

The Dog and The Witch

(Welsh legend holds that the only thing capable of catching a fleeing witch is a black hunting hound with no white hairs).

I saw a black dog hunt a slippery witch, the blackest dog on the brightest night, his coat shone with the opposite of light. They twirled on Nant y Penglog, tore across Ffynon Lloer, crossed The Wall of Mist, she as a raptor, he as the dog of his nature.

She called to him, 'Why chase me hound?'

He answered with the voices of the townsfolk, 'To purify, to purify!'

She replied, 'You'll burn my spirit into the sky. You'll give me power over moon and wind, and I shall shake the barley, make the rooks cry, wake your children and shine from their tears. I'll be the grit in your loaves, the rot in your joists, the guilty rose from your loved one. I'll be the creak of your door, the scratch at your window, the face in the corner of the picture. I'll be the breath on your shoulder, the glimpse in the mirror, the coldest summer, and the spring-time frost. I'll be the forgotten pot, the lice on your flock, the knock on your door in wartime. I'll be the mote in your eye, the backwards-born baby, the hosepipe that fits your exhaust. I'll be the air in your engines, the lack of reception, the mistimed ejection, and the brakes on your trains. I'll ring the church bell underwater.'

'Purify! Purify! Purify!' howled the blackest dog on the brightest night.