

TINGLES

BY SAM
SPEEDY





Something is different!

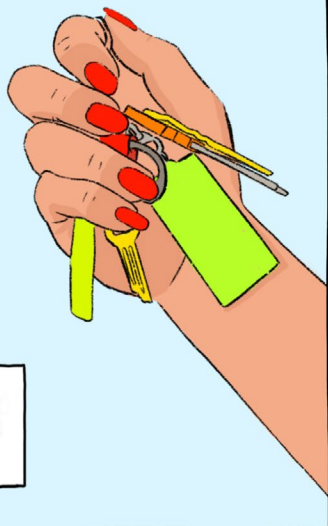
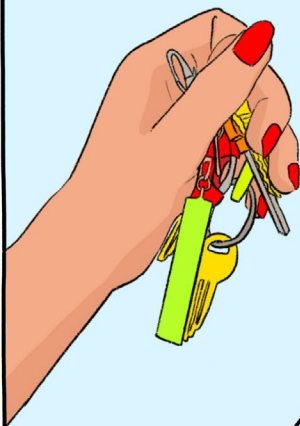


Something inside me?
A changing uhh

thing

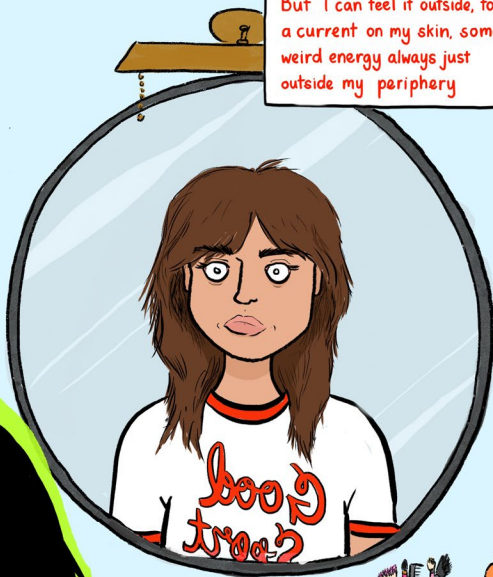


it surges, making me clench
my keys, bite my tongue,
dig my nails



No rhyme or reason,
it doesn't follow cycle
or code

But I can feel it outside, too,
a current on my skin, some
weird energy always just
outside my periphery



Every day it brings a new neuroses,
they sprout up like body hair, like breasts

Growing pains, but for
what big change?



puberty II, but how do I
navigate without the moon?
(or an American Girl book)





They say that witches come into their powers around puberty, a whirlwind of hormones and hexes



Their bodily chaos
finding sync with the
moon like only sources
of great power can

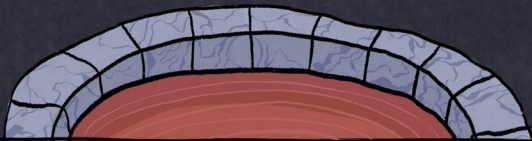


women, witches, the ocean

all linked by lunar cycles,
tangled up in each others'
past, present, and future



with the lines blurred, where does
magic end and womanhood
begin?





blood

tides

power



of course, not every body
gets the lunar invite

men, overwhelmed by lunar
envy, manufactured their own
moon link of lore



clumsy and violent wolf-men,
tethered to a bloody cycle of
their own design

to them, the power and powerlessness
of being bound by cycle becomes a
war that must be fought -

another opportunity to
earn honor, to spill blood.



But all their bloodshed
-war and lore and otherwise-
is still not gorier than the combined
centuries of perennial lining





I digress





Would powers by another name feel as strong?

