born a full witch, in a family of witches  
each with an old ancient healing power,  
she had never breathed, even once, before  
that crowning hour and being shown up at  
everything  
gave her quite a sour disposition.  
In fact, she had no appreciation for her  
power  
or her position. She considered her first  
incarnation, a strange, though spiritual  
incarceration.  
In a tradition of light benders, she was  
a Dreamer, stealing time from her caldron,  
  
slipping off to play hockus pockus in the

woods.

*Will not will not will not, she would say  
I will not marry a Winkie Prince, get hence-  
-  
and neither today nor tommorrow will you  
catch  
me attending Glinda's stuffy Court of Self  
Actualization.  
Or listening to my sister's lecture,  
"Realize  
Don't Victimize Yourself". Boring, boring.  
A life full of PO-LIT-TI-CAL Dykes...I will  
not  
be stuck here for my whole life  
warring with an Old Wizard for Basic Rights:  
after all, I have the Sight.*

And she was right, she WAS a visionary.

*One day, it is said, this Star of the East  
put on her sister's Magic Silver Slippers  
and danced naked in the heavens  
singing, a screeching song, like an  
unforgiving  
Raven, while all the while asleep,  
her head on the roots of a Black Elder Tree.  
But when she awoke her sister's silver  
slippers had turned to Ruby Red--  
stained by thje river that flowed from her  
thighs.  
(Even I find that a gross exaggeration.)*

Springing up from her prone position, then,  
she started to Rag, she started to scream:

*Somewhere there is a planet that isn't green  
at all: it's grey. I have been dreaming  
about other people in other lands. I'm  
tellin'  
you and grand is my sense of vision.  
What I see shall come to be. (I have a gift  
for these things.) Somewhere there is a  
planet  
with only one moon, a planet with only seven*

basic colors, or something like that. Listen  
up you sorrowful singing little patch of  
gold-  
bricking Munchkins. Somewhere there is a  
rainbow

and a land, a land called Kansas, and a girl  
a girl, my own age, waiting to be my friend  
and it's all wrapped up in a big blue sky  
and  
it has a peaceful garden, and a white picket  
fence, and a farmhouse, and an Aunty who  
runs  
nearly everything, and still has time to  
bake  
cookies-- Can't you see anything you stone-  
eyed  
breeding machines? Oh, I see it now, I will  
learn to cook and sew and clean because  
somewhere  
in this land called Kansas there is a girl

my own age, waiting to be my friend and she  
can see me too, get it? That's all  
the hop scotch I'm going to play with you  
because somewhere there is a land called  
Kansas  
and a farmhouse, a white farmhouse,  
and a girl, and a dog, and I want it.  
I want it all, I want it now, Now, and what  
I see shall come to be by all my powers  
by all my powers in this hour--  
somewhere else, anywhere else. So Mote It...

And That, they say, is when the witch  
of the East became, The Wicked Witch of the  
East.

(A disembodied poet, so to speak.)

The Old Muchkin Women say,  
When you do a spell and it works,  
nobody has to know about it.  
You did good. Real good.

*But when your spell backfires,  
flops over and spits--  
everybody in the neighborhood  
will hear about IT  
sooner or later--  
and that's when they'll call you wicked.*