

# Kathleen Wilhoite, Witches' Hill

A jealous neighbor heard an old wive's tale,  
found evidence in my garbage pail.  
(marching down the dirt road)  
In the distance drumbeat funeral dirge,  
singing songs I've never heard  
(marching down the dirt road)  
I'm a grandma sitting in a rocking chair  
getting high off the midnight air,  
heard the children cry, "Gram, ya best get out of here."  
I didn't know what the fuss was all about,  
'til the lynching mob began to shout.  
I watched them burn my whole life down....  
Ancient remedies on the rumor mill,  
carried me to WITCHES HILL.  
If we're born to die and we live to kill  
then march me down the dirt road to  
WITCHES HILL  
They laid my best friend down on a bed of fire  
She slept to jeers and cheers beneath the pyre.  
(marching down the dirt road)  
"If she kicks and screams she's lived too long,  
it's the evil spirits that made her strong."  
(marching down the dirt road)  
Dust devils swirl in the bone dry wind.  
Gnarled cactus, lizzard's grin  
in the sunseared slopes, I'll be living in....  
'till you kept raising the stakes.