

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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