

## White Magic

by Jacob Budenz

In a pool of black dance  
three little flames. Turn  
inward when, without  
the world burns.

Burn  
effigies of your exes.

Beneath  
the same dark moon, men  
execute the night sky  
for his hoodie.

Jinx  
the problem.

Hex  
the system but ask  
not what the system  
does for you.

Sage  
cleanse the site  
of the killings, while  
you live on stolen land  
without a thought  
for the stolen praxis  
smoking like a pistol  
in your hand.