

## Confectionery

*Don't worry, sister dear, go to sleep peacefully.  
God won't forsake us*

except this is not a land of god  
despite the stories about miracles, like  
starved siblings, who find a house  
of gingerbread. Stray not, young birds,  
for witches are easily stirred by a step astray  
on candied nuts. And once skull-white  
nails lunge like roots and snatch, they tug you where  
the gingerbread crumbles, leaving no trace  
in the night. Inside, two drops land  
on Gretel's shoulder, then four. See for yourselves:  
Above, children stitch, hem and dye  
themselves to shreds, garment by garment.  
Be glad your fate is better. The witch slips  
on the syrup-stained floor. Vultures watch  
from the trees' fringe, as a brother and  
sister weave through thorns. Sweetness  
in freedom is sucked up by survivor's guilt,  
earth-kissed on your soles. Rest now sister,  
cradled by the Doll's Eyes and  
serpentine vines. Know that god dares not  
intrude in these enchanted woods, where  
there is no peace, only truth in wounds.