

# Through The Dark Magic Of Your Potion, I Return To Life

*BY CRYSTAL JACKSON*

Magic potion in my hands  
Dark magic in this brew  
If I take it to my lips,  
I'll be transported back to you.

Another day, another spell  
A trance I cannot break  
I sipped a different potion then  
But what difference did it make?

Flames illuminated us  
We leaned closer to the fire  
As if the heat could save us  
From curiosity or desire.

Or perhaps we weren't after saving  
We simply didn't feel the burn  
But when the trance was broken  
It was I who had to learn.

New life, new spell, a different me  
A quiet incantation  
I could not bring you back to me  
Through magic invitation.

I could not be who I once was  
I transformed into a different beast  
Sipping different magic potions  
With intoxicating feasts.

But one small sip from this dark brew  
And I am rising higher

Above the ones we used to be  
Illuminated by the fire.

Still I sip and am transported  
To what has become my witching hour  
The who I was before who I am  
Finally found her greatest power.

Magic potion, feel the heat  
Feel the power of temptation  
Then return to life again  
With another sip and incantation.

*For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Universe Has Your Back: Transform Fear to Faith](#) .*

*Sip a little more:*

***How To Bless The Body Temple And  
Reclaim Your Power***

She's in  
the clouds,  
heavy and dark,  
waiting to  
fall like rain.

Christy Ann Martine

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